Aug. 7, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

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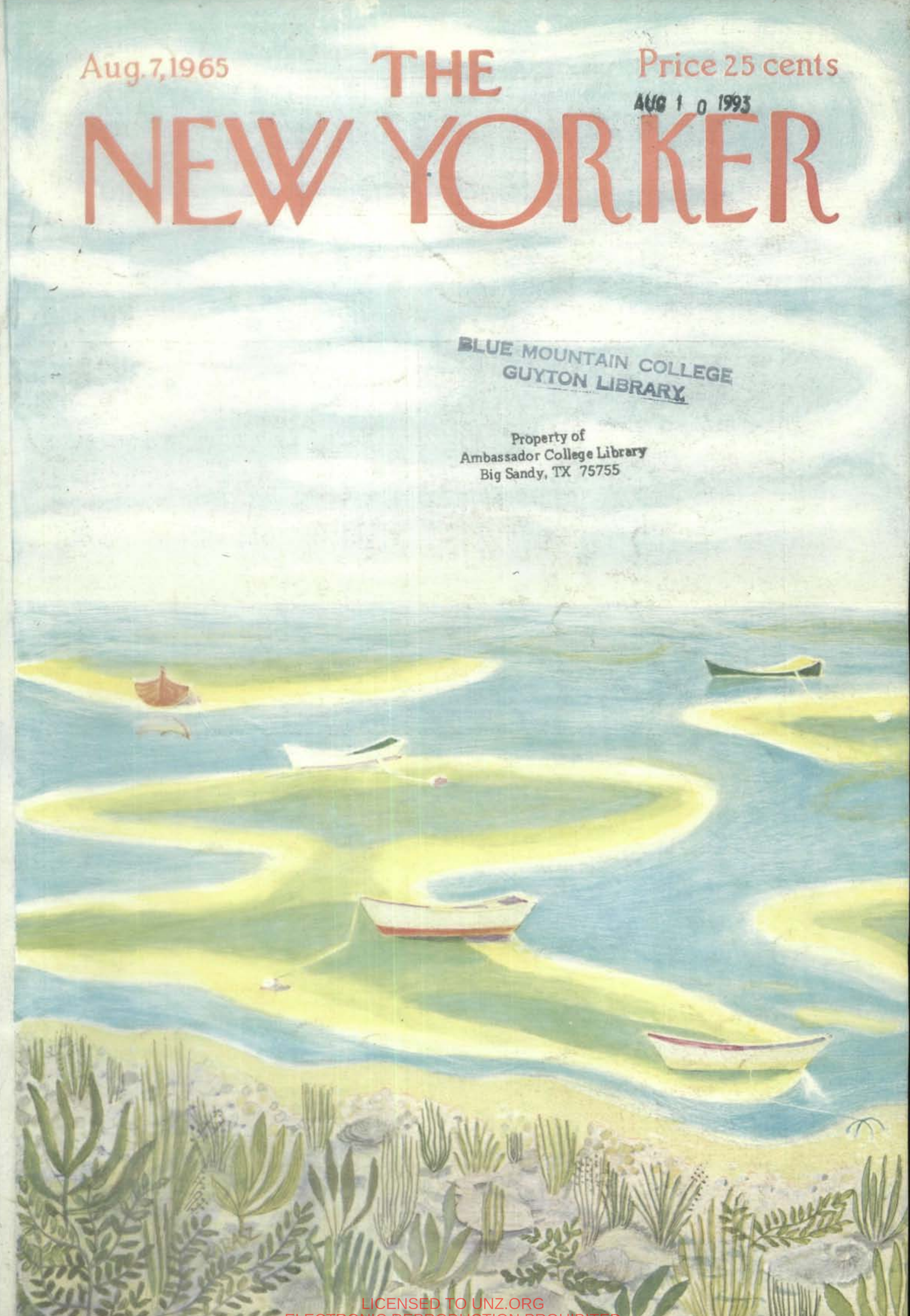

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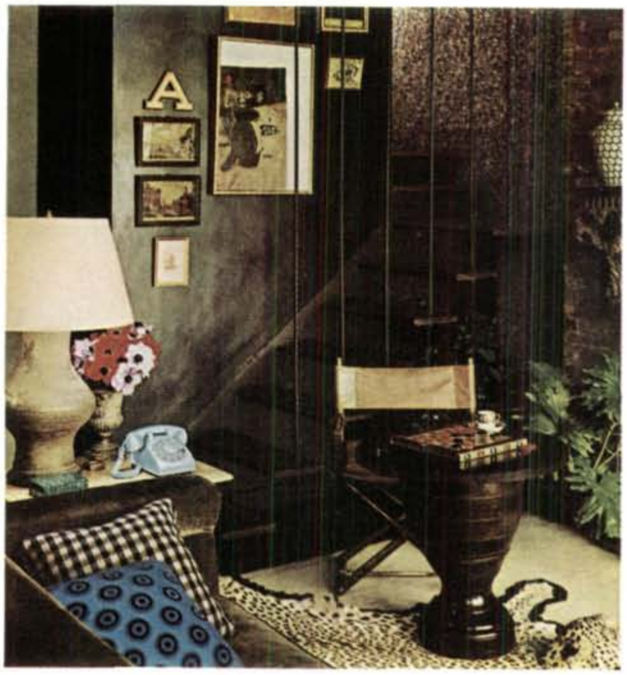

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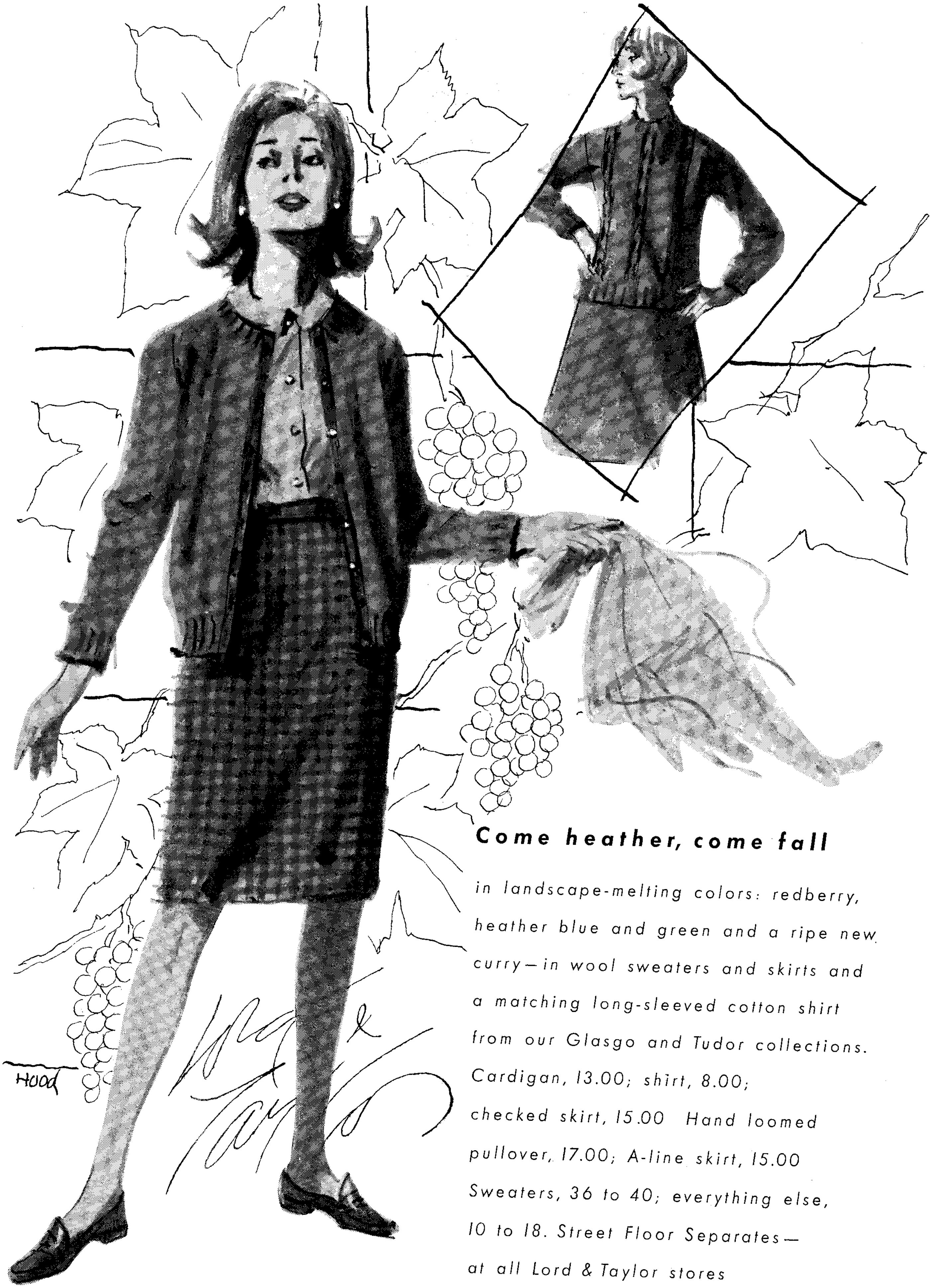

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Glass Menagerie—George Grizzard, Pat Hingle, Piper Laurie, and Jo Van Fleet in Tennessee Williams' play. Directed by George Keathley. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Luv—This comic triangular trifle by Murray Schisgal has an excellent cast (Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson), and has been wonderfully directed by Mike Nichols. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Odd Couple—A nice funny comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Mr. Simon has been given a big assist by the director, the ubiquitous Mike Nichols, and by Walter Matthau and Art Carney, who head up the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A two-character comedy by Bill Manhoff, in which Alan Alda and Diana Sands appear as a stuffy pseudo-intellectual and an antic prostitute, with sporadically amusing results. Skillful direction by Arthur Storch, and a good set by Jo Mielziner. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

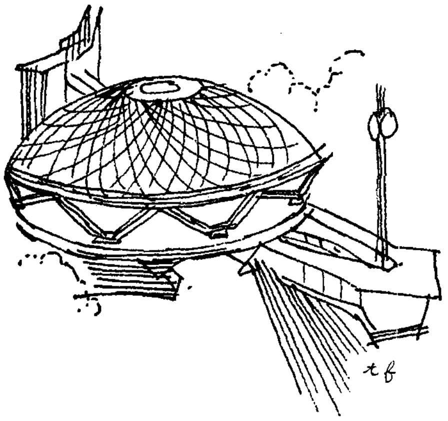
Long Runs—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and Jeffrey Lynn, in a play by Muriel Resnik about a girl being kept by an industrial big shot. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller, Anthony Roberts, Mildred Natwick, and Erik Rhodes. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** About a clutch of middle-class Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. With Jack Albertson, Martha Scott, and Martin Sheen. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Baker Street—Holmes vs. Moriarty in a divertissement that is only occasionally effective. Fritz Weaver is the Sherlock of the piece. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Do I Hear a Waltz?—Despite the fact that Richard Rodgers contributed the score for this musical version of Arthur Laurents's "The Time of the Cuckoo," it isn't anywhere near as beguiling as most of the other works in which the Master has had a hand. Stephen Sondheim did the lyrics, and Mr. L. the book, which describes the ups and downs of an American spinster reluctantly caught in the amorous atmosphere of Venice. Elizabeth Allen portrays the spinster and Sergio Franchi the Venetian who unsettles her. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Half a Sixpence—Solid songs and lively dances in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps," with Tommy Steele figuring to fine advantage in the leading role. David Heneker is responsible for the tunes and lyrics, and Onna White for the choreography. Gene Saks directed the happy affair. Joel Grey will replace Mr. Steele for one week starting Monday, Aug. 9. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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8	9	10	11	12	13	14

Oliver!—A return engagement of the London musical by Lionel Bart, with Robin Ramsay and Maura K. Wedge. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Roar of the Greasepaint—The Smell of the Crowd—A completely foolish attempt, with incidental music, to capture some of the spirit of the theatre of the absurd. Anthony Newley and Cyril Ritchard wander aimlessly about in it, but there is one interlude in which a young fellow named Gilbert Price lines out a song called "Feeling Good" that has the bounce that everything else in the show lacks. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories. Zero Mostel heads the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Barbra Streisand representing Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **GOLDEN BOY:** Sammy Davis in an adaptation of an Odets play about a fighter who doesn't like his work. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** The Carol Channing commotion. Ginger Rogers will succeed Miss Channing on Monday, Aug. 9. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Music Theater of Lincoln Center—A revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's **CAROUSEL**, with John Raitt, Eileen Christy, Susan Watson, and Edward Everett Horton, will be the second of two musicals by the company. Preview Monday, Aug. 9. Opens officially on Tuesday, Aug. 10, and will run through Saturday, Sept. 18. (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

APA at the Phoenix—A three-play repertory by an exhilarating company. **WAR AND PEACE:** Thursday and Friday, Aug. 5-6, and Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 11-12, all at 8:30....¶ Giraudoux's **JUDITH:** Saturday, Aug. 7, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Aug. 8, at 2:30; and Saturday, Aug. 14, at 2:30 and 8:30....¶ Shaw's **MAN AND SUPERMAN:** Sunday, Aug. 8, at 7:30; Tuesday, Aug. 10, at 8; and Friday, Aug. 13, at 8. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Aug. 5-6, at 8:40: "The Mikado."...¶ Saturday, Aug. 7, at 3 and 8:40: "H.M.S. Pinafore."...¶ Sunday, Aug. 8, at 3 and 7:30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 10-11, at 8:40: "The Yeomen of the Guard."...¶ Thursday and Friday, Aug. 12-13, at 8:40: "Iolanthe."...¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, at 3 and 8:40: "The Gondoliers." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

Leonard Bernstein's Theatre Songs—This pleasant diversion, as directed by Will Holt and as performed by Don Francks, Trude Adams (in orange), and especially Micki Grant (in pink), falls somewhere between a concert and a revue. Some of the numbers sound a bit frail without the backing of chorus or dancers, but the songs from "Candide" stand up very well indeed, partly, no doubt, because of Richard Wilbur's fine lyrics. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Exception and the Rule and **The Prodigal Son**—"The Prodigal Son" is Langston Hughes' musical dramatization of the Bible story, in a jubilant and beautiful production. Vinnette Carroll has directed the remarkable all-Negro cast of dancers and gospel singers. "The Exception and the Rule," which precedes it, is a fable of dreary condescension by the late but inevitable Bertolt Brecht. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—An English farce about seduction, directed with considerable ingenuity by Mike

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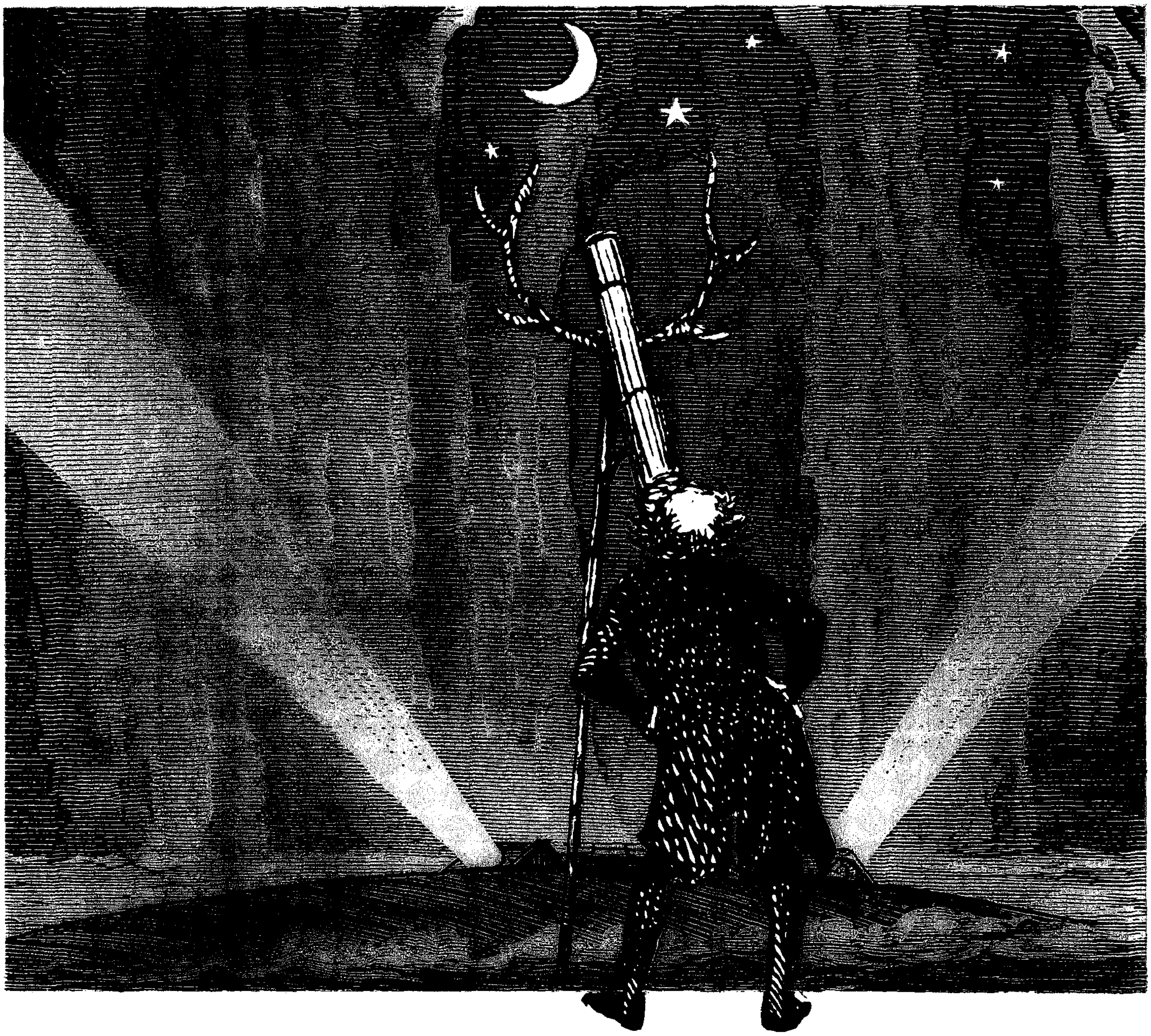

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nichols. Sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Live Like Pigs—The characters who amply justify the title are the unwilling tenants of a prissy housing project in the North of England, and most of the action is concerned with the effect of their frowzy ways on their *nouveau* genteel neighbors. The play, for all its stridency and general messiness, is a most sentimental work, but it has its lively moments, and so has the acting, by the Theatre Company of Boston. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**—Two early (pre-"Caretaker") one-acters by the remarkable English playwright Harold Pinter. Again Mr. Pinter has combined the elements of menace, suspense, and wild high comedy to produce any number of surprises. The cast, which is fine, is headed by Frances Sternhagen. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Zoo Story and **Krapp's Last Tape**—A revival of this Edward Albee-Samuel Beckett double bill. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Troilus and Cressida," with Richard Jordan and Flora Elkins. The final production of the season. (Delacorte Theater, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. Closes Saturday, Aug. 28.)

Jones Beach Theatre—"Mardi Gras!," a musical based on the legends of New Orleans, with a book by Sig Herzig and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes David Atkinson, Karen Shepard, Juanita Hall, and Wilbur de Paris's jazz band. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, the unconquerable Phyllis Diller has resumed her march to the sea—not at all like a lemming, very much like General Sherman. Her missiles, though, are all manners of speech. She is audible at dinner and supper; the orchestra of Lee Evans, full of guile and glee, is audible both before and after. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The accession to the throne of John Mills has given this renowned boardroom a lot of body English, and in the nick of time. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra perform for anyone who likes to dance. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The architecture revives the great days of steamboating on our inland waterways; the music revives the days when dance bands were big and bountiful and beatific. Richard Maltby's orchestra, an excelling example of what hand carving can accomplish, departs on Saturday, Aug. 7, but on Monday, Aug. 9, Buddy Morrow's entourage moves in. The music runs from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week, from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. No sound on Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, the senior class of Ben Cutler University is on the bandstand every night of the week.

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Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room has devised a pleasurable new apéritif—Cilla Black, a mere slip of a girl from Liverpool, who sings and talks (with a God-given accent) in a straightforward manner that bears not a trace of show-business automation. She is served up at ten during the week, at nine-fifteen and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. The orchestras of Milt Shaw and Mark Monte, New Yorkers born and bred, buzz along right on through. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin do *café-crème* music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. The Edwardian Room is closed Fridays and Saturdays.... ¶ Some enchanted evenings can be spent in the Palm Court, converted (on the stroke of eight) by the necromancy of light and shadow into a perfect Xanadu. Simultaneously, Gunnar Hansen's *toujours-l'amour* violin, a thousand-calorie pastry cart, and a covey of dryads laden with water ices and *café noir* debouch upon the scene. One in the morning is time to go home. Sunday nights are stilly nights.

Promenade Cafés, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (246-5800)—Not quite dancing in the streets, but the next thing to it; i.e., in the sunken terrace just south of the English Grill, which provides dinner and supper. A vast fountain and a small band take turns from nine until two every night but Sunday.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—A tiny village high in the Pyrénées, but equipped with a number of modern conveniences. Remote control brings the music of Michael Longo's cheerful little orchestra to the cocktail lounge (view south); the sound appears in person, from eight to one, in the dining room (view north and west), which has a small dance floor. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—No life on Mars, but there is plenty on this particular planet. Charles Turecamo's orchestra and Quintero's band are having their own summer festival. Eight until two is their career. Closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—*Deo* and the Weather Bureau *volente*, there is dancing amid the outdoor greenery from seven-thirty until past midnight every evening but Monday. All hands can go on under cover whenever the clouds burst.

Note—**roseland dance city**, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Where the deer and the antelope could play if the boundless plains were not occupied by serious, non-Twist dancers. They are fringed by two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, which tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they start off at three-thirty. For insatiables, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, from one-thirty to six, and a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The look and the sound of a perpetual cocktail-and-dinner party, with all ages clinking glasses. Through this merry crossfire, music can be heard from cocktails on, beginning with Sam Hamilton and ending with Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who settle down to four-handed piano after the theatre. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **in boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Easy living in a walled city, which is Florence, by the look of it. The words and music that are on tap (operatic arias, some in English) serve to heighten this impression. Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also at-your-leisure dance music. Closed Mondays.... **drake room**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The greenkeeper of this templed mead is, it should go without saying, Cy Walter, from whom nearly all good ideas about drawing-room piano flow. His piano runs from six to one, except Saturdays and Sundays.... **sheraton-east**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the august Café Ambassador, Ray Hartley's piano redecorates the tunes of the day in a fashion that makes them sound brand-new. This takes place between seven and one every night but Sunday.... **château henri iv**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Quaint conceit is the essence of this children's-hour castle keep. The King's revels are accompanied by violin and piano. No sound on Sundays.... **king henri iv**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays.... **roma di notte**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The S.P.Q.R. are thinking of holding their annual conventions here. Already among the population is a round of dulcet minstrels who operate from six until two. Closed Sundays.... **waverly lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner, has, after ten years at one piano, unassailable squatters' rights in the Western Hemisphere. He begins at nine-thirty in the neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays.... **café renaissance 48**, 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): An all-out propagation of faith in Iberian architecture, décor, cuisine, and music. The last commodity comes from a guitar (José Luis Franco) that starts at eight in the third room back of this jubilant display. Closed Sundays.... **café renaissance 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): One more affirmation of delight in everything Spanish—sight, sound, and sustenance. The music—guitar again (Gustavo Lopez)—is hands-across-the-sea that lies between Iberia and the New World. No sound on Sundays.... **l'intrigue**, 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): Nighttown revived, in the good old-fashioned playpen way, by characters who remember when—Nancy Steele, whose carolling is rapscallion; Jimmie Daniels, whose singing is boulevardier; Murray Grand, whose piano is opulent and omniscient. Ronnie Ball's duo does the jazz-hounding. The foolery begins as early as eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **jamaica arms**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Exactly the sort of place where you'd expect to run into someone named Lord Superior who plays guitar and sings West Indian chansons. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week; no sound effects Sundays. The décor, which is amuse-

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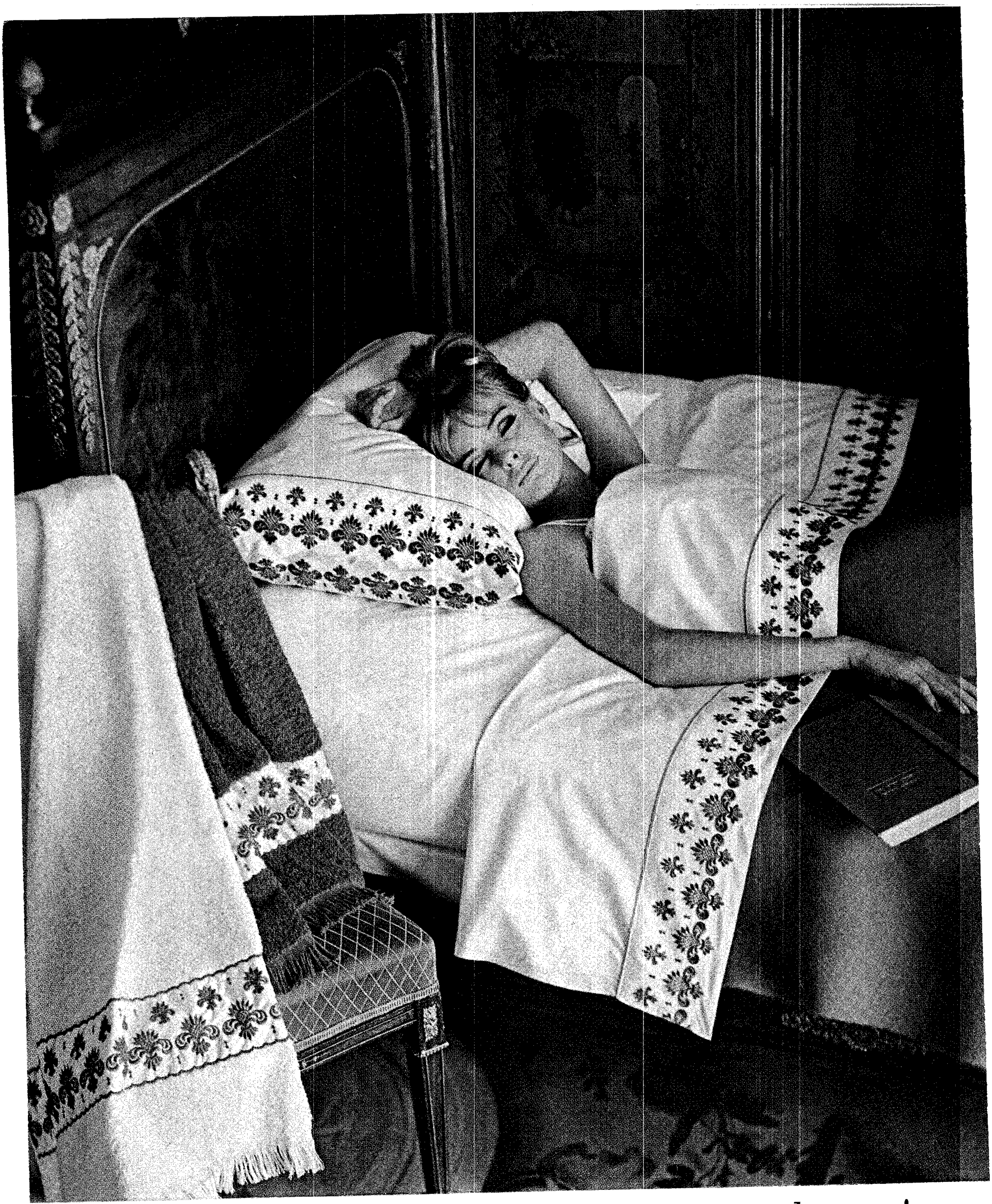

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ment in its own right, is there all the time. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Home port for a bunch of young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A robust jazz trio performs every day of the week but Sunday, when a solitary pianist handles the whole thing. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Looking about this dining-in-state and dining-in-the-nineties restaurant, one wonders what is delaying the arrival of Diamond Jim Brady. In the bar, there's piano from five to eight and nine-thirty to two, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Dignity is what the Regency Room cocktail lounge stands on, but that does not prevent Rack Godwin's piano from indulging itself in occasional subtle bouts of byplay. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SPINDLETOP**, 254 W. 47th St. (CI 5-7455): Seekers of a bit of bounce after the theatre will find Frankie Ray, from Albuquerque, plying a voice and guitar full of Spanish-Mexican twirl as he winds among the restaurant tables. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Reasonably subdued grandeur presides over the bar-restaurant, where Johnny Ryan does catch-as-catch-can piano from six-thirty until one every night but Monday, and Enzio Lembo vocally accompanies his guitar from nine-thirty until one every night but Sunday.

NOTE—The discothèque, an institution we must all face up to, is represented at its best by these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): The most formal of the enterprises devoted to the odd art form, a fact that does not prevent the older generation from indulging in free-style Highland flings. A full-fledged menu prevails from dinner through supper. From seven to ten, the music is supplied by real people; after that, it is issued by computers, which run until one on Sundays, until three or four other nights. . . . **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Little angels, lovely in their evening frocks or even in their evening slacks, do not fear to tread the most outlandish measures to the music of distant and unearthly spheres, which is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Ten until four Tuesdays through Thursdays and nine-thirty to four Fridays through Sundays is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is all from a speaking tube, the hours are eight until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who dances like the wind. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to Underground Movies. . . . **THE GARRISON**, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079): An adjunct of El Morocco that pipes cold-storage music from eight until four every evening but Sunday for anyone who still has not Twisted an ankle. . . . **ENTRE NOUS**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Though dining in a certain amount of pomp is the principal consideration, there is a dance floor, too, and—from ten until three or so—a jockey is astride the record-player. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A fine fettle of girls who never can find time enough to get dressed for the evening is the basis of the giant caper called "Tonight's the Night." There are other events, too, such as Lynda Gloria, a noble Folies-Bergère sort of mistress of ceremonies, not to mention George Gobel, the perennial sad sack. He departs on Tuesday, Aug. 10, but everyone else remains on duty. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The Supremes, those three gingery girls who have put two albums in every garage, are putting a hundred decibels in every ear. This feat is juxtaposed with Bobby Ramsen, a Broadway version of Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," and with a most festive corps de ballet, in which the cavorting of Jane Zachary is for the fanciers of subtle wit. The paying guests get to dance as well. . . . ¶ Up in the lounge, a smother of musicians, Erskine Hawkins among them, is absolutely pell-mell from ten to four every night of the week.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): It's a grand night for singing when Dick Riddle, Alice Borden, Kitty Sullivan, Maggie Peters, Michael Maurer, and Lou Kristofer gather their gloriously blended voices around the piano of William Roy, that wily choirmaster, and let go. Two feathers belong in the cap of everyone involved in this unique venture. The pastime begins around nine-thirty and keeps on until past midnight. Otis Clements is the interlude pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Being an experienced army, Los Chavales de España like to keep on the move as they indulge in flourishes of trumpet, in croonery, in clowning, or just in background instrumentation for Luisita Sevilla, a dancer composed wholly of air and graces. Dinner and supper during the week is the schedule for this rich life, but the dancing by the customers makes the performance continuous. On Sundays there is tea dancing in the afternoon and just one show, at ten-thirty. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpático* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Where there's Kaye Ballard there's fire, and so "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter," a revue devoted to the words and music of guess who, sounds quite wonderful a large part of the time. Harold Lang and his febrile feet are the other major contributors. Now and then, the affair endeavors to outwit Mr. Porter's wit—a losing battle for practically anybody. Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays an extra show at eleven—that's the ticket. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The baby revue known as "The Game Is Up" has diversified its portfolio with several bright new touches, with which a performer named Ruth Buzzi can make hay. Some of the old touches are not quite up to snuff, and some of the other players use too much of it, but the evening is jolly enough. Nine-thirty and midnight, except Sundays. . . . **LIVING ROOM**, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Hullabaloo, turmoil, brouhaha, in the midst of which Leon Bibb, who checks in at nine-thirty, sings plain and country song the way it should be sung. His final stint occurs on Sunday, Aug. 8.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Sonny Rollins is blowing figure eights, nines, and tens for his own amusement and the amusement of everyone else. His quartet shares the podium with the trio of Fats Wright, a pianist just imported from the South. Sundays, there is a four-thirty matinée as well as the evening deal. On Mondays, all hands sleep out. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Below the top-level restaurant and sidewalk café, which operate from five to eleven every night but Monday, there is a huge cavern where Odetta, a great and good woman, waxes spiritual in a voice that could indeed command the sun and moon to stand still. Also present: Herbie Mann's industrious fife, Herbie Mann's industrious West Indian tribe of musicians. Odetta departs on Sunday, Aug. 8, and Thelonious Monk's foursome arrives on Tuesday, Aug. 10. Mondays, the play area is occupied by one Latin band or another, to say nothing of Symphony Sid, a commentator on the jazz scene for whom time has stood still. Visitors get to dance every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The most reliable of the Village's coffee mills, and the most discerning in the choosing of new faces, new voices. At the moment, they are the lively Bitter End Singers, plus Johnny Sea and Laura Sue York, country and Western singers. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting graduates and undergraduates. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The quartet of Walter Bishop, Jr., vanishes on Sunday, Aug. 8, to be succeeded, on Tuesday, Aug. 10, by Wes Montgomery's foursome. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): An interesting case of mixed doubles: Gloria Coleman (organ) and Paula Roberts (drums) vs. a male guitar and a male tenor sax. Jorge Morel, a solitary guitar (an Andalusian one), operates when this quartet takes five. On Mondays, a rock 'n' roll group plays from nine-thirty on, and dancing is permissible. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Business as usual (i.e., a survey of the splendid past) is being conducted with great cheer and good will by Eddie Condon himself and other early settlers, such as Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, Dill Jones, Cliff Leeman, and Herb Gardner. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the bar is the threesome of Billy Taylor. Their mood-music jazz is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, an import from England who waxes hot as the evening waxes long. Nine-fifteen is starting time. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): Tony Parenti, Zutty Singleton, Cliff Jackson, Wild Bill Davison, and Marshall Brown are in cahoots—not a bad place to be when these boys are there. Sundays, Don Frye plays piano all by his lonesome, beginning at nine. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A congeries of banjoists called the String Stretchers is hitting this sawdust trail. The peanuts and beer, though, remain as they were. The plunking runs from nine to three or four every night. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). . . . **GORDIAN KNOT**, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): Fry, small but agile, spend the evening in a setting that could be Boothbay Harbor or Mount Desert Island. Practitioners of the rock and the roll, the rant and the rave find the local band exactly to their liking. The schedule: nine-thirty until four through the week; eight to one-thirty Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Sculptures—Constructivist pieces by American and European artists, among them Joseph Konzal, J. J. Subirachs, and Carel Visser; through Aug. 27. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Eighteenth- to twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by Thomas Eakins, Joseph Stella, Gaston Lachaise, and others; through Sept. 3. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Twentieth-century painters and sculptors, including Maurice Prendergast, Louis Bouché, and Robert Laurent; through Friday, Aug. 13. . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Mary Cassatt, Hovsep Pushman, and Albert P. Ryder are among the artists with paintings on view in a show called "Americans, Sung and Unsung;" through Aug. 31.

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Three of the participants in a showing of small watercolors, drawings, and lithographs for the budgeted collector are Robert Motherwell, Larry Rivers, and Mario Schifano; through Sept. 10. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Three Centuries of American Painting," an exhibition of nearly five hundred paintings dating from early Colonial times to the present (John Singleton Copley to Hans Hofmann), supplemented by American sculptures and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and silver; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Matisse, Brancusi, and Alfred Maurer are three of the artists represented in "Stieglitz and his Galleries," an exhibit paying tribute to Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946) and comprising prints, photographs, drawings, and a few sculptures; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Italian drawings (by Piranesi, Canaletto, and Raphael, for instance) from the collection of Janos Scholz; through Sept. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, drawings, and paintings by Alberto Giacometti; through Oct. 10. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"American Art from the Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Goldstone;" namely, American paintings and drawings, plus American and European sculptures, by Edward Hopper, Lyonel Feininger, Jacques Lipchitz, and others; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty prints and drawings (Dürer and Rembrandt to Josef Albers) given to or purchased by the Museum since 1953; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, books, and scores by, among others, Walter Lippman, Joseph Mitchell, and John Cheever. Also paintings, graphic art, sculptures, and architecture by Alexander Calder, Andrew Wyeth, Marcel Breuer, and others; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of master drawings, from Fra Bartolommeo to John Singer Sargent; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Stone sculptures from the state of Guerrero, Mexico; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"The Twenties Revisited," an exhibit of paintings, graphics, sculptures, photographs, and memorabilia done in the twenties by, for example, John Held, Jr., Peter Blume, and Jo Davidson; through Sept. 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than a hundred paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by such artists as Renoir, Degas, van Gogh, and Picasso) assembled by the art dealer and collector Justin K. Thannhauser. Seventy-five of these Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, and later works are a recent bequest to the Museum and are housed in new, nonsloping galleries constructed for them. Through Oct. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Bible illustrations by Marc Chagall; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Jewish ceremonial objects, jewelry, miniatures, paintings, drawings, graphics, and sculptures by Ilya Schor; through Sept. 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—A double exhibition, one of full-length watercolor portraits by the nineteenth-century folk artist Jacob Maentel, and the other of weathervanes and whirligigs; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the South Seas," a display of a hundred or so objects (in wood, stone, ivory, and jade) from Melanesia, Polynesia, Micronesia, and Australia; through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit commemorating the seven-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dante and containing rare editions and various translations of "The Divine Comedy," books with illustrations by Botticelli and William Blake, photographs, and the like; through Nov. 15. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Young America 1965," a showing by a group of thirty painters and sculptors under thirty-five years of age, among them Mary Bauermeister, Jim Dine, and Robert Murray; through Aug. 29. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Lewisohn Stadium Concerts—Final performances of the season by the Metropolitan Opera orchestra and chorus—Friday, Aug. 6, at

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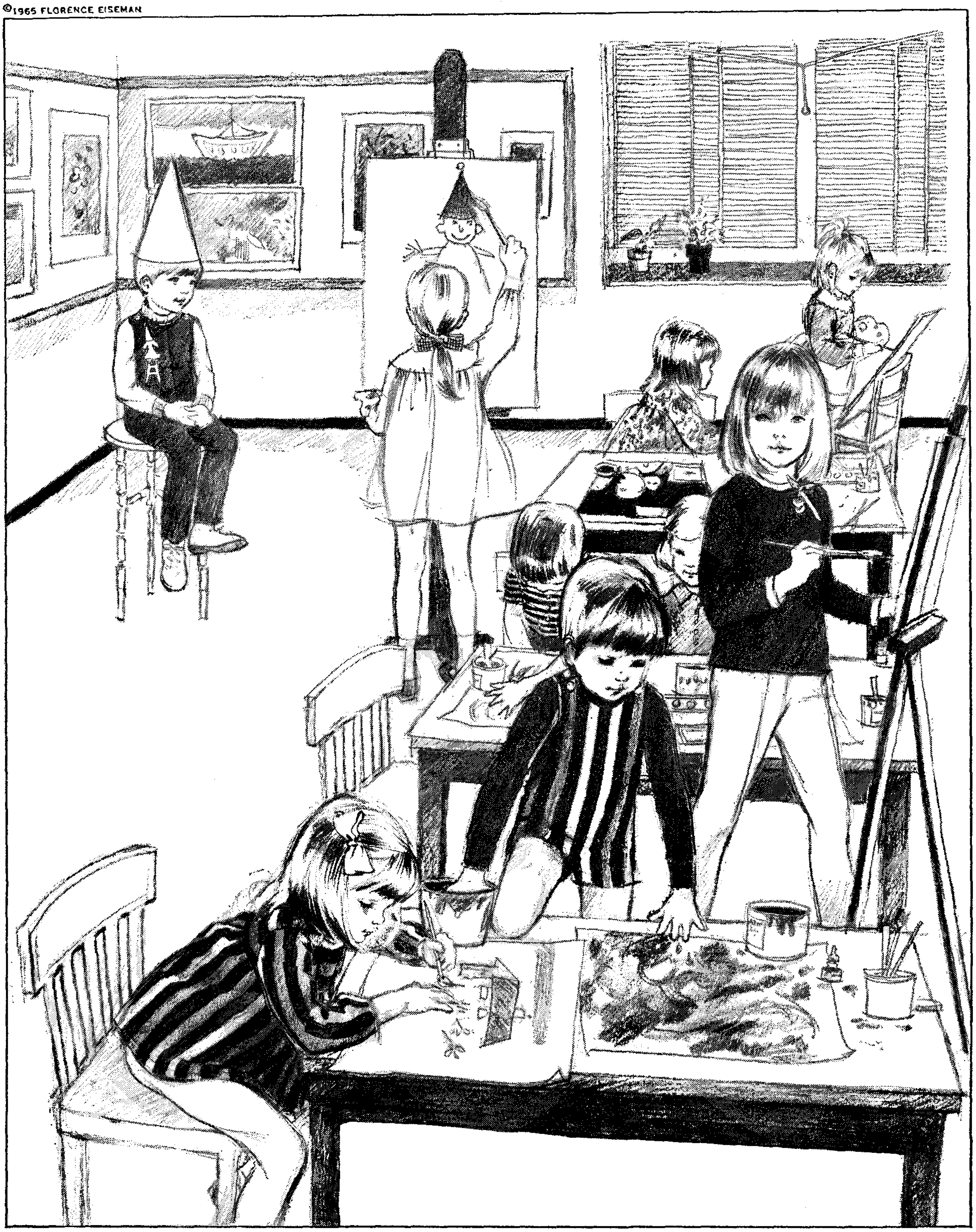

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3. After you've washed up—wash up.
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5. If everybody's painting a boat, you try painting a horse, unless painting a boat is your assignment.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:30: Ignace Strasfogel directing a performance of "Rigoletto" in concert form, with Roberta Peters, soprano; Mignon Dunn, mezzo-soprano; Jan Peerce, tenor; Cornell MacNeil, baritone; and John Macurdy, bass. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8:30: Henry Lewis directing an all-Gershwin concert, with Earl Wild, piano; Lavergne Monette, soprano; and William Warfield, bass-baritone. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Metropolitan Opera box office, Broadway at 40th St., PE 6-1210, and the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.)

Central Park Concerts—William Steinberg directing the New York Philharmonic in the first in a series of three weekly concerts, this one with Ella Lee, soprano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; Richard Cassilly, tenor; John West, bass; and the Manhattan Chorus. (Sheep Meadow. Tuesday, Aug. 10, at 8:30. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute information can be obtained by calling 999-1234.) . . . ¶ Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (The Mall. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 13.) . . . ¶ Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra in the second in a series of four weekly concerts, this one with Tibor Herdan, bass-baritone. (The Mall. Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8:30.)

Carl Schurz Park Concerts—The Orchestra of America—Thursday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: Richard Korn conducting, with Gabriel Banat, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 12, at 8:30: Abraham Kaplan conducting; no soloists. (In the event of rain, the concerts will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

Jazz Concerts—Thursday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: Jaki Byard's quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 12, at 8:30: Milt Jackson's quintet, with Lee Konitz. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday and Saturday, Aug. 6-7, at 8: Jean Martinon conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 8, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 10, at 8: A chamber-music program by the Boston Symphony Chamber Players. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 11, at 4: The annual "Gala Evening," including offerings by the various student departments of the Berkshire Music Center and a concert by the Boston Symphony, conducted by Leonard Bernstein, Eleazar de Carvalho, and Erich Leinsdorf, with Rosalind Elias, mezzo-soprano; George Shirley, tenor; the school orchestra; and the Tanglewood Institute Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 13, at 8: Eleazar de Carvalho conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Van Cliburn, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 15, at 2:30: Leopold Stokowski conducting; no soloists. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 22.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Folk and jazz concerts—Saturday, Aug. 7, at 3:30: Miriam Makeba. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: Dave Brubeck's quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, at 3:30: Pete Seeger. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: Stan Getz. (Lenox, Mass.)

Note—JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL: Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 7: Maria Tallchief and Peter van Dyk, Al Huang and his company, and Myra Kinch. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 10-14: The Robert Joffrey Ballet. (Lee, Mass. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées Fridays and Saturdays at 3.) . . . AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL (final performances of the season): Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8:30: Lucas Hoving (with Patricia Christopher and Chase Robinson) and Paul Draper. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 13, at 8:30: Yuriko and her company. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: José Limón and his company. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 15, at 3: The Paul Taylor Dance Company. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: Repeat performances of new works by José Limón and his company, Lucas Hoving, and Paul Draper. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday, Aug. 5, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Chicago, Friday, Aug. 6, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 7, at 2:15; and Sunday, Aug. 8, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Minnesota, Tuesday, Aug. 10, at 8; Wednesday, Aug. 11, at 7; and Thursday, Aug. 12, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday, Aug. 13, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 14, at 2.

Horse Show—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 7.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELD, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—At SARATOGA: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 28. The Test, Thursday, Aug. 5; the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 7; and the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 14. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Daily at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 7. The Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 7. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Monday, Aug. 9, through Tuesday, Oct. 12. (A train will leave Penn Station at 9:30 and connect with a train for the track at North Philadelphia. Buses to the track will leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 10 and 11:30.)

Soccer—International Soccer League: American Challenge Cup series. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Sunday, Aug. 8, at 3, and Wednesday, Aug. 11, at 8:30.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton: Saturday, Aug. 14, at 2:30, and Sunday, Aug. 15, at 2.

Tennis—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 9-15.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Monday, Sept. 27. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 23.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so Mondays through Fridays from 9 to 7:45, and Saturdays and Sundays from 9 to 4:45.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Aug. 15, Aug. 17-19, Sept. 3-6, and Sept. 8. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Aug. 20-29, Aug. 31-Sept. 2, Sept. 10-12, and Sept. 14-15.

Dog Show—Westchester Kennel Club. (Purchase. Sept. 12.)

Golf—Walker Cup Matches. (Baltimore Country Club, Baltimore, Md. Sept. 3-4.)

Horse Shows—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Sept. 4-6.) . . . ¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Sept. 9-12.)

Hunt Racing—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Sept. 11 and 18.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Sept. 11-12.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Aug. 30-Dec. 11.

Sports-Car Racing—At WATKINS GLEN: Aug. 21-22. . . . LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: Aug. 28. . . . THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: Sept. 4-6.

Tennis—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N.Y.C. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

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Newest shimmer: Frosted Lip Gloss by Estée Lauder. As naturally as night follows day, this gossamer radiance follows the brilliant crystalline luster of Estée Lauder's original Lip Gloss. She gives her newest luminary, Frosted Lip Gloss, four pale, transparent tintings—Pink Frost, Peach Frost, Café Frost, and White Frost—and dips them deep in starry sparkle. Each tender slip-of-a-lip-stick works like a lovely glistening-mist. Slip one on over your favorite Re-Nutriv Lipstick or over bare lips—try one shade, try all four, see how they glow and glow.

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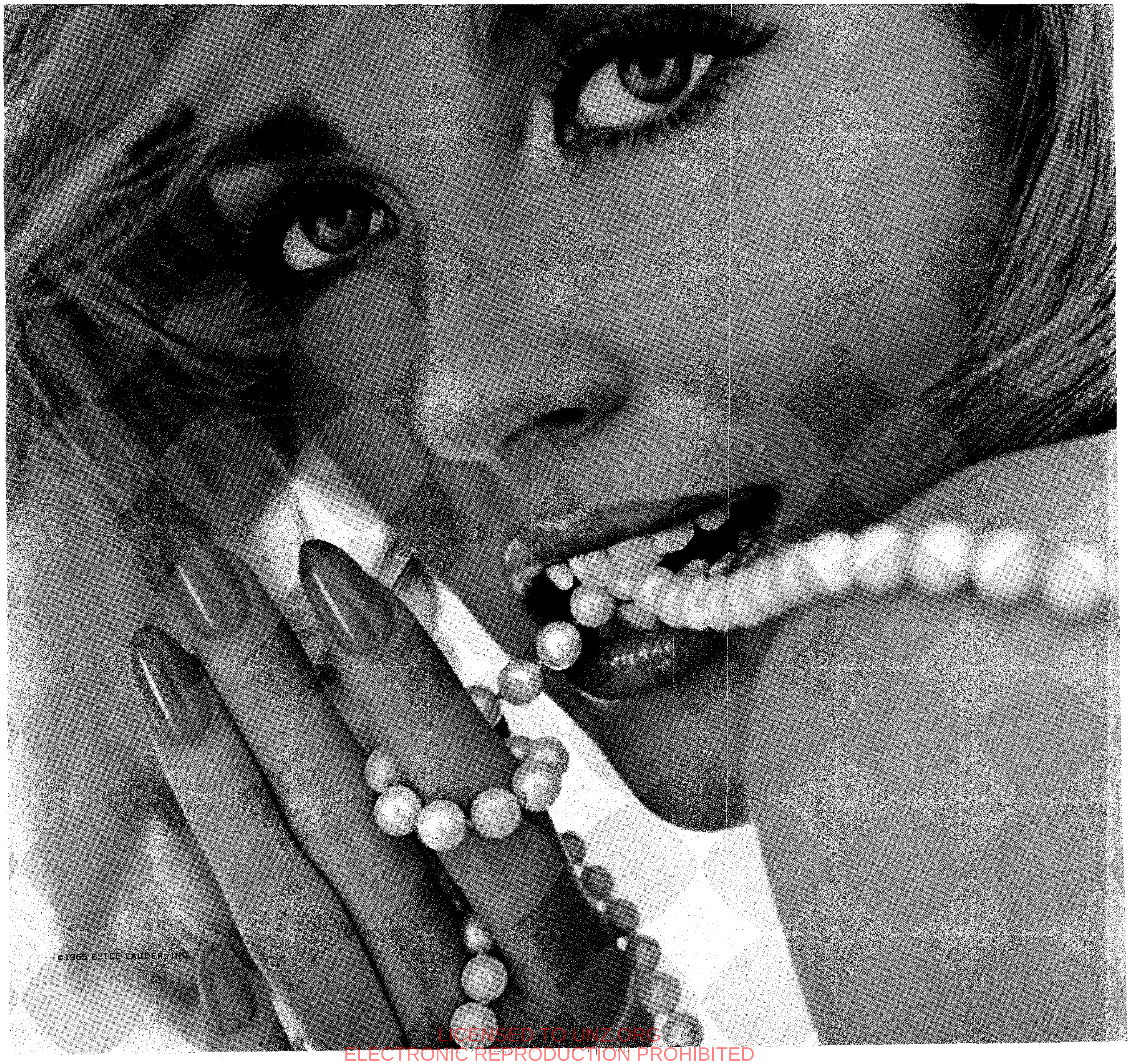

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

R.I. Aug. 16-21.) . . . ¶ U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Aug. 22-20.) . . . ¶ National Singles and Mixed Doubles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Sept. 1-12.)

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Aug. 17-22.)

OTHER DATES—The United Nations General Assembly will reconvene here on Sept. 1. . . . ¶ Holiday on Ice, at Madison Square Garden, Sept. 1-26. . . . ¶ Labor Day is Monday, Sept. 6. . . . ¶ New York Film Festival, at Philharmonic Hall, Sept. 7-18. . . . ¶ Third-quarter Federal and New York State income-tax payments are due Wednesday, Sept. 15.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

HOURS—Grounds open daily at 8:30 A.M., close at 2 A.M. Exhibits open between 9 and 10, although waiting in line is permitted from 8:30. Some exhibits close at 10 P.M., some later. Most restaurants are open until midnight, and some until 2. For some reason, almost everyone leaves the Fair when it gets dark, and so, except perhaps on Saturday night, that is a good time to go, since there is no waiting at any of the exhibits. Of the exhibits where waiting is necessary when the Fair *is* crowded, only Johnson's Wax and I.B.M. are worth it.

ADMISSION—Adults $2.50, children (2-12) $1. Through August, admission for children accompanied by an adult will be twenty-five cents on Mondays and Fridays.

THE BELGIAN VILLAGE—More restaurants (many with outdoor tables) serving a wide variety of good food at better prices than in all the rest of the Fair. It is possible to go to the Rathskeller (open until 2 A.M.) without paying admission to the Village, which is $1 for adults and fifty cents for children.

PAVILIONS—The Mexican Pavilion is one of the most beautiful at the Fair, and the exhibit of archeology and art has been enlarged and almost completely changed since last year. . . . ¶ Commendable restaurants can be found in the African, Danish, Mexican, Spanish, Swedish, Indian, and Festival of Gas pavilions. Slightly less commendable, but interesting and not very expensive, is the restaurant in the Pakistan Pavilion. The outdoor tables, which provide a good view of passers-by, are preferable to those inside. . . . ¶ It isn't necessary to pay the Fair admission to get into the Top of the Fair restaurant. If you can get waited on, or even shown to a table, within half an hour of your arrival, at least on Saturday night, there is food, drink, and dancing. . . . ¶ The exhibit of paintings at the Spanish Pavilion is different from last year's, and includes two large El Grecos, two new Goyas, and a vast painting by Dali called "The Apotheosis of the Dollar." . . . ¶ The New York State Pavilion is exciting to visit for any reason at all. . . . ¶ The Pennsylvania exhibit, new this year and situated near the Fountain of Planets in the Industrial Area, consists of two Boy Scouts and a reproduction of the Liberty Bell. . . . ¶ The twenty-minute Chrysler-Bil Baird puppet show has been rewritten so that it is more entertaining than it was. The star is still Carby Carburetor, who is said to be very popular with small children. Shows are virtually continuous and the theatre is constructed so that no waiting is necessary, a boon at this time of the year, when the Fair is most crowded. Free. . . . ¶ Those who like to dance to the music of Guy Lombardo may do so every evening except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30 at the Tiparillo bandstand; free.

LAKE AREA—The Florida Citrus Commission sponsors a water-ski show in the Amphitheatre. The show is put on six times a day, at 1, 2:30, 4, 5:30, 8, and 10 P.M., and except for the master of ceremonies, who is unusually irritating, it is worth the price of admission. Free. . . . ¶ "The killer snakes are loose again in the African jungle," is part of the spiel for a small exhibit of exceedingly lethargic reptiles languishing in cages at the southern end of the Lake Area bridge; among them are a python and two rhinoceros iguanas. Admission twenty-five cents.

KID-BITS™ puts little boys in their place. In Cone corduroy. Wide wale, Moby Dick all-cotton corduroy. Made handsome. And strong enough to stand up to running, riding, leapfrogging, climbing, jumping and pouncing. Sherpa lined car coat, $9. Zippered jumperall, $5. Eton cap, $2.50. Vicamel, Astro blue. 2-4.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Casanova '70—Marcello Mastroianni races tactfully through a comedy whose theme is scarcely more than a single prolonged blue joke. The resourceful director was Mario Monicelli and the setting is, of course, Italy. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Cat Ballou—This full-length lampoon of Western movies is cheerful and frequently funny, in a broad kind of way. Lee Marvin is especially funny as a talkative old soak who was once a famous gunfighter. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Aug. 11.)

Darling—The ravishing Julie Christie stars in a picture that, though it stumbles and loses its way, is nearly always interesting. The cast includes Dirk Bogarde and Laurence Harvey and the director was John Schlesinger. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Eye of the Needle—A minor and rather appealing Italian comedy about the scandal that shakes a Sicilian town when two local youths assault a local maiden. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Aug. 10.)

Goldfinger—Sean Connery as the elastic and inexhaustible James Bond, who bungles every encounter but the last. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Aug. 10.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—Hollywood persists in recounting the life of Christ and always fails. This failure, produced and directed by George Stevens, is remarkable only for its length. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Extra performances Wednesday mornings at 9:30. Reserved seats only.)

A High Wind in Jamaica—An adaptation of Richard Hughes' novel illustrating the dangerous differences between children and adults. Anthony Quinn is good as the captain of a band of bumbling pirates. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Aug. 10.)

The Knack—This comedy of sex in London seems at first somewhat smothered by technical pranks, but the minute that Rita Tushingham sets foot in it, it becomes a delight. Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks are more than satisfactory as three carefree bachelors. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Mary Poppins—A "My Fair Lady" for children, or maybe grandchildren. With Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . ¶ Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; and 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Aug. 11.)

Mirage—A clever if somewhat confused melodrama about a fellow who has lost his memory and is wandering about New York in imminent danger of being murdered. With Gregory Peck and Walter Matthau. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Aug. 10.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, naturally, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nobody Waved Goodbye—A quasi-documentary study of an unhappy adolescent, written and directed by Don Owen and superbly acted by Peter Kastner. Much less gloomy than it sounds, and not to be missed. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 10.)

Operation Crossbow—Lots of attractive actors and actresses (George Peppard, Sophia Loren, Trevor Howard, Tom Courtenay, Lilli Palmer, and on and on) in a well-written melodrama about the Second World War. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Aug. 10.)

The Pawnbroker—An extraordinary performance by Rod Steiger makes this worth seeing. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Ship of Fools—A great plum-pudding of a picture, ably directed by Stanley Kramer and with an exceptionally good cast, including Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Michael Dunn, George Segal, Elizabeth Ashley, and Lee Marvin. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—A collection of the world's funniest actors in a funny movie about the early days of aviation. Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, Gert Frobe, and others. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Train—Burt Lancaster, Paul Scofield, and a lot of expendable French rolling stock, in a thriller based on a true episode of the Second World War. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; Aug. 5. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Aug. 11.)

What's New Pussycat?—The life and easy times of the international set in Paris, as they might have been portrayed by Mack Sennett or any of the other grand old masters of cinematic horseplay. The movie may seem at times a bit too special and inbred for general comfort, but it is also bright, original, and sharp as a tack. Woody Allen, who wrote the script, also appears in it, as do Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers, and Romy Schneider. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

World Without Sun—According to Captain Cousteau, it's feasible, and may someday be economically desirable, for men to spend much of their time under the sea. This picture shows how beautiful it is down there, and how eerie. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Aug. 11.)

Zorba the Greek—A bold burst of a picture, notable for Anthony Quinn's embodiment of the passionate hero, for Michael Cacoyannis's direction, and for Walter Lassally's photography. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

REVIVALS

L'Avventura (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 10.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 6-9.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 7.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 6.)

The Devil's Eye (1961)—Ingmar Bergman pokes fun at the Devil, Don Juan, the clergy, and us. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Aug. 11.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire singing and dancing to Cole Porter's "Night and Day." (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Aug. 10.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 5.)

The L-Shaped Room (1963)—An English tale of star-crossed lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl, and Tom Bell is the boy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 10.)

The Magician (1959)—Ingmar Bergman's scrutiny of the effect that a troupe of magicians has on the household of a Swedish merchant. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Aug. 6.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers again, this time cutting up in the musical world. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 6.)

Open City (1946)—The Roman underground in operation during the Second World War. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 8.)

The Pumpkin Eater (1964)—An examination of married life, its cause and cure. With Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Aug. 11.)

The Quiet One (1949)—The documentary story of a young colored boy in Harlem. Made in Manhattan by a group of amateurs. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 7.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon (1964)—A British thriller, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough as a half-mad medium and her timorous husband. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Aug. 11.)

The Seventh Seal (1958)—A Swedish film, directed by Ingmar Bergman, about life in Sweden in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 7-8.)

La Strada (1956)—An Italian film that deals with the fortunes of a professional strong man (Anthony Quinn), a half-witted girl (Giulietta Masina), and a carnival clown (Richard Basehart). (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 8.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' version of the Kafka novel. The hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 9.)

Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. A Spanish picture. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 10.)

Wild Strawberries (1959)—Victor Sjöström plays an eminent physician in this Swedish film directed by Ingmar Bergman. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 7-8.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs a tale of a minister who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellow-men. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Aug. 11.)

Film Libraries—At the **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd: The last three programs in a series called "Stanley Kubrick: Five Recent Acquisitions." Aug. 5, showings at 3, 5:30, and 8: "Paths of Glory" (1957), with Kirk Douglas and Ralph Meeker. Aug. 6, at 3: "Lolita" (1962), with Sue Lyon and James Mason. Aug. 7, showings at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb" (1964), with Peter Sellers and George C. Scott. . . . ¶ Aug. 8-11, showings at 3 and 5:30: "M" (1933), in German, with Peter Lorre. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.) . . . **Gallery of Modern Art**, 2 Columbus Circle: Two programs in a series called "A Tribute to Hal Roach." Through Aug. 7: Four Laurel and Hardy shorts plus a Charley Chase short. . . . ¶ Aug. 10-11: Four Laurel and Hardy shorts plus a short with ZaSu Pitts and Thelma Todd. (Showings at 3 and 5:15. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Gallery after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Hallelujah Trail," Burt Lancaster, Lee Remick. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Sandpiper," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"And So to Bed," Hildegard Neff, Lilli Palmer.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Harlow," Carroll Baker.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
SHIP OF FOOLS.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 10: **THE EYE OF THE NEEDLE** (in Italian); and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.
From Aug. 11: "China!," a documentary film.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through Aug. 10: **GOLDFINGER**; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Aug. 11: **MARY POPPINS.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 10: **NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE**; and **A HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA.**
From Aug. 11: **CAT BALLOU**; and **WORLD WITHOUT SUN.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Aug. 10: **MIRAGE**; and "Father Goose," Cary Grant, Leslie Caron.
From Aug. 11 (tentative): "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni; and another feature, to be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Aug. 10: "In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas.
From Aug. 11: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
SHIP OF FOOLS.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Harlow," Carroll Baker.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Aug. 8: "Harvey Middleman, Fireman," Gene Troobnick, Hermione Gingold.
From Aug. 9: "The Moment of Truth" (in Italian), Miguel Mateo Miguelin.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE KNACK.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Bambole!" (in Italian), Gina Lollobrigida, Elke Sommer.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"The Ipcress File," Michael Caine.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Aug. 9: "Sunset Boulevard," revival, Gloria Swanson, William Holden; and "Great Expectations," revival, Valerie Hobson, John Mills.
Aug. 10: **THE GAY DIVORCÉE**, revival; and "The First Traveling Saleslady," revival, Ginger Rogers, Barry Nelson.
From Aug. 11: "Any Number Can Win" (in French), revival, Jean Gabin, Alain Delon; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
CASANOVA '70 (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Aug. 10: **OPERATION CROSSBOW.**
From Aug. 11: **MARY POPPINS.**

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
DARLING.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 10: **MIRAGE**; and "Charade," revival, Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.
From Aug. 11 (tentative): "Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason; and "Under the Yum Yum Tree," revival, Jack Lemmon, Carol Lynley.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Aug. 10: "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.
From Aug. 11: **CAT BALLOU**; and **WORLD WITHOUT SUN.**

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 10: "The Third Day," George Peppard, Elizabeth Ashley; and "Slave Trade in the World Today," revival, an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.
From Aug. 11: "The Family Jewels," Jerry Lewis; and "Seven Slaves Against the World," Roger Browne.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 5: **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival; "Ugetsu" (in Japanese), revival; and "The World of Apu" (in Bengali), revival.
Aug. 6-9: **BEAT THE DEVIL**, revival; and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
From Aug. 10: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival; and **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 10: **NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE**; and "Plisetskaya Dances," a Russian documentary film, with an English narration.
From Aug. 11: **THE TRAIN.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 6: **THE MAGICIAN** (in Swedish), revival; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck.
Aug. 7-8: **THE SEVENTH SEAL** and **WILD STRAWBERRIES** (both in Swedish and both revivals).
Aug. 9-10: "Brink of Life" (in Swedish), revival, Eva Dahlbeck, Ingrid Thulin; and "Dreams" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson, Eva Dahlbeck.
From Aug. 11: **WINTER LIGHT** and **THE DEVIL'S EYE** (both in Swedish and both revivals).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Aug. 10: "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni; and "Young Cassidy," Rod Taylor.
From Aug. 11: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 10: **OPERATION CROSSBOW**; and "Clarence, the Cross-Eyed Lion," Marshall Thompson, Betsy Drake.
From Aug. 11: **CAT BALLOU**; and **WORLD WITHOUT SUN.**

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Aug. 10: "Male Hunt" (in French), Jean-Claude Brialy, Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Doulos—The Finger Man" (in French), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Aug. 11: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
THE PAWNBROKER.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MARY POPPINS.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Female Prince" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
CASANOVA '70 (in Italian).

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE PAWNBROKER.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"High Infidelity" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Ugo Tognazzi.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"China!," a documentary film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
DARLING.

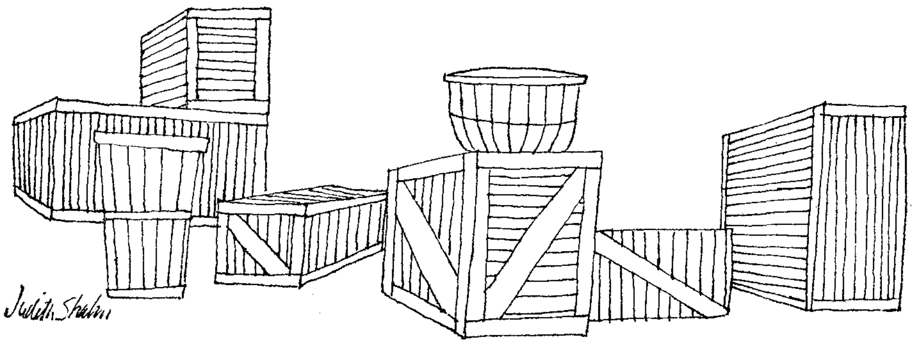
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Before the Revolution" (in Italian).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Aug. 5: **THE TRAIN**; and "Happy Anniversary," revival, David Niven, Mitzi Gaynor.
Aug. 6-10: "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni; and "Only One New York," revival, a documentary film.
From Aug. 11: **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON**, revival; and **THE PUMPKIN EATER**, revival.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 5: "Martin Luther," revival, Niall MacGinnis; and "Macario" (in Spanish), revival.
Aug. 6: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival; and **A DAY AT THE RACES**, revival.
Aug. 7: **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival; and **THE QUIET ONE**, revival.
Aug. 8: **LA STRADA** and **OPEN CITY** (both in Italian and both revivals).
Aug. 9: **THE TRIAL**, revival; and "Mitsou" (in French), revival, Danielle Delorme, Fernand Gravey.
Aug. 10: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM**, revival; and "Lilies of the Field," revival, Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.
Aug. 11: "The Devil and the 10 Commandments" (in French), revival; and "Any Number Can Win" (in French), revival, Jean Gabin, Alain Delon.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Aug. 10: "Male Hunt" (in French), Jean-Claude Brialy, Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Doulos—The Finger Man" (in French), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Aug. 11: To be announced.


Judith Shahn

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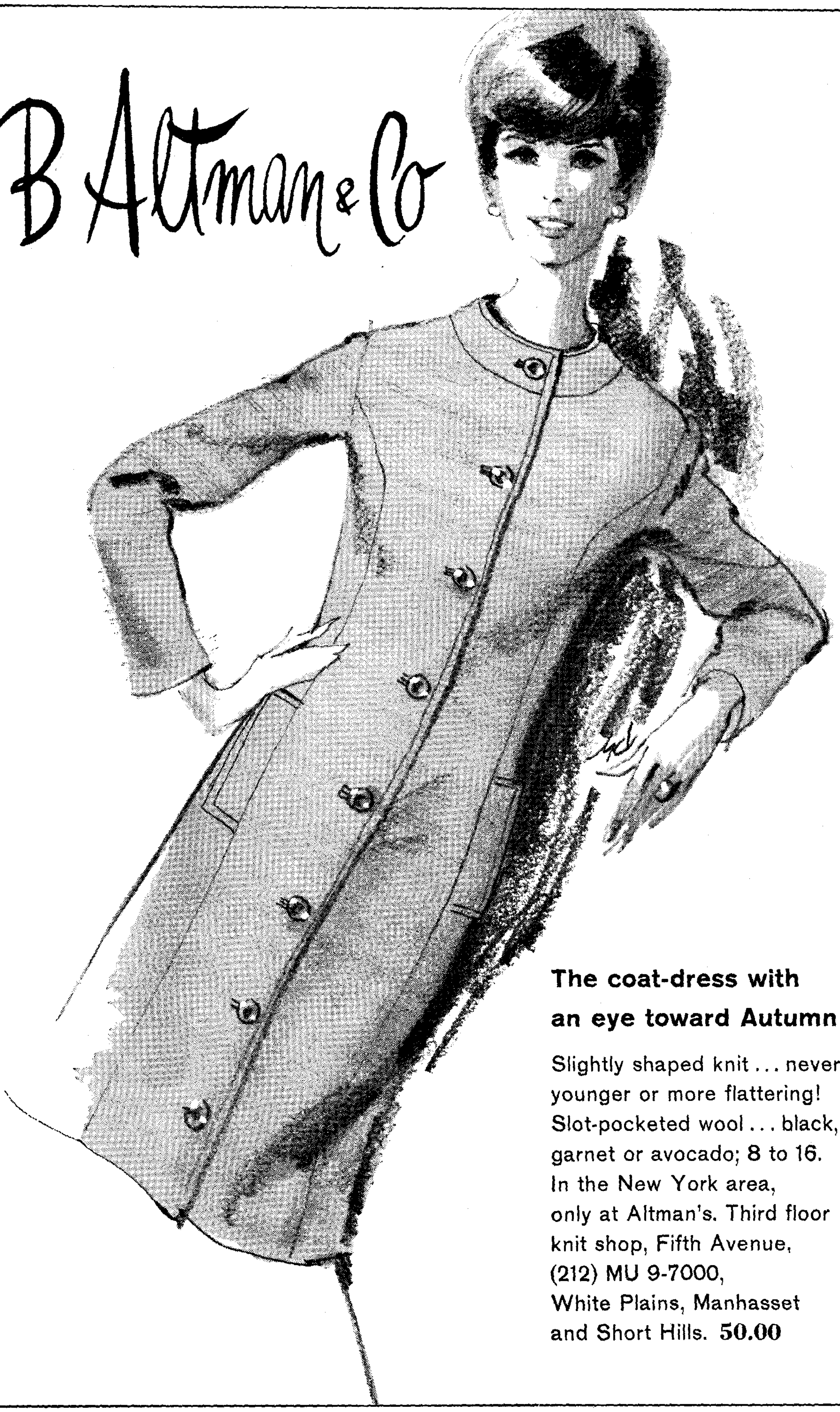

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE found something terribly poignant about the news, relayed from Mariner 4, that the planet Mars is apparently as cold and lifeless as the moon. It was not so long ago that people believed the moon itself might be inhabited. The long controversy over the existence of the Martian "canals," promoted by nineteenth-century telescopic perusal, and the more recent observations of "seasonal" color changes on the Martian surface fed the hopes of those of us who did not want to believe the Earth a unique outpost of life in a moribund solar system. Now the scientists have turned thumbs down on Mars (as they earlier did on Venus). The night sky, which looks even vaster than usual during the summer months, contains billions of suns, and there is still hope that a large number of them may be accompanied by life-sustaining planets. But they are very, very far away. It seems to be a fact that we are the sole custodians of the spark in this isolated corner of the universe, and, in view of our record so far, the fact is more ominous than inspiring. Of course, the Mariner itself—considered simply as a technical feat—is also an indication of the marvels that Man can accomplish on his own. It may be a lonely sort of consolation, but at the moment it appears to be the brightest omen in a sky that we share with a junk heap of might-have-beens, the unfulfilled promises of worlds that never were.

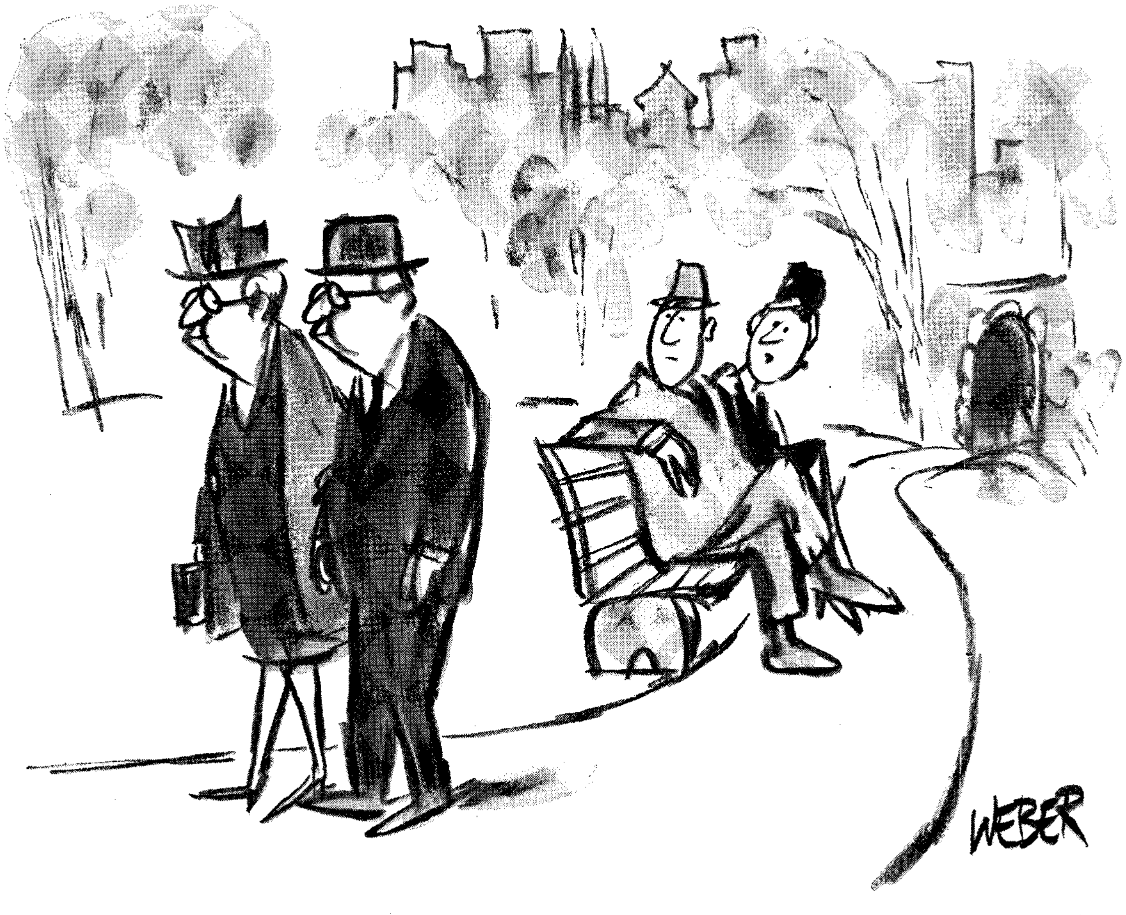
Long-Winded Lady

WE'VE received another letter from our friend the long-winded lady. She writes as follows:

"I have temporary residence in one of those small old houses on Tenth Street, just off Fifth Avenue, and this morning when I walked out into the smothering summer weather I saw that the showers that fell last night had made a difference after all. Last night, it seemed that the rain had come only to disappoint us, there was so little of it, but this morning I saw that enough water had fallen to leave traces in the gutter, where the pigeons and sparrows hopped around, getting their beaks wet and, in one case, at least, managing an enthusiastic bath. Yesterday, in the same place, beside a spindly city tree, I saw a sparrow. Parched and weightless, he fluttered along ahead of me like a ball of gray dust, and this morning I thought that in spite of the heat the happiness of the birds provided a definite start for the day. There in the hospitable gutter the birds knew themselves again. I left them and continued toward Sixth Avenue, finding the way familiar, although it has been years since I lived here, and the big, shabby studio building that used to stand on the north side of the block has been thrown down and carted away to make room for a particularly showy apartment house. The lower wall of the apartment house is plastered with tiny tiles, about the size of postage stamps, in various shades of green, and here and there small patches of raw cement show how the tiles drop off. They drop off in ones and twos. There is a drugstore on the corner of Tenth and Sixth, and I went in there to get a package of cigarettes. It is a nice, friendly place, a neighborhood drugstore. The soda fountain is on the right as you go in, and the drug counter, where you buy everything, is on the left. Both counters run the length of the store, and the whole middle of the floor, all the way down the store, is given over to showcases and to those revolving racks where they keep paperback books. When you sit at the soda fountain, you face a mirror that has signs on it advertising sandwiches, hot plates, and ice cream, and when you stand at the drug counter you face a wall of crowded shelves that are packed with bottles and jars and packages and boxes, but you never see the full expanse of the shelves, because the counter is lined with display cases and boxes, with a little space left free so that the clerk can see out to speak to customers and wait on them. The air was cool in the store that morning, and the bright store lights seemed mild after the hot glare of the sunshine outside. In weather like this, when the temperature is up to nearly a hundred, and when you are in a cool place, you look at the people as they come in from the outside exactly as you would look at fellow-survivors of some disaster. A boy came in from the street, and he came in so briskly and walked with such spirit that you would have looked at him no matter where you were. He was about sixteen. He wore only a shirt and trousers, but his shirt was very white and his trousers were neatly belted, and he held himself very straight. He was a tidy, happy boy. While he waited by the counter, he glanced about the store, a glance of curiosity, but he looked impersonal and triumphant, the way children sometimes look when they see something that they like but do not want. He took a flat leather wallet out of his hip pocket and began slapping it against his left hand, and when the clerk appeared he took a crisply folded paper out of the wallet and handed it across the counter. The clerk read the paper and then he handed it back to the boy. It was a half sheet of business stationery with the name of the firm, or whatever it was, in heavy black lettering across the top. 'That's no good,' the clerk said. 'I can't accept that signature. It has to be signed here.' 'But it is signed,' the boy said. 'It has to be signed here, in front of me,' the clerk said. The boy tried to hand the paper across the counter again, but the clerk shook his head. 'I tell you it's no good,' he said. 'I thought if you saw the letterhead,' the boy said. 'Look, I can't help you,' the clerk said, and he leaned out to speak to a woman who was waiting behind the boy, but the boy interrupted him. 'What if I sign it?' he asked. The clerk looked at him helplessly. 'How often do I have to tell you?' he said. 'I can't help you. Look, I've got a customer waiting.' The boy moved away and began to study the paper as though it had turned out to be written in a language he did not understand. When he left the store, he was still holding the paper, unfolded, in his hand. Sixth Avenue, which is loud and ugly for every inch of the long path it cuts through the city, must have seemed hideous to him, if only because he found himself there at a wrong moment in his life. He kept looking down at the paper and then looking up and down the avenue. He did not know where to turn. He was only a boy, and his imagination was shaking along with his trust in himself. He was ashamed. I could see him through the glass door, and I was also able to see the heat showing itself in the heaviness of the air and in the exhausted faces of the people walking by. A woman walked by looking as though she might faint if she took her eyes off the distance, and when she had gone, the boy, who had been standing with his back to the drugstore, walked over to the curb and turned and looked above the drugstore windows to where the name is, and I saw his gaze go on up to the red brick walls beyond. Then he folded his paper and went off, walking uptown.

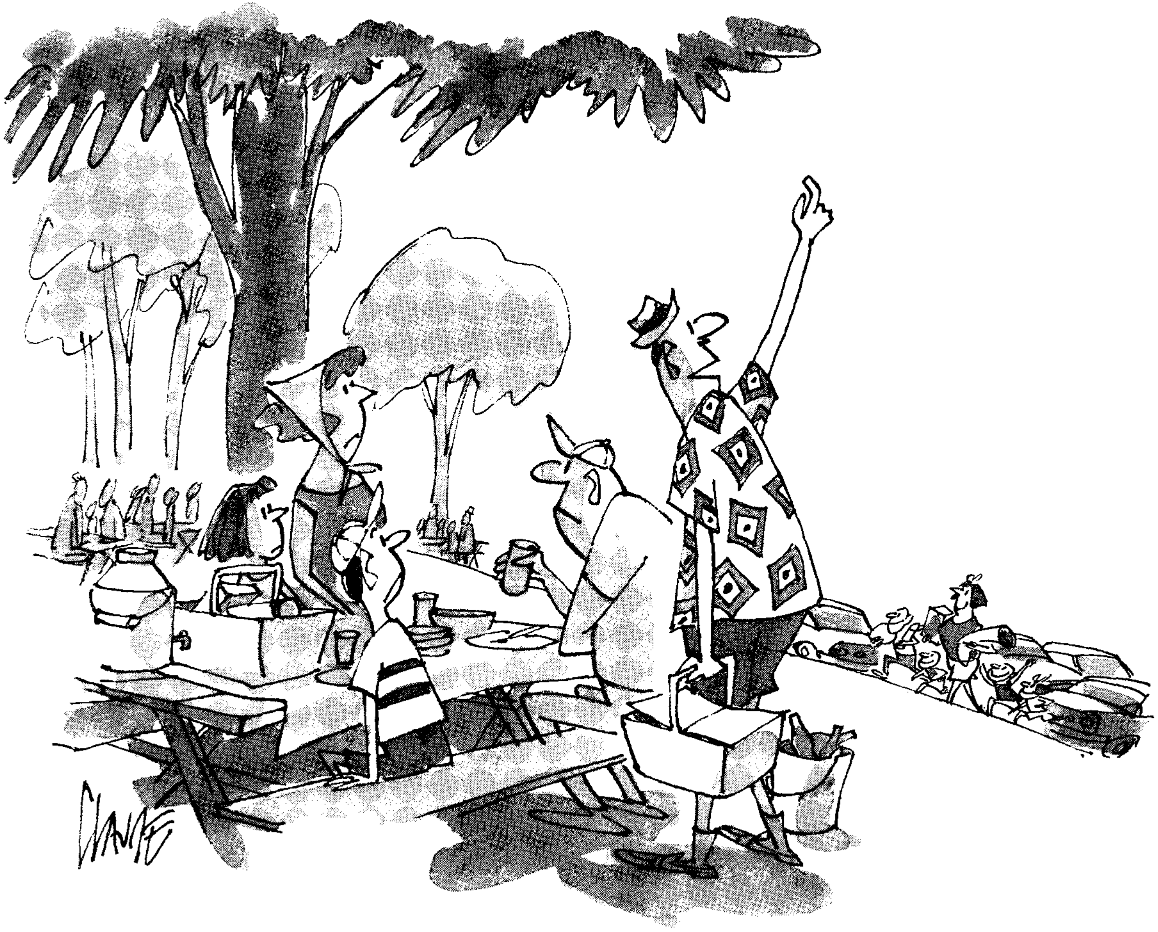
"Three weeks ago, on a Saturday morning, about nine-thirty, I saw someone else trying to get his bearings from a piece of paper. This was a man on West Forty-eighth Street between Sixth and Seventh, but nearer to Seventh. There is a nest of small houses flourishing there in the shadow of the big Broadway lights. The man was standing on the south side of the street, beside a handsome green delivery van that had 'Ice, Dry Ice, Ice Cubes' in very large letters on its side. It was the only car on the block, which is usually choked with vans and trucks trying to make deliveries and with traffic moving eastward across the island. No New York street is busier or noisier or, in this block, more garish, than Forty-eighth Street. But this was a Saturday morning in summer and things were quiet. The restaurants that take up the ground floors of most of those little houses would open for lunch, but it was nowhere near lunchtime yet. When I first saw the man, he had his back to the delivery van and he was studying first a piece of paper in his hand and then the numbers on the house doors nearest to him, and over the restaurants. He looked from the building where Zucca's Restaurant used to be, the one with the blue door and the small balcony above it, to a restaurant called Puerto Sagua, and so on along, but he did not move from the van. Then he turned and began to study the fronts of the houses across the street from him. He was young and a Negro, twenty-four or twenty-five years old, and he wore no hat, and he had on a navy-blue suit that was a little bit too big for him. He looked anxiously at the houses across the street from him, and he even looked at a parking lot next to the houses, as if he wondered whether the number he was looking for belonged to a house that had vanished from there. They must have torn down two or three houses to make that gap in the street where the parking lot is. It was because of the gap that I was able to see him. I was living on the eleventh floor at the back of a sixty-year-old house that faces Forty-ninth Street. At the back—that is where the view is. I could look straight down onto the flat, worn roofs of the low buildings the man was searching with his eyes, and by looking to the right, across a parking lot, I could see Forty-eighth Street—both sides of the street. There was only one car in the parking lot that morning, and it was huddled away in a corner, as though somebody had forgotten it. The man kept consulting his piece of paper. It was clear that he had no idea where he was. He was lost, I told myself, and with him the van, which was so expensive-looking that it might have contained chinchilla furs or imported chocolates or dresses from Paris, instead of merely ice, dry ice, and ice cubes. He stared toward Seventh Avenue, where the lights of the Latin Quarter and Playland were dead in the daylight, and he took a few steps in that direction, and then he returned to the van and stood beside it again. Then he looked toward Sixth, which was almost the whole length of the block away from him, and he glanced down at his paper, and he looked at Sixth again, and thought a minute, and walked away in the direction of Sixth and out of my sight.

"The van sat there, undefended but not quite deserted; the thin, smudged



"I suppose they've been married a very, very long time."

face of a cat peered out from underneath it, looking to see if it was safe to cross the street. It was safe—no cars coming—and she hurried across and into the parking lot on her way to make one of her daily inspections of the garbage cans that stand at the foot of the building I was in and behind the little buildings that had their backs to me. The little cat settles down in front of what used to be Zucca's door every morning at daybreak, and begins to wait there for somebody to give her breakfast. Next to Zucca's old place is Puerto Sagua, and next to that is Tony's Pizzeria. Now the swinging doors of the pizzeria flew open and a very large and lordly man came out. He had light-red hair, his shirt-sleeves were turned back, he had a cigarette in the corner of his mouth, and he was carrying some business papers, which he folded as he walked. He went around the van, opened the door, stepped up and in, and sat down and started the engine and sped away, still with the cigarette in the corner of his mouth. He was so sure of himself that he didn't even bother to put his hand on the door beside him to see if it was closed tight. It was his door, and it knew its job, just as he knew his job. The doors of the pizzeria were still shivering after his triumphant exit, and I wondered what operatic scene of rage or sorrow or mirth might be taking place in there now by the cash register. As for the lost man, I think he may have been on his way to apply for a job. If he was, I hope he got it, if it was a job he wanted."



"Up here, all! This picnic should be through shortly."

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OVERHEARD under a Washington Heights movie marquee, agitated teen-ager to friend: "Yeah, but that would take about a million dollars. A million dollars! That's a life's savings!"

Gotham

IT'S high time we delved into the odd little mystery of New York's being known, especially to newspaper writers and still more especially to the writers of newspaper headlines, as Gotham. "Gotham" has the advantage of taking up less newsprint than "New York," and journalists, moreover, have an unnatural horror of repeating themselves and will always use as many different names as possible for the same thing, but why *Gotham*? What possible connection can there be between this enormous, shining, and—shall we make bold to say?—highly intelligent city and a word that for centuries has stood for a small community of rural fools? The original English Gotham, a village that now numbers about a thousand people and depends for its livelihood on gypsum mining, lies some seven miles southwest of Nottingham, in the good old Robin Hood country, and stories concerning the inveterate stupidity of its inhabitants are among the oldest folk tales in English, going well back into the Middle Ages. It may be that even before the Conquest the village had attracted the stories because of its name, which is Anglo-Saxon for "goat town." Or perhaps, as some authorities hold, the comic overtones of Gotham reflect a disdain for their Celtic predecessors by the snobbish Saxon lords of Rushcliffe Hall, whose earthwork remains are recorded in the Domesday Book. Those long-vanished Celts appear to have had some connection with Cuckoo Bush Hill, a local landmark that figures in one of the earliest and most famous of the Gotham tales. According to the tale, one summer the men of Gotham decided to fence in a cuckoo, in order that it might sing for them all the year round; when the cuckoo flew away, the men of Gotham decided sadly that they had not built their hedge high enough. In 1909, a circular platform of earth at the top of Cuckoo Bush Hill was identified as a barrow, or burial mound, dating back to ancient times, and it's possible that the shaggy-cuckoo story is a vestige of some ancient rite, which passed, over the bridge of many generations, from sacred to profane. Some lexicographers attribute the use of the word "cuckoo" as a synonym for "crazy" to Gotham, while others make the village the birthplace of the saying "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

The earliest reference to the dull-wittedness of Gotham comes from the Towneley Mysteries, a series of plays that were set down at the beginning of the fifteenth century. A century later, chapbooks containing twenty "Merie Tales of the Mad Men of

Gotam" were extremely popular. Besides the tale of the futile hedging of the cuckoo, there was a tale of how the mad men of Gotham attempted to drown an eel that had been eating their fish; one about how they dragged carts to the top of a barn to shade the roof from the sun; and one—a real sidesplitter at the time—about how they rolled cheeses downhill toward Nottingham under the impression that, being round, the cheeses would coast all the way into town on their own. By the seventeenth century, Gotham was the butt of hundreds of rural jokes, and the appellation "mad men of Gotham" had been replaced by the ironic "wise men of Gotham." The person who did the most to blacken Gotham's reputation was William Laud, the future Archbishop of Canterbury, who in 1613, as head of St. John's College, Oxford, ridiculed the proposed founding of a rival college at Stamford by writing a burlesque entitled "The Seminary of Innocents, commonly called . . . Gotam College." Gotham College remained a slang term for a mental institution until fairly recent times.

The British are notoriously prepared to settle down and live with a good joke forever, and by the eighteenth century the mere mention of Gotham was enough to send people into stitches. The joke crossed the sea to the Colonies and survived the Revolution, and so it came about that in 1807 Washington Irving made a number of references to Gotham in some essays of his that appeared anonymously in *Salamagundi*—a short-lived magazine that took its name from a highly spiced pickled-herring hash, which New Yorkers of that day doted on. Irving first mentioned Gotham in a review of a concert he had attended at City Hall; to indicate how unsuccessful the concert had been, he invented an English friend named 'Sbidlikens and had him remark that "the person who played the French horn was excellent in his way" but that he had "sometime since heard a gentleman amateur in Gotham play a solo on his proboscis in a style infinitely superior." A few months later, Irving applied the term Gotham directly to New York, and his readers were apparently so taken by this humorous insult that he was encouraged to repeat the jest, and in one of the last issues of *Salamagundi* he published an elaborate "Chronicles of the Renowned and Antient City of Gotham," meaning New York. The nickname was thus well launched in the press, and it has been with us ever since, gaining increasing respectability. The founders of the Hotel Gotham, the Gotham Book Mart, the Gotham Corrugated Container Company, the Gotham Exterminating Corporation, the Gotham Realty Company, and the Gotham Watch Company, to mention but a few of the many Gothams listed in the phone book, were evidently unaware of any pejorative connotations.

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SIGN observed above a trash can in the hallway of a United States Army barracks in Stuttgart, Germany: "No Trash Will Be Thrown in This Trash Can After Trash Has Been Emptied."

Kipps' Da and Downey

JIM DOWNEY, a warmhearted publican who sees to the care and feeding of punters and theatrical performers in an Eighth Avenue saloon that bears his name, called us the other day—we've known him for years—to invite us to go racing at Aqueduct. "I'm entertaining a fellow you might like to meet," said Mr. Downey. "He's the father of Tommy Steele, the English rock-'n'-roll star who is playing Kipps in the musical 'Half a Sixpence,' and he's also a former bookmaker and is working now for the Bookmakers Protection Association, in England. If you're agreeable to joining me, I'll come to get you in a limousine."

"Limousine?" we murmured.

"What in God's name did you expect me to provide for my friends—a Model T?" said Mr. Downey, and he picked us up shortly thereafter in a fine big Cadillac with a uniformed driver.

Mr. Downey introduced his driver as Angelo, and Angelo immediately told us that he had been a cop for a couple of years and had had to quit because his feet were killing him.

"It's the same way with horses," said Mr. Downey sympathetically. "They're on their feet practically all the time, and it wears them out."

"Why don't they lie down?" asked Angelo.

"They're not very bright," said Mr. Downey, and he added, "Let's get going. We're due to collect Tommy's father and his agent uptown."

In transit, Mr. Downey informed us that he had only a glancing acquaintance with the visitors he was going to escort to the track. "I heard somewhere that Tommy's father was familiar with Birmingham—dear old Brummagem, where I used to be a plasterer after leaving Galway—and I thought it would be nice to show him around a bit," he said. He sighed contentedly and sank back into the opulent upholstery of the limousine.

Soon Angelo pulled up at a hotel, where we were met by Tommy's father, a small butterball of amiability, and Tommy's agent, Ian Bevan, a contemplative young man in tortoise-shell glasses.

"Me nime is 'Icks," said Tommy's father. "Which probably confuses you."

We admitted it did.

"Well, *my* father was nimed John Steele 'Icks," said Tommy's father, "and when my Tommy got to be the star 'e is, that was the nime 'e took."

We shall forthwith abandon, in the manner of Shaw in "Pygmalion," any attempt to record phonetically Mr. Hicks' quick and unaccountable accents. Consider this a translation of some of his remarks: "You might call me a Bermondsey boy, but due to me work for the Bookmakers Protection Association, which helps to prevent welshing and all that sort of thing, I get around to Plumpton, Salisbury, Yarmouth, Newmarket, Folkestone—that's where my Tommy's play is supposed to take place—and everywhere else you could imagine."

"Darbo has never, up until now, been farther from England than the Channel Islands," said Mr. Bevan.

"Who's Darbo?" we inquired.

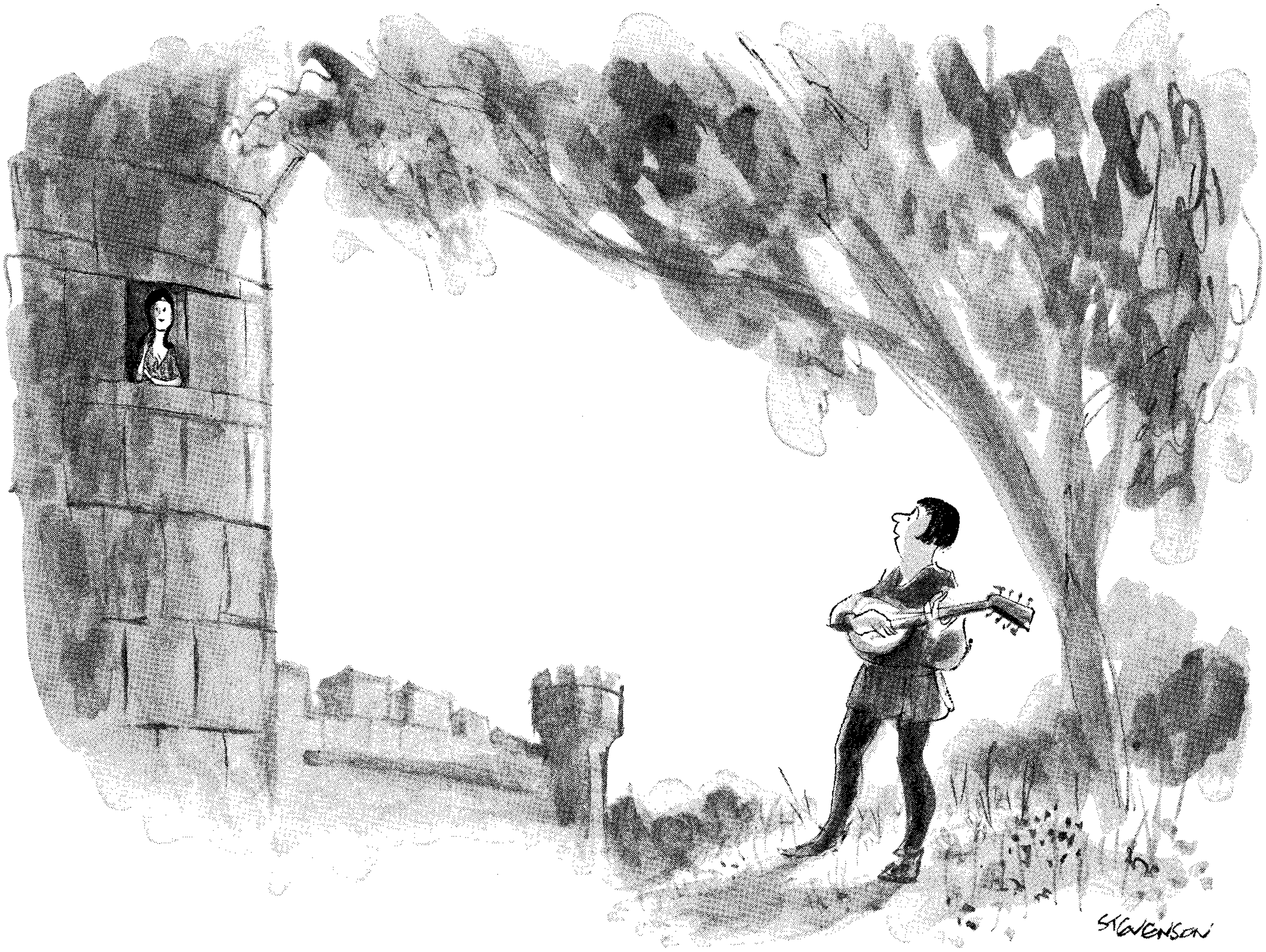
"Me," said Mr. Hicks. "I've always been called Darbo, as my father was before me, and I also had a brother who was called Darbo. I couldn't tell you why."

"Do you, by any chance, know Big Andy, my brother?" said Mr. Downey as our car coursed over the highway to Aqueduct.

Mr. Hicks almost swooned with delighted recognition. "Big Andy out of Liverpool, or out of Birmingham, or out of anywhere," he said. "I'll be seeing him in Yarmouth any day now. He's a great man around the rails, and by that I mean the race tracks."

"He was an inspector of police in Birmingham, and now he's with the track authorities," said Mr. Downey. "Cops have a way of landing neatly on their toes."

"You know, my Tommy spent six weeks rehearsing dances with Onna White—your mentioning toes brought this to my mind—but what I always think is that having Florence Mills at



"And now would you like to hear a protest chanson?"

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his christening gave him his sense of rhythm," said Mr. Hicks.

We asked the obvious question.

"Well, you see, I used to guide the colored entertainers around London," said Mr. Hicks. "There wasn't anybody that knew them, and I certainly knew London, and so I got to showing them places and things."

"Do you know those hand signals the bookies use at the tracks?" Mr. Downey inquired.

"As well as I know my name," said Mr. Hicks, and instantly went into a series of semaphores that left us baffled. "I touch me nose, and that's a bottle," he said. "And then under me chin is a ruff, and if I touch my arm at the elbow . . ." But he was going too fast for us, and before he could complete his demonstration of the bookie's manual of arms Angelo interrupted to ask Mr. Downey if it was necessary for him to accompany us to the clubhouse.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Downey.

"I hate these horses," said Angelo. "All they do is run in these same circles all the time, and, besides, it is beginning to rain."

"I've got a box that is out of the rain," said Mr. Downey.

"I prefer, sir, to sit in a nice air-conditioned limousine and save money," said Angelo.

At the entrance to Aqueduct, Mr. Hicks rolled his eyes and yelped "Cor!" When he had recovered his breath, he asked, "Do they hold dances here?"

Mr. Downey informed him that they didn't.

"Ah, what a pity!" said Mr. Hicks. "My boy Tommy could really rock them here. You know, he once said—and this is as true as I'm standing here—that if he ever made it in life he'd show me Manhattan and the Mason-Dixon Line. Well, now I've seen Manhattan, and I guess all that is left is the Mason-Dixon Line. How far would that be from here?"

"Aqueduct to Pimlico," said Mr. Downey. "A couple of hours, give or take."

We went into the clubhouse, where Mr. Downey recommended that we bet a horse called Two Stelle, in honor of Tommy's father. It won handily.

"That's the way with those Steeles," said Mr. Downey graciously. "They get to the front and never look back."

Snack

THE tourists who have taken over the streets of New York while the rest of us either seal ourselves in air-conditioned rooms or hide in the country have been observed from time to time engaging in some unlikely activities. Not the least unlikely of them was a sight that confronted a startled friend of ours on West Forty-fourth Street the other afternoon. A station wagon with Ohio license plates pulled up to the curb, and three children, a mother, a father, and a grandmother got out, opened the tailgate, and grouped themselves around it. A well-selected picnic lunch was then served and consumed, with such dispatch that before any police could approach, the picnickers were all back in the car and off to darkest Fifth Avenue.

FURTHER TALES ABOUT MEN AND WOMEN

I

ONCE upon a time there was a poor fisherman who had no one to go out in his boat with him. The man he started going out with when he was still a boy was now crippled with rheumatism and sat all day by the fire. The other fishermen were all paired off, and there was nobody for him. Out on the water, without a soul to talk to, the hours between daybreak and late afternoon were very long, and to pass the time he sang. He sang the songs that other people sang, whatever he had heard, and this was of course a good deal in the way of music, because in the olden times people sang more than they do now. But eventually he came to the end of all the songs he knew or had ever heard and wanted to learn some new songs. He knew that they were written down and published, but this was no help to him because he had never been to school and didn't know how to read words, let alone the musical staff. You might as well have presented him with a clay tablet of Egyptian hieroglyphics. But there were ways, and he took advantage of them. At a certain time, on certain days of the week, the children in the schoolhouse had singing, and he managed to be in the vicinity. He brought his boat in earlier those days, on one pretext or another, and stood outside the school building. At first the teacher was mystified, but he saw that the fisherman always went away as soon as the singing lesson was over, and putting two and two together he realized why the fisherman was there. So, one day, he went to the door and invited him in. The fisherman backed away, and then he turned and hurried off down the road to the beach. But the next time they had singing, there he was. The schoolteacher opened a window so the fisherman could hear better and went on with the lesson. While the children were singing "There were three sisters fair and bright," the door opened slowly. The teacher pointed to a desk in the back row, and the fisherman squeezed himself into it, though it was a child's desk and much too small for him. The children waved their hands in the air and asked silly questions and giggled, but, never having been to school, the fisherman thought this was customary and did not realize that he was creating a disturbance. He came again, and again.

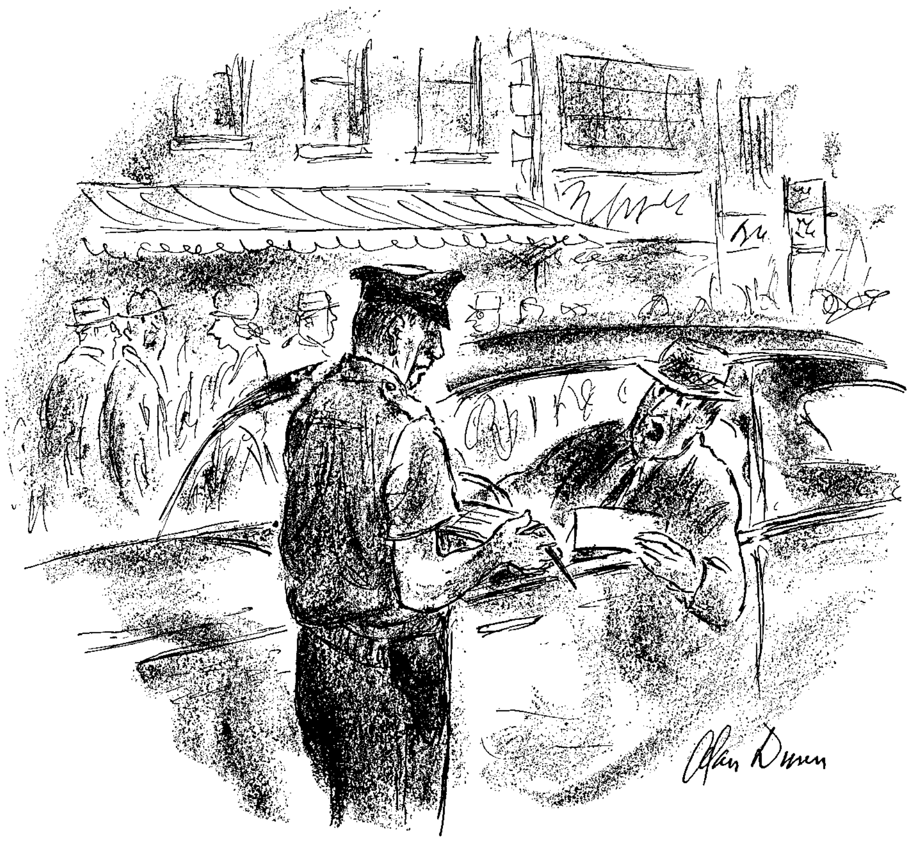
People manage to believe in magic—though they don't always call it by that name. And ghosts. And the influence of the stars. And reincarnation. And a life everlasting. But not enough room is allowed for strangeness: that birds and animals know the way home; that a blind man, having sensed the presence of a wall, knows as well where to walk as you or I; that there have been many recorded instances of conversations between two persons who did not speak the same language but, each speaking his own, nevertheless understood each other perfectly. When the teacher passed out the songbooks, he gave one to the fisherman, well aware that his only contact with the printed page was through his huge, calloused hands. And time after time the fisherman knew, before the children opened their mouths and began to sing, what the first phrase would be, and where the song would go from there.

Naturally, he did not catch as many fish as he had when he was attending to his proper work, and sometimes there was nothing in the house to eat. His wife could not complain, because she was a deaf-mute. She was not ugly, but no one else would have her. Though she had never heard the sound of her own voice, or indeed any sound whatever, she could have made him feel her dissatisfaction, but she saw that what he was doing was important to him, and did not interfere. What the fisherman would have liked would have been to sing with the children when they sang, but his voice was so deep there was no possibility of its blending unnoticeably with theirs, so he sat and listened, and only when he was out in his boat did the songs burst forth from his throat. What with the wind and the sea birds' crying, he had to sing openly or he would not have known he was singing at all. If he had been on shore, in a quiet room, the sound would have seemed tremendous. Out under the sky, it merely seemed like a man singing.

He often thought that if there had only been a child in the house he could have sung the child to sleep, and that would have been pleasant. He would have sung to his wife if she could have heard him, and he did try, on his fingers, to convey the sound of music—the way the sounds fell together, the rising and descending, the sudden changes in tempo, and the pleasure of expecting to hear this note and hearing, instead, a different one, but she only smiled at him uncomprehendingly.

The schoolteacher knew that if it had been curiosity alone that drew the fisherman to the schoolhouse at the time of singing lessons, he would have stopped coming as soon as his curiosity was satisfied, and he didn't stop coming, which must mean that there was a possibility that he was innately musical. So he stopped the fisherman one day when they met by accident, and asked him to sing the scale. The fisherman opened his mouth and no sound came. He and the schoolteacher looked at each other, and then the fisherman colored, and hung his head. The schoolteacher clapped him on the shoulder and walked on, satisfied that what there was here was the love of music rather than a talent for it, and even that seemed to him something hardly short of a miracle.

IN those islands, storms were not uncommon and they were full of peril. Even large sailing ships were washed on the rocks and broken to pieces. As for the little boats the fishermen went out in, one moment they would be bobbing on the waves like cork, now on the crest and now out of sight in a trough, and then suddenly there wasn't any boat. The sea would have swallowed it, and the men in it, in the blinking of an eye. It was a terrible fact that the islanders had learned to live with. If they had not been fishermen, they would have starved, so they continued to go out in their boats, and to read the sky for warnings, which were usually dependable, but every now and then a storm—and usually the very worst kind—would come up without any warning, or with only a short time between the first alarming change in the odor of the air, the first wisps of storm clouds, and the sudden lashing of the waters. When this happened, the women gathered on the shore and prayed. Sometimes they waited all night, and sometimes they waited in vain.



"Believe me, I'd like to submit this to a Civilian Review Board!"

One evening, the fisherman didn't come home at the usual time. His wife could not hear the wind or the shutters banging, but when the wind blew puffs of smoke down the chimney she knew that a storm had come up. She put on her cloak, and wrapped a heavy scarf around her head, and started for the strand, to see if the boats were drawn up there. Instead, she found the other women waiting with their faces all stamped with the same frightened look. Usually the sea birds circled above the beach, waiting for the fishing boats to come in and the fishermen to cut open their fish and throw them the guts, but this evening there were no gulls or cormorants. The air was empty. The wind had blown them all inland, just as, by a freak, it had blown the boats all together so close, out on the water, that it took great skill to keep them from knocking against each other and capsizing in the dark. The fishermen called back and forth for a time, and then they fell silent. The wind had grown higher and higher, and the words were blown right out of their mouths, and they could not even hear themselves what they were saying. The wind was so high and the sound so loud that it was like a silence, and out of this silence, suddenly, came the sound of singing. Being poor ignorant fishermen, they did the first thing that occurred to them—they fell on their knees and prayed. The singing went on and on, in a voice that none of them had ever heard, and so powerful and rich and deep it seemed to come from the same place that the storm came from. A flash of lightning revealed that it was not an angel, as they thought, but the fisherman who was married to the deaf-mute. He was standing in his boat, with his head bared, singing, and in their minds this was no stranger or less miraculous than an angel would have been. They crossed themselves and went on praying, and the fisherman went on singing, and in a little while the waves began to grow smaller and the wind to abate, and the storm, which should have taken days to blow itself out, suddenly turned into an intense calm. As suddenly as it had begun, the singing stopped. The boats drew apart as in one boat after another the men took up their oars again, and in a silvery brightness, all in a cluster, the fishing fleet came safely in to shore.

II

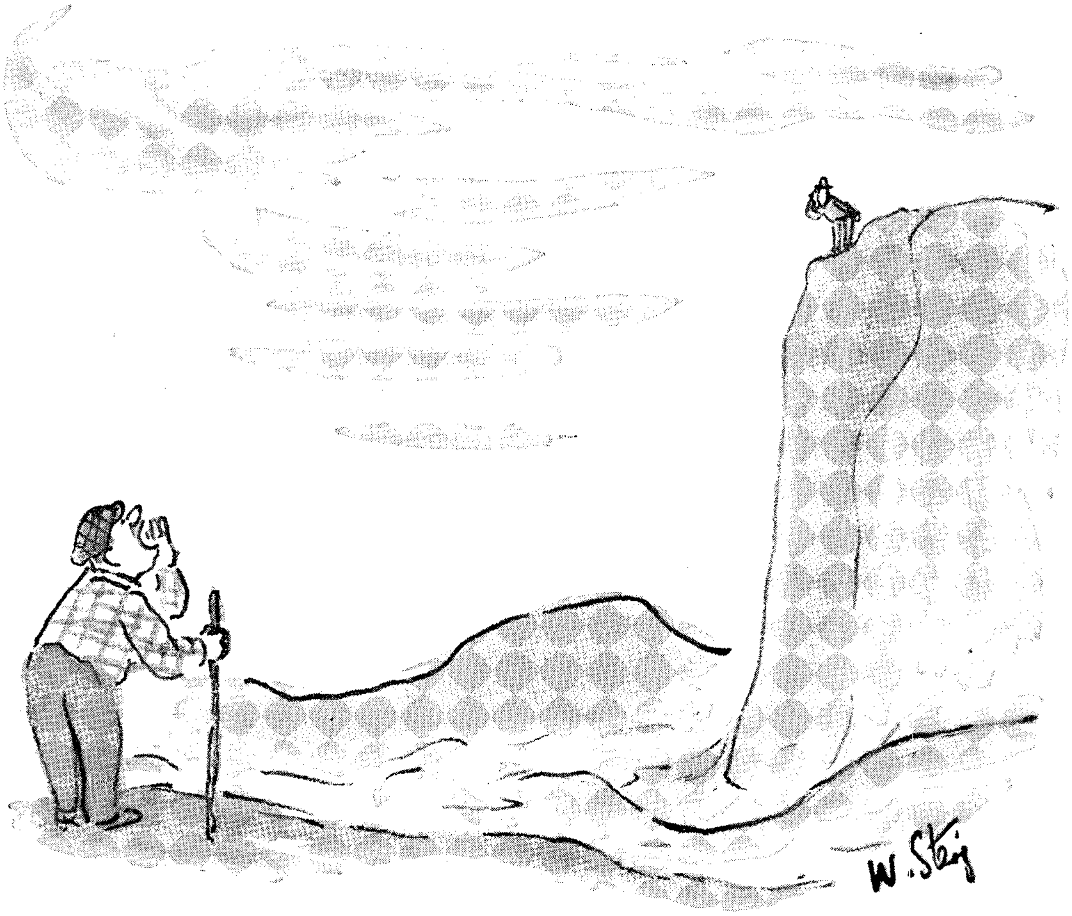
ONCE upon a time there was a man who lost his father. His father died of natural causes—that is to say, illness and old age—and it was time for him to go, but nevertheless the man was affected by it, more than he had expected. He misplaced things: his keys, his reading glasses, a communication from the bank. And he imagined things. He imagined that his father's spirit walked the streets of the city where he lived, was within touching distance of him, could not for a certain time leave this world for the world of spirits, and was trying to communicate with him. When he picked up the mail that was lying on the marble floor outside the door of his apartment, he expected to find a letter from his father telling him . . . telling him what?

The secret of the After Life is nothing at all—or rather, it is only one secret, compared to the infinite number of secrets having to do with this life that the dead take with them when they go.

"Why didn't I ask him when I had a chance?" the man said, addressing the troubled face in the bathroom mirror, a face made prematurely old by a white beard of shaving lather. And from that other mirror, his mind, the answer came: *Because you thought there was still time. You expected him to live forever . . . because you expect to live forever yourself.* The razor stopped in midstroke. This time what came was a question: *Do you or don't you? You do expect to live forever? You don't expect to live forever?* The man plunged his hands in soapy water and rinsed the lather from his face. And as he was drying his hands on a towel, he glanced down four stories at the empty street corner and for a split second he thought he saw his father, standing in front of the drugstore window.

His father's body was in a coffin, and the coffin was in the ground, in a cemetery, but that he never thought about. Authority is not buried in a wooden box. Nor safety (mixed with the smell of cigar smoke). Nor the firm handwriting. Nor the sound of his voice. Nor the right to ask questions that are painful to answer.

So long as his father was alive, he figured persistently in the man's conversation. Almost any remark was likely to evoke him. Although the point of the remark was mildly amusing and the tone intended to be affectionate, there was something about it that was not amusing and not entirely affectionate—as if an old grievance was still being nourished, a deep disagreement, a deprivation, something raked up out of the past that should have been allowed to lie forgotten. It was, actually, rather tiresome, but even after



"I said, 'Never mind'!"

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he perceived what he was doing the man could not stop. It made no difference whether he was with friends or with people he had never seen before. In the space of five minutes, his father would pop up in the conversation. And you didn't have to be very acute to understand that what he was really saying was "Though I am a grown man and not a little boy, I still feel the weight of my father's hand on me, and I tell this story to lighten the weight. . . ."

Now that his father was gone, he almost never spoke of him, but he thought about him. At my age was his hair this thin, the man wondered, holding his comb under the bathroom faucet.

Why, when he never went to church, did he change, the man wondered, dropping a letter in the corner mailbox. Why, when he had been an atheist, or if not an atheist then an agnostic, all his life, was he so pleased to see the Episcopal minister during his last illness?

Hanging in the hall closet was his father's overcoat, which by a curious accident now fit him. Authority had shrunk. And safety? There was no such thing as safety. It was only an idea that children have. As they think that with the help of an umbrella they can fly, so they feel that their parents stand between them and all that is dangerous. Meanwhile, the cleaning establishment had disposed of the smell of cigar smoke; the overcoat smelled like any overcoat. The handwriting on the envelopes he picked up in the morning outside his door was never that handwriting. And along with certain stock certificates that had been turned over to him when his father's estate was settled, he had received the right to ask questions that are painful to answer, such as "Why did you not value your youth?" and "Why is it you envy your father his friends?"

He wore the overcoat, which was of the very best quality but double-breasted and long and a dark charcoal gray—an old man's coat—only in very cold weather, and it kept him warm. . . . From the funeral home they went to the cemetery, and the coffin was already there, in a tent, suspended above the open grave. After the minister had spoken the last words, it still was not lowered. Instead, the mourners raised their heads, got up from their folding chairs, and went out into the icy wind of a January day. And to the man's surprise, the outlines of the bare trees were blurred. He had not expected tears, and neither had he expected to see, in a small group of people waiting some distance from the tent, a man and a woman, not related to each other and not married to each other but both related to him: his first playmates. They stepped forward and took his hand and spoke to him, looking deeply into his eyes. The only possible conclusion was that they were there waiting for him, in the cold, because they were worried about him. . . . In his father's end was his own beginning, the mirror in his mind pointed out. And it was true, in more ways than one. But it took time.

HE let go of the ghost in front of the corner drugstore. The questions grew less and less painful to have to answer. The stories he told his children about their grandfather did not have to do with a disagreement, a deprivation, or something raked up out of the distant past that might better have been forgotten. When he was abrupt with them and they ran crying from the room, he thought, *But my voice wasn't all that harsh.* Then he thought, *To them it must have been.* And he got up from his chair and went after them, to lighten the weight of his father's irritability, making itself felt in some mysterious way through him. They forgave him, and he forgave his father, who surely hadn't meant to sound severe and unloving. And when he took his wife and children home—to the place that in his childhood was home—on a family visit, one of his cousins, smiling, said, "How like your father you are."

"That's because I am wearing his overcoat," the man said—or rather, the child that survived in the man. The man himself was pleased, accepted the compliment (surprising though it was), and at the first opportunity looked in the mirror to see if it was true.

III

THERE were two women, well along in years, and one lived in a castle and one lived in the largest house in the village that was at the foot of the castle rock. Though picturesque, the castle had bathrooms and central heating, and it would not for very long have withstood a siege, no matter how antiquated the weapons employed. The village was also picturesque, being made up of a single street of thatched Elizabethan cottages. The two women were friends, and if one had weekend guests it was understood that the other would stand by, ready to entertain them. When the conversation threatened to run out, guests at Cleeve Castle were taken to Cleeve House and offered tea and hot buttered scones, under a canopy of apple blossoms or in front of a roaring fire, according to the season. The largest house in the village had been made by joining three of the oldest cottages together, and the catalogue of its inconveniences often made visitors wipe tears of amusement from their eyes. The inconveniences were mostly felt by the servants, who had to carry cans of hot water and breakfast trays up the treacherous stairs, and who, when they were in a hurry, tripped over the uneven doorsills and bumped their heads on low beams. Guests at Cleeve House were taken to the castle and plied with gin and ghost stories.

One would have expected this arrangement, so useful to both women, to be lasting, but the friendship of women seems always to have embedded in it somewhere a fishhook, and as it happened the mistress of Cleeve House was born with a heavier silver spoon in her mouth, and baptized in a longer christening gown, and in numerous other ways was socially more enviable. On the other hand, the money that had originally gone with the social advantages was, alas, rather run out, and it was without the slightest trace of anxiety that the woman in the castle sat down to balance her checkbook. Weekend guests at the castle tended to be more important politically or in the world of the arts—flashy, in short. And the weekend guests at Cleeve House more important to know if it was a question of getting your children into the right schools or yourself into the right clubs. In a word, nobby. But how the woman who lived in the castle could have dreamed for one minute that she could entertain a member of the royal family and not bring him to tea at Cleeve House, to be amused by the catalogue of its inconveniences and the story of how it came to be thrown together out of three dark, cramped little cottages by an architect who was a disciple of William Morris, it is hard to say. Perhaps the friendship had begun to seem burdensome and the duties one-sided. Or perhaps it was the gradual accumulation of tactful silences, which avoided saying that the woman who lived in the village was top drawer and the woman who lived in the castle was not, and careless remarks, such as anybody might be guilty of with a close friend, which frankly admitted it. In any event, one does not go running here, there, and everywhere with a member of the royal family in tow. There is protocol to be observed, secretaries and chauffeurs and valets have to be consulted, and the conversation doesn't threaten to run out because what you have, in these circumstances, isn't conversation in the usual sense of the word. But anyway, the mistress of Cleeve House sat waiting for the telephone to ring, with the wrinkles ironed out of her best tablecloth, and her Spode tea set brought down from the highest shelf of the china closet, and the teaspoons polished till you could see your face in them, and her Fortuny gown taken out of its plastic bag and left to hang from the bedroom chandelier. And, unbelievably, the telephone did not ring. In the middle of the afternoon she had the operator check her phone to see if it was out of order. This was a mistake, because in a village people are very apt to put two and two together. By nightfall it was known all up and down the High Street that her in the castle was entertaining royalty and had left her in the big house to sit and twiddle her thumbs.

Not that the mistress of Cleeve House cared one way or the other about the royal family. No, it was merely the slight to a friendship of very long standing that disturbed her. And for the sake of that friendship, though it cost her a struggle, she was prepared to act as if nothing unusual had happened when the telephone rang on Sunday morning, and to suggest that the mistress of Cleeve Castle bring her guests to tea. The telephone rang on Monday morning instead. To anyone listening in, and several people were, it was clear that she was speaking a little too much as if nothing unusual had happened. However, the invitation—to drive, just the two of them, in the little car, over to the market town and have lunch at the Star and Garter—was accepted. And because one does not entertain royalty and then not mention it, the subject came up finally, in the most natural way, and the mistress of Cleeve House was able to achieve the tone she wanted, which was a mixture of reasonable curiosity and amused indifference. But it was all over between them, and they both knew it.

They continued to see each other, less often and less intimately, for another three or four months, and then the woman who lived

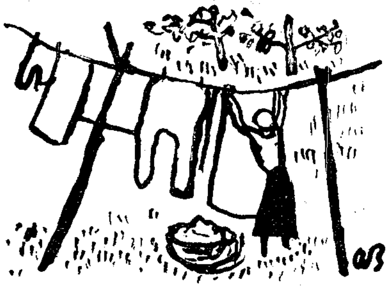
"Do you suppose the day will ever come when birds of every feather will flock together?"

in the largest house in the village finished it off in a way that made it possible for her to carry her head high. The husband of the woman who lived in the castle had, unwisely, allowed his name to be put up for a London club that was rather too grand for a man who had made a fortune in wholesale poultry. Even so, with a great deal of help from various quarters or a little help from the right quarter, he might have made it. There were two or three men who could have pulled this off, singlehanded, and when one of them came down to Cleeve House for the weekend, it was the turn of the mistress of the castle to sit and wait for the telephone to ring. On Monday morning, the nanny of the children of Cleeve House (who were really the woman's grandchildren) took them to play with the children of the castle, as she had been doing every Monday morning all summer, and was told at the castle gate that the children of the castle were otherwise occupied. Though they had not been in any way involved and did not even know the cause of the falling out, the children of the castle and the children of Cleeve House were enemies from that day forth, and so were their nannies. The two husbands, being more worldly, still exchanged curt nods when they met in the High Street or on the railway platform. As for the two women, they very cleverly managed never even to set eyes on one another.

Weekend guests at Cleeve House were taken for a walk, naturally, because it was one of the oldest villages in England, and when they saw the castle, with rooks roosting in the apertures of the keep, they cried out with pleasure at finding a place so picturesque that near London. When the mistress of Cleeve House explained that she was no longer on friendly terms with the castle, their faces betrayed their disappointment. And with a consistency that was really extraordinary, people who were staying at Cleeve Castle sooner or later came back from a walk saying, “The village is charming, I must say. But who is that fascinating gray-haired woman who walks with a stick and lives in that largish house on the High Street? We’re dying to meet her.”

CITY people get over their anger, as a rule, but it is different if you live in a village. For one thing, everybody knows that you are angry, and why, and the slightest shift in position is publicly commented on, and this stiffens the antagonism and makes it permanent. Something very large indeed—a fire, or a flood, a war, a catastrophe of some sort—is required to bring about a reconciliation and push the injured parties into one another’s outstretched arms.

One winter morning, the village learned, via the wireless, that it was in the direct path of a new eight-lane expressway connecting London and the seacoast. The money for it had been appropriated and it was too late to prevent the road from being built, but the political connections of Cleeve Castle working hand in glove with the social connections of Cleeve House could perhaps divert it so that some other village was obliterated. After deliberating for days, the woman who lived in the castle picked up the telephone and called Cleeve House, but while the telephone was still ringing she hung up. The injury to her husband (what a way to repay a thousand kindnesses!) was still too fresh in her mind. There must be some other way of dealing with the problem. She sat down at her desk and wrote a long and affectionate letter to a school friend who was married to a Mem-



A TALE TOLD BY A HEAD

Proud of my pride,
I grew fat and romantic,
I grew rich in revenge and loved animals.
A nature walk was a kind of
Belgian bestiary brought with me
where one tapestried foot at a time
was woven to the ground,
where my hounds followed face down
like surface swimmers unable to drown,
and I knew I’d brought
it all with me—
all already there in the restless bodies of my eyes
rolling in their oval recesses.

I liked my nature green and
didn’t care how it got that way.
It’s a mistake to always ask,
Is it alive, is it dead? Where’s the heart?

I crushed the feeding grass
feeding, feeding—what egotism!—until it fails
in a whole field of feeding.
How can I know when it dies anyway?
Except that nothing’s refreshed
that doesn’t die a little.

It was a place like this, I suppose,
where the original nudes, wrong in their
kindness to each other,
suffered their great loss at the hands of an adder,
and the four darknesses converged on them
and the black tenderness
began digesting them horribly.

But this is all a tale told by a head to a head
of how the weeds came up like animals out of the dirt
and grew larger—
their chief act, in fact—
and how they found me
like a prey to an older prey
whose reverence for reverence grows bigger each day
and less fastidious.

—Lois Moyles

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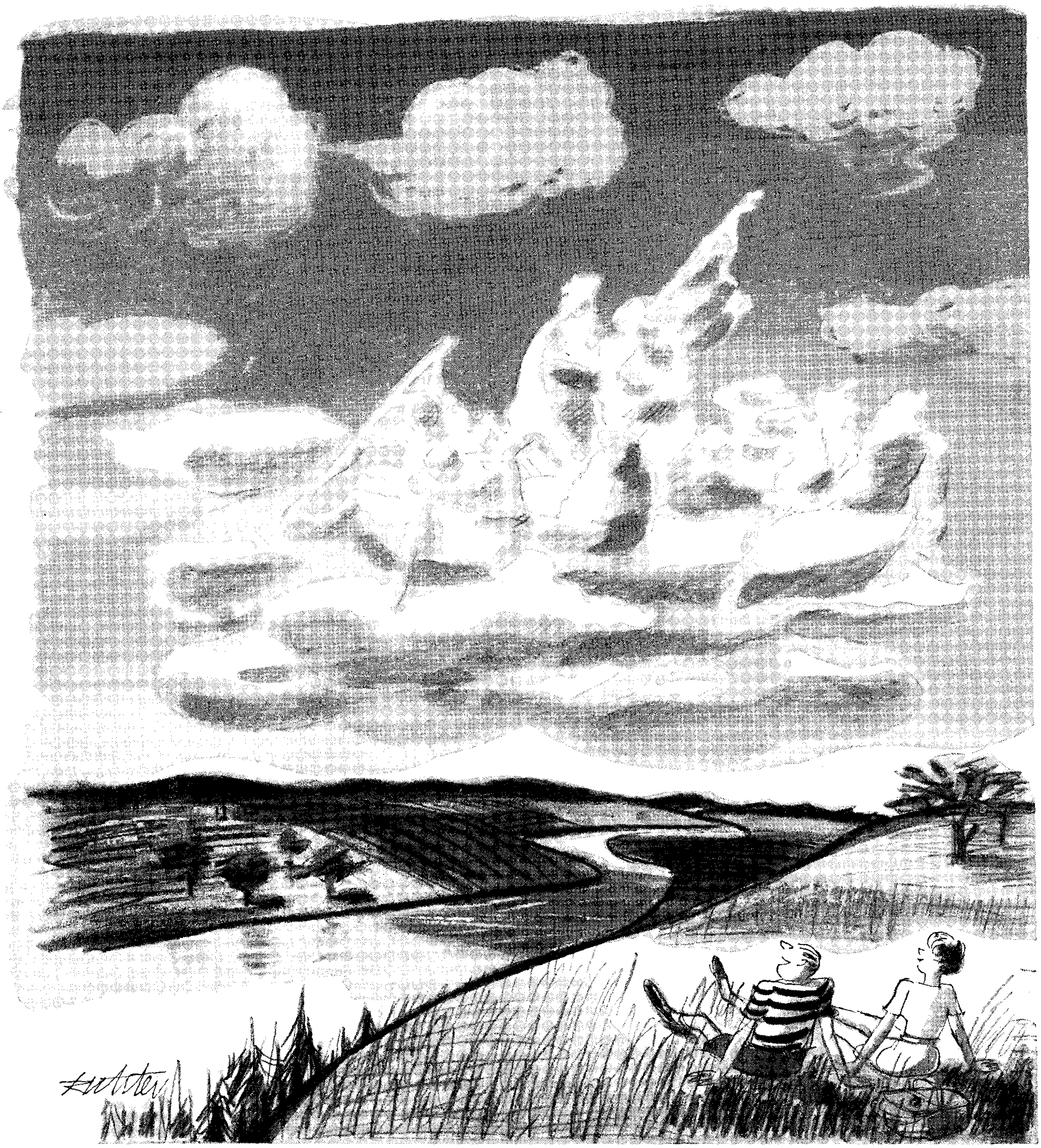


"You don't see a sight like that every day of the year."

• •

ber of Parliament, imploring his help.

After considering the situation from every angle, the woman who lived in the largest house in the village came to the only sensible conclusion, which was that some things are worth swallowing your pride for, and she put on her hat and coat and walked up to the castle. But when she came to the castle gate, the memory of how her grandchildren had been turned away (the smallness of it!) filled her with anger, and she paid a call on the vicar instead.

In due time the surveyors appeared, with their tripods, sighting instruments, chains, stakes, and red flags, and the path of doom was made clear. The government, moved by humane considerations, did, however, build a new village. The cottages of Upper Cleeve, as it was called, were all exactly alike and as ugly as sin. There was no way on earth that you could join three of them together and produce a house that William Morris would have felt at home in. The castle was saved by its rocky situation, but its owners did not choose to look out on an eight-lane expressway and breathe exhaust fumes and be kept awake all night long by trucks and trailers. So the rooks fell heir to it.

—William Maxwell

THE MANDELBAUM GATE

ABDUL'S ORANGE GROVES

"I'M a man of passions and enthusiasms, Mr. Hamilton," said young Abdul Ramdez. "That is to say, I'm passionate in general, but I don't get worked up about any particular thing for long. In this way I avoid the great Arab mistake, as we have obsessions that leave us exhausted and incapable of action when the time for action comes. Do you know what I say to my Arab friends and also to the friends of my father when they tell me too much do this, do that, Abdul, in the name of freedom, revenge, unity? I say O.K., O.K. But do you know what I say when they ask me again too much? Do you know what I say then to freedom and revenge, and to Nasser and to Hussein and to the national spirit? Like I've told you before, I—"

"Yes, yes," said Hamilton, who was plainly enchanted, "but don't say it here, Abdul. There are some terms we English don't use a great deal of."

"In childhood, I hear many terms by the English Army," Abdul said.

"Well, of course, the Army."

"Is it me teach you Arabic or you teach me English?" Abdul inquired.

Abdul took for granted the fact that he enchanted Frederick Hamilton, because he enchanted everyone, even those who were suspicious of him, except for the high-minded Israelis and Arabs who disapproved of anyone like him on principle, or the police forces of both allegiances. He observed the man who sat in the other armchair in this hotel sitting room. Hamilton was a diplomat, or at least an official at the British Legation. Once, when Abdul had inquired the precise nature of his job, Hamilton replied, "Oh, nothing much—I'm only a sort of filing clerk, actually." Which Abdul had disbelieved. When asked his age, Hamilton had smiled his good-looking smile and answered, "The wrong side of fifty." Hamilton wrote poetry and was known as Freddy to his friends. Abdul wanted to call him Freddy. "Say me some poetry," Abdul said.

Mr. Hamilton sat a little more upright in his chair and recited across the space between them, lit as it was by sunlight dustily filtered through the mosquito-wire window:

"As I ride, as I ride,
With a full heart for my guide,
So its tide rocks my side,
As I ride, as I ride,
That, as I were double-eyed,
He, in whom our Tribes confide,
Is descried, ways untried,
As I ride, as I ride."

Abdul was amused by this. Earlier in the afternoon, he had been going over with Hamilton the rudiments of Arabic versification, which, as Abdul put it, had been handed down unchanged from the eighth century—"... only we could begin to make changes now, like we could make changes in government, and later on we could change the desert wastes and the sky even, if we could first make changes in ourselves."

Hamilton more or less belonged, in Abdul's view, to that total category of the human race known to Abdul and his companions as the System. It included their fathers, the Pope, President Nasser, King Hussein, Mr. Ben-Gurion, the Grand Mufti, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, the English Sovereign, the civil servants and upper militia throughout the world, and all the other representatives of the police forces of life who, however beneficent, had absent-mindedly put his generation as a whole into difficulties. Abdul spoke often of his generation. As he was a good deal older than he claimed to be, he meant by this to measure his state of mind rather than his years. He had come early to the conclusion that the easiest method of dealing with the situation, and the one that best suited his personal constitution, was to act with inscrutable folly, to mix up his elders as to his motives, to defeat and exasperate them by transparent guile and hypocrisy, to have no motive at all but to be enchanting throughout his days. It was not a lonely course; he had like-minded friends. It had been found and declared by an analytical witchcraftsman that Abdul's character contained intelligence, among other ingredients; he knew largely what he was doing. He had reflected upon himself as an Arab and decided upon a course. His friend Frederick Hamilton, who sat with Abdul in the sitting room of his hotel in Israel, was part of the System. Nevertheless, Abdul liked him, as he was easy to manage and did not make demands for his full money's worth of Arabic lessons but rather seemed pleased to sit and talk to Abdul, at his appointed hours, for himself alone. In a way, it seemed to Abdul, Hamilton was not aware that he was part of the System.

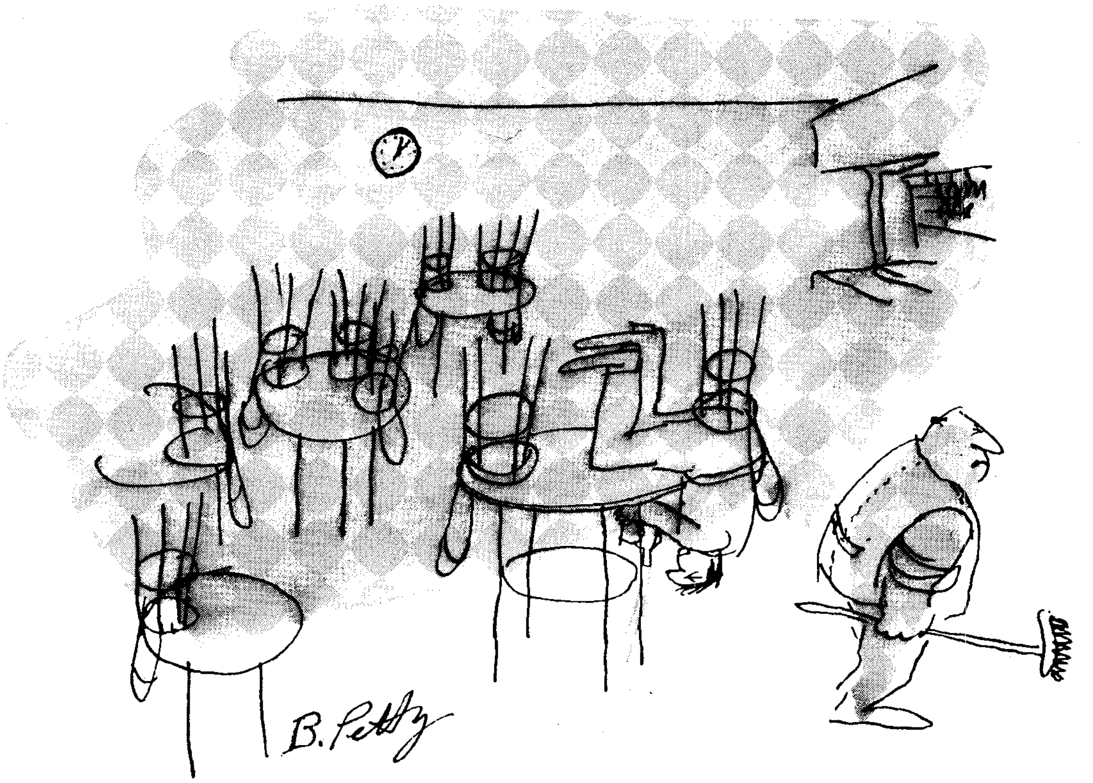
"Say that poem again," Abdul said.

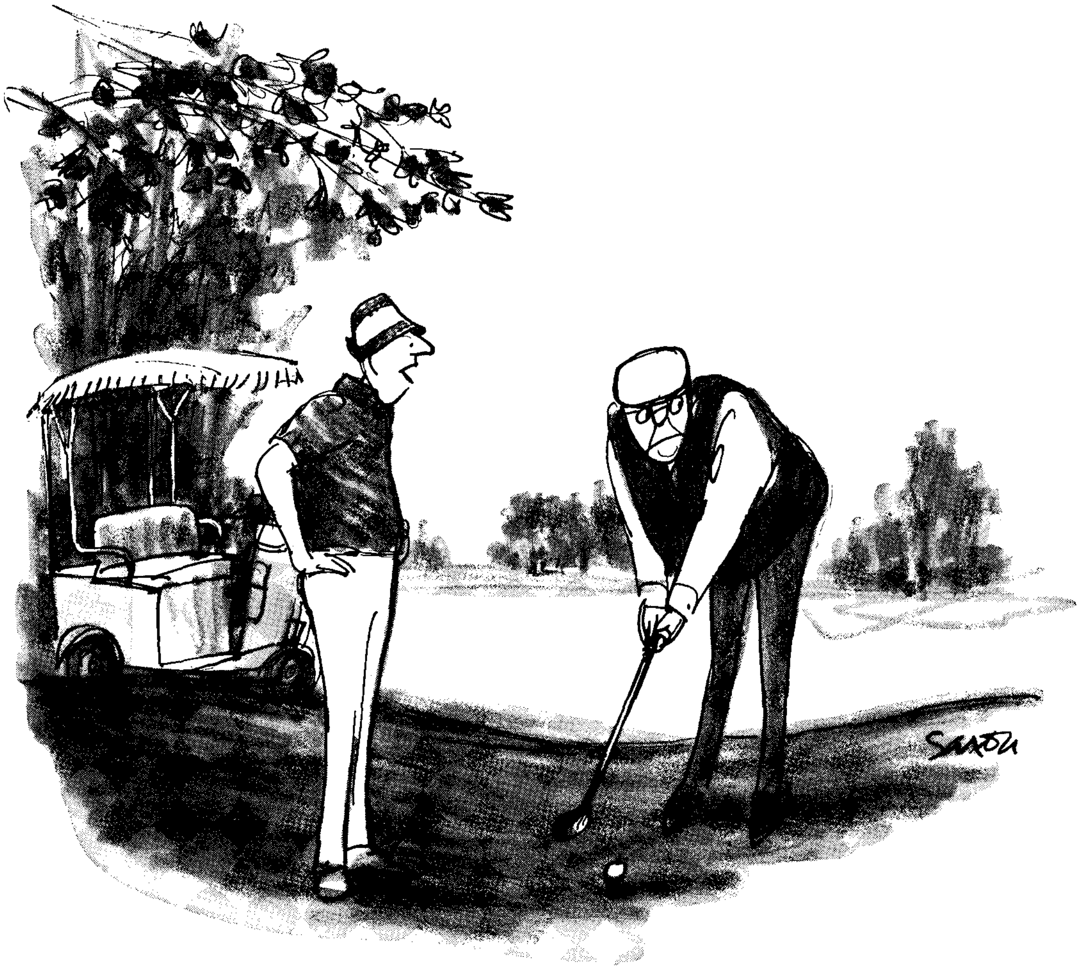
"As I ride, as I ride ..."

"It is a fine poem, Mr. Hamilton," Abdul said when Hamilton had finished.

"It isn't considered to be so. But it's interesting, because there are forty lines with the same rhyme. It's by Browning, a famous Victorian poet."

"I have seen the movie called 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street,' about Robert Browning.





"I suggest that the first thing you're going to have to do is forget that every ball you lose costs you four dollars of income-before-taxes."

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It was popular with the Arabs, as we have many stories in Arabic like that, where the father forbids the marriage to the daughter and the lovers escape."

Mr. Hamilton looked at his Arab grammar and said, "I suppose we should get on with our work."

Abdul did not see any need to reply for a moment or two. He was smelling the room and Mr. Hamilton. There were Miss Vaughan's geraniums now, in addition to those which Hamilton had always had. Miss Vaughan was an Englishwoman who had been staying at the hotel and had gone, last week, through the Mandelbaum Gate to Jordan. Abdul's hotel informants had told him of the friendship that had been made between Mr. Hamilton and Miss Vaughan, but the friendship, they said, ended at friendship, because Miss Vaughan, they said, was a pious Catholic, always going to the Christian shrines. And now she had gone to the Christian shrines in Jordan. "But look," said the Arab kitchen boy last Friday, after Miss Vaughan had left the hotel, "she's a Jew, and Hamilton knows it. She's a spy for the Israelis." Abdul had made further inquiries, from which he gathered that Miss Vaughan was a half Jew—whether a spy or not, he didn't care. The porter told him that before leaving the hotel Miss Vaughan had asked for her geraniums to be sent to Freddy's room.

So Miss Vaughan's geraniums added to Freddy Hamilton's room smell; it was almost like smelling Miss Vaughan's cousins. Abdul could never smell anything from Hamilton, which was just as typical of the man himself as certain odors were typical of other people. Abdul's father had always deplored his son's highly developed sense of smell from his youth up. Joe Ramdez had considered it to be an atavistic trait in Abdul, and thought it was uncivilized of him to cultivate this habit of smelling people in rooms. Abdul claimed that he could "smell an enemy," but his father discovered that Abdul's enemies were not his enemies, and denied Abdul's claim to any smelling talent in this direction.

"You could try the next exercises on page 53," Abdul said to scentless Freddy Hamilton. But now he smelled again, and suddenly, holding up his index finger, said, "Oh!"

"What's the matter?" said the Englishman, looking up from page 53.

"I smell your new suit, the fabric."

"No, it's an old suit." Mr. Hamilton opened the jacket and squinted inside the inside pocket. "1934," he said. "It's marked 1934, so that means I've had it for twenty-seven years. It's older than you, Abdul."

"It smells . . ." Abdul said, groping for the association of the smell—not remotely reflecting that he was, in fact, older than the suit.

"I've had it in mothballs during the summer. I've just got it out, as the nights seem to be getting chilly."

"I like mothball scent," Abdul said. "When I served at the altar in Cairo, the Coptic priests smelled of mothballs, as they kept mothballs among their fine resplendent vestments."

"I thought you belonged to the Armenian Church."

"No, the Coptic Church." Abdul did not see any need to explain why, a few weeks ago, he had given Hamilton a long account of how he had broken with the Moslem faith to run away with an Armenian girl, to further the wooing of whom he had adopted Armenian Christianity. He did not see any need to refrain from so enjoyably muddling up his friend, and he continued to talk of the Coptic Church in Egypt: "You see, my father sent me to school in Cairo when he saw that I was too far advanced for any of the schools in Palestine. Many of my friends were sent to school in Beirut, but I was sent to Cairo, where I was baptized a Christian in the Coptic Church."

"What I am not sure about . . ." said Mr. Hamilton. He was flicking through the notebook in which he had been writing his Arabic exercises for four months since April last.

It occurred to Abdul that Hamilton was not well, or at least was upset. He had already perceived this when he came into the room, but had immediately veiled the idea from his thoughts, since Hamilton had behaved normally, had said, "Well, Abdul, how are you?," had got up, smiled in his usual way and sat down, partly distrustful, as usual, and partly enchanted. In the meantime Abdul had sat down, too,

LITTLE GIRL, MY STRINGBEAN, MY LOVELY WOMAN

My daughter, at eleven
(almost twelve), is like a garden.

Oh, darling! Born in that sweet birthday suit
and having owned it and known it for so long,
now you must watch high noon enter—
noon, that ghost hour.
Oh, funny little girl—this one under a blueberry sky,
this one! How can I say that I've known
just what you know and just where you are?

It's not a strange place, this odd home
where your face sits in my hand
so full of distance,
so full of its immediate fever.
The summer has seized you,
as when, last month in Amalfi, I saw
lemons as large as your desk-side globe—
that miniature map of the world—
and I could mention, too,
the market stalls of mushrooms
and garlic buds all engorged.
Or I think even of the orchard next door,
where the berries are done
and the apples are beginning to swell.
And once, with our first back yard,
I remember I planted an acre of yellow beans
we couldn't eat.

Oh, little girl,
my stringbean,
how do you grow?
You grow this way.
You are too many to eat.

I hear
as in a dream
the conversation of the old wives
speaking of *womanhood.*
I remember that I heard nothing myself.
I was alone.
I waited like a target.

Let high noon enter—
the hour of the ghosts.
Once the Romans believed
that noon was the ghost hour,
and I can believe it, too,
under that startling sun,
and someday they will come to you,
someday, men bare to the waist, young Romans
at noon where they belong,
with ladders and hammers
while no one sleeps.

But before they enter
I will have said,
Your bones are lovely,
and before their strange hands
there was always this hand that formed.

Oh, darling, let your body in,
let it tie you in,
in comfort.
What I want to say, Linda,
is that women are born twice.

If I could have watched you grow
as a magical mother might,
if I could have seen through my magical transparent belly,
there would have been such ripening within:
your embryo,
the seed taking on its own,
life clapping the bedpost,
bones from the pond,
thumbs and two mysterious eyes,
the awfully human head,
the heart jumping like a puppy,
the important lungs,
the becoming—
while it becomes!
as it does now,
a world of its own,
a delicate place.

I say hello
to such shakes and knockings and high jinks,
such music, such sprouts,
such dancing-mad-bears of music,
such necessary sugar,
such goings on!

Oh, little girl,
my stringbean,
how do you grow?
You grow this way.
You are too many to eat.

What I want to say, Linda,
is that there is nothing in your body that lies.
All that is new is telling the truth.
I'm here, that somebody else,
an old tree in the background.
Darling,
stand still at your door,
sure of yourself, a white stone, a good stone—
as exceptional as laughter
you will strike fire,
that new thing!

—ANNE SEXTON

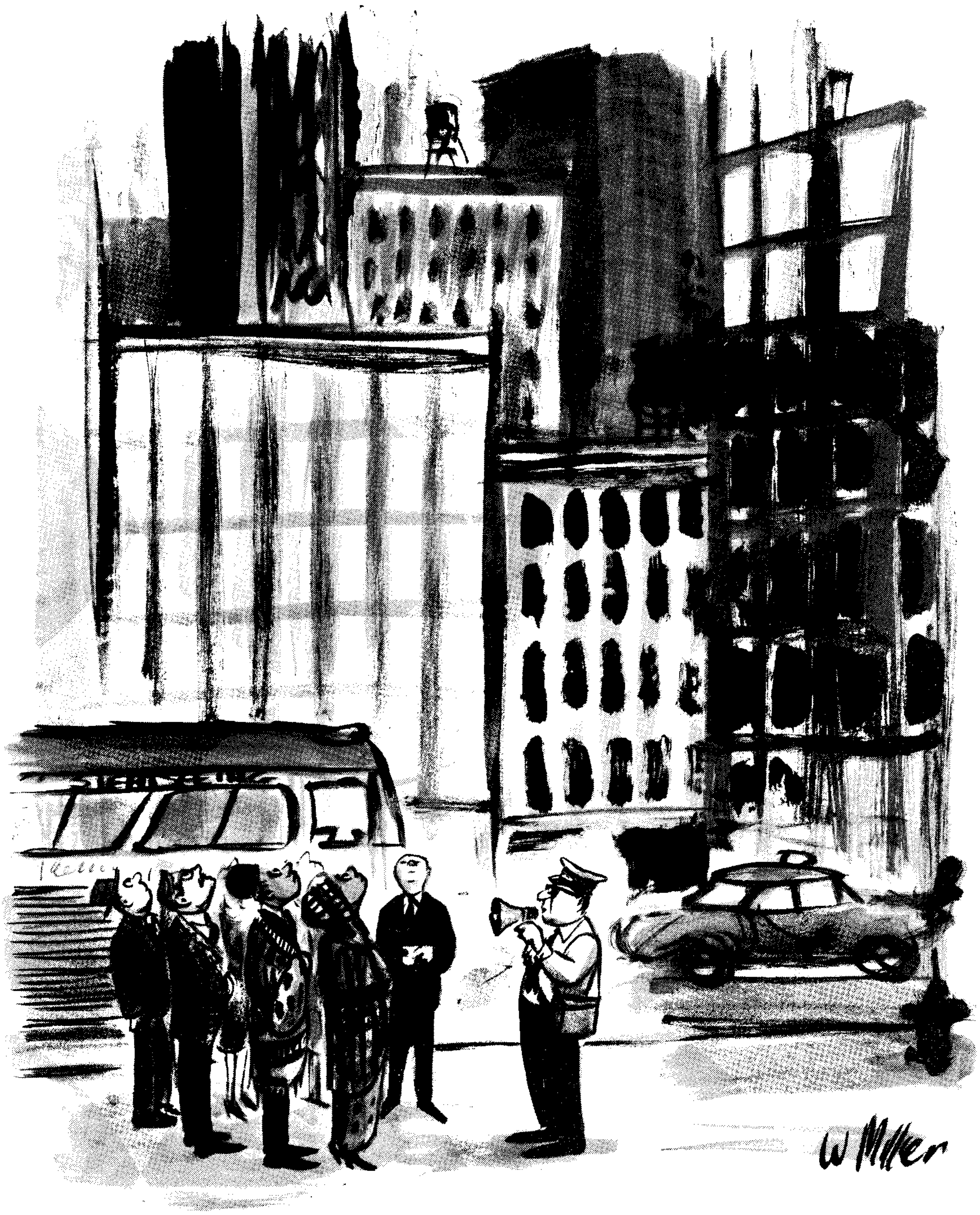
* * *

and then started to talk about himself, so that the sense of Mr. Hamilton's being disturbed about something had passed from him. Abdul noticed now that the man's hair was not combed well, as it usually was. Otherwise, he looked the same.

"What I'm uncertain about," said Hamilton, flicking through his notebook, "is whether I'm getting anywhere. It took me a month to learn the Arabic characters. By the end of May, I could read and write 'The house is small,' 'The king is angry with the doctor,' and 'Is the bride ready? No!' "

Abdul laughed and Hamilton smiled eagerly, as if surprised at the success of what he had said.

" 'News about the experiments reached the upright princes yesterday,' " said Hamilton, reading aloud from the textbook. "That was last month. Since then, I've done 'Mohammed (may God pray for him!) was a



"And directly overhead, of course, we find the ever-present reminder of the threat of nuclear attack."

• •

good man,' 'Your speech was delightful, but you did not mention the blood which flowed in the Arabs' battles,' and so on."

Abdul laughed again, which Hamilton seemed to appreciate. "But I never have occasion to use phrases like that," said Hamilton, putting on a sad air. "I ought to learn some vocabulary and understand what the Arabs around me are saying, and talk to them, perhaps."

Abdul said, "The Arabic for the street you learn later, Mr. Hamilton. I'm laughing at these exercises as you read them in English, as you make them sound like poetry that means much. Read some more."

Hamilton said, "What does it mean, that phrase 'May God pray for him!'? Do the Moslems ask God to pray? Who does God pray to?"

"It's only a saying," Abdul said, "of the elderly people. They say 'May God pray for him and save him!' all day, as they speak of their dead relations all the day long." He was watching the Englishman to see how distracted he was, and in what precise way.

Hamilton read another exercise: " 'The students of Damascus University have arrived in Cairo for an important meeting with their Egyptian brethren.' Of course," he said, "it isn't true to say I've made no progress, but I can't say that I'm learning enough to mix with ordinary Arabs. I don't want to master the language like a scholar, I only want to be able to make myself understood while I'm out here, during the next few years. Now, I managed to pick up enough Hungarian to get along with when I was posted in Hungary, and I did that by means of conversational lessons rather than schoolroom stuff, and I'm wondering if our best plan isn't to adopt that method and—"

"You wish to spy among the Arabs of Israel, to report their pro-Israel activities in Jordan," stated Abdul, "or else you report them to the Israelis for anti-Israel talk."

Hamilton said, "Good gracious me!"

Abdul said, "I don't think you are a spy."

"I should hope not," the man replied.

"Then you shouldn't entertain suspicions of me."

"Why, Abdul! Why, of course I simply never—"

"I'm difficult for you to understand," Abdul said. "And we should be turning to page 54."

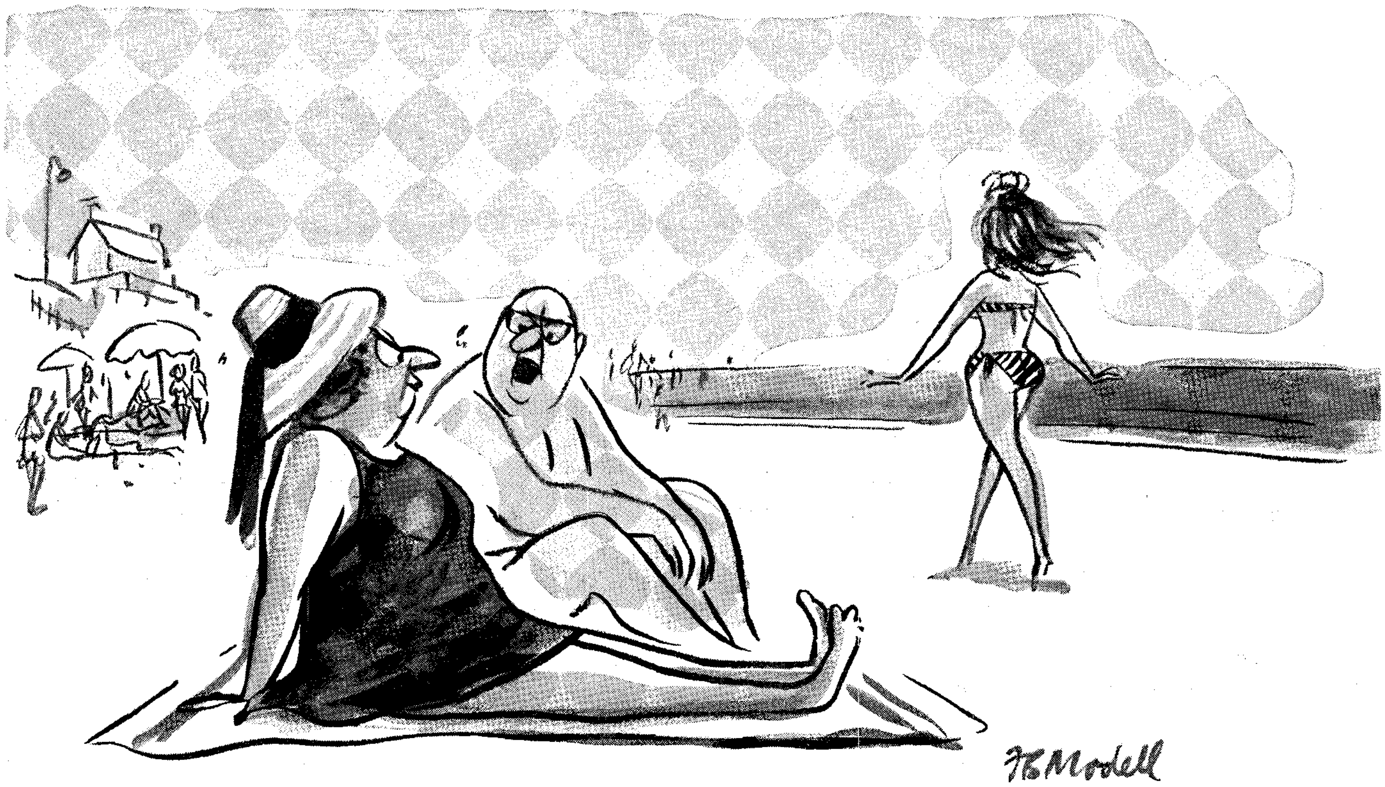
Hamilton translated, " 'Despite what the unbelievers say, the righteous are under the protection of Allah.' "

"It's boring," Abdul said. "We should make our own exercises, and you could talk better with the Arabs in the street."

"Entirely what I've been thinking," said Hamilton. He looked so tired that Abdul wanted to give him some kindness or make him laugh, as one would do a sick child.

"Let us try, for the next lesson, before we come onto 'Conjunctions, Special Implications,' some exercises with new words in them. Bad words."

This sort of suggestion usually



"I didn't say I liked her. I merely said 'Wow!'"

• •

cheered Hamilton up, although he always refused to let Abdul go further than that. Once, Hamilton had said, "Where did you learn English?"

"Some from my father, some from my mother, but most from a beautiful English schoolmistress that I had when I was fifteen. Her father was a colonel in the British Army."

Mr. Hamilton had said, "Did she plant English wild-flower seeds in the countryside, by any chance?"

"I don't know," Abdul said. "But I planted Arab wild-flower seeds in her. She was my first woman."

Hamilton had said, "Now, now, now," but nebulously smiling meanwhile, as if at some reflection of his own which Abdul could not share. Hamilton had then seemed to realize, with sudden alarm, that Abdul's words had been uttered in the presence of the geraniums, for he looked at them in a guilty way and said, "I ought not really to permit such things to be said about an English girl." But Hamilton was not making any big issue out of it and seemed to be cheered up, on the whole.

"Bad words," Abdul now said. Hamilton smiled faintly. Clearly, he was not well. Abdul was neither glad nor sorry, partly because he had become unaccustomed to having any emotions during the hours of daylight. For that, he needed his company of friends at Acre, and some dancing with a little howling maybe, with the long chants going on in the background.

In the meantime, he said with a giggle, "Bad words next week. You could throw away the grammar book if it bores you."

"I don't want bad words," said Hamilton, looking round the room in the disorganized way of one who had not slept the night before. "What I must do, obviously, is master a larger vocabulary."

"True," said Abdul. "Take a set of conversational sentences then, like, for instance, 'I am an honest man, but you are a deceiver.' 'Why do you call me a deceiver?' 'Because you have promised me to take out a life-insurance policy through my father's agency, and you have said to your English friends in Jordan that you do not intend to do so.' 'How do you know of this?' 'Because the servants of your English friends are spies for my father.' Of course, this group of sentences would be better expressed in conversational Arabic, but you might as well try to put them together in the formal style."

Hamilton said, "I have not promised to take out any life-insurance policy." But his voice was tired.

"My father," said Abdul, "sends messages to me at risk to his life to persevere with you about the policy. So I fulfill a pious duty to my father and finish. I do not care personally about insurance policies; they're crazy things."

Hamilton's head rested on the back of his chair, since he was slumped low in it this afternoon—not, as usual, sitting alertly. He let his head rest back, as if about to close his eyes, which, however, remained half open, focussed on Abdul between their lids.

Abdul sat in silence, experiencing the torpor and boredom of afternoon life, much as he had very often done in the presence of his elders during his childhood. It seemed reasonable, after a while, to suppose that Hamilton had fallen into a kind of doze, for although his eyes were not entirely closed, his breathing became more rhythmical and loud, like that of one in sleep. Abdul's eyes slid to the round table beside him, where Hamilton had been writing letters. Two were sealed in envelopes, already stamped for posting; they lay one on top of the other at an angle, the top envelope concealing the address on the lower. The top envelope was addressed to Professor M. S. Dexter, All Souls College, Oxford, England. Beside these sealed envelopes lay some pages of unfinished letters, which Abdul had already noticed in a contributory way to his sense of Hamilton's being put out; usually, Hamilton was a man who finished doing one thing before starting another.

The man was now nearly asleep. Abdul sat in a deliberate, breath-held stillness, looking at his Englishman. He found himself wondering if Hamilton was going to die, tomorrow or next week, or now, his soul wafting away from him, preserved in a faint mothball atmosphere. Abdul turned his head silently, so that he could read, by squinting obliquely, the nearest of the three unfinished pages on the table, evidently a continuation from another sheet:

> have just written to a friend at All Souls, a Fellow, to tell him I've discovered a rhyme for "Capricorn." My friend, Sam Dexter, probably knows more about rhyme than anyone in the country, although, of course, his subject's Old French. Goodness knows what he'll think of this rhyme for "Capricorn"—I saw it in an American picture magazine, in an advertisement for a breakfast food called "Apricorn." (I understand Apricorn is, as its name implies, a kind of packed cereal food flavoured, by some process, with apricot essence.) Whether Dexter will allow "Apricorn" as a *word* at all I very much doubt.
>
> But you see, dearest Joanna, I must keep my mind occupied with something. To be suddenly confronted with the responsibility of the young woman's disappearance is horribly disturbing. Of course, she went at her own risk, but I feel very much the sense of having underestimated the danger of her position when I first urged her to visit Jordan. After all, she was an ordinary English young woman on a religious pilgrimage—I write "was," but indeed I hope the word is "is." Whatever the actual laws of these countries, an "accident" may always befall an unwanted visitor or a suspect, as we at the office well know. However that may be, until the mystery of Barbara Vaughan's disappearance has been cleared up, one is bound to experience some anxiety, merely from having recently been acquainted with her, however little actual connection one has had with the person. The newspapers seem to have dropped it in the last few days, I expect by special compliance with the investigating authorities and our Embassy in Amman—I have had no further trouble from the reporters, as I trust you have not. I expect at least some news will emerge before long. One must hope for the best, but it is impossible not to fear the worst.

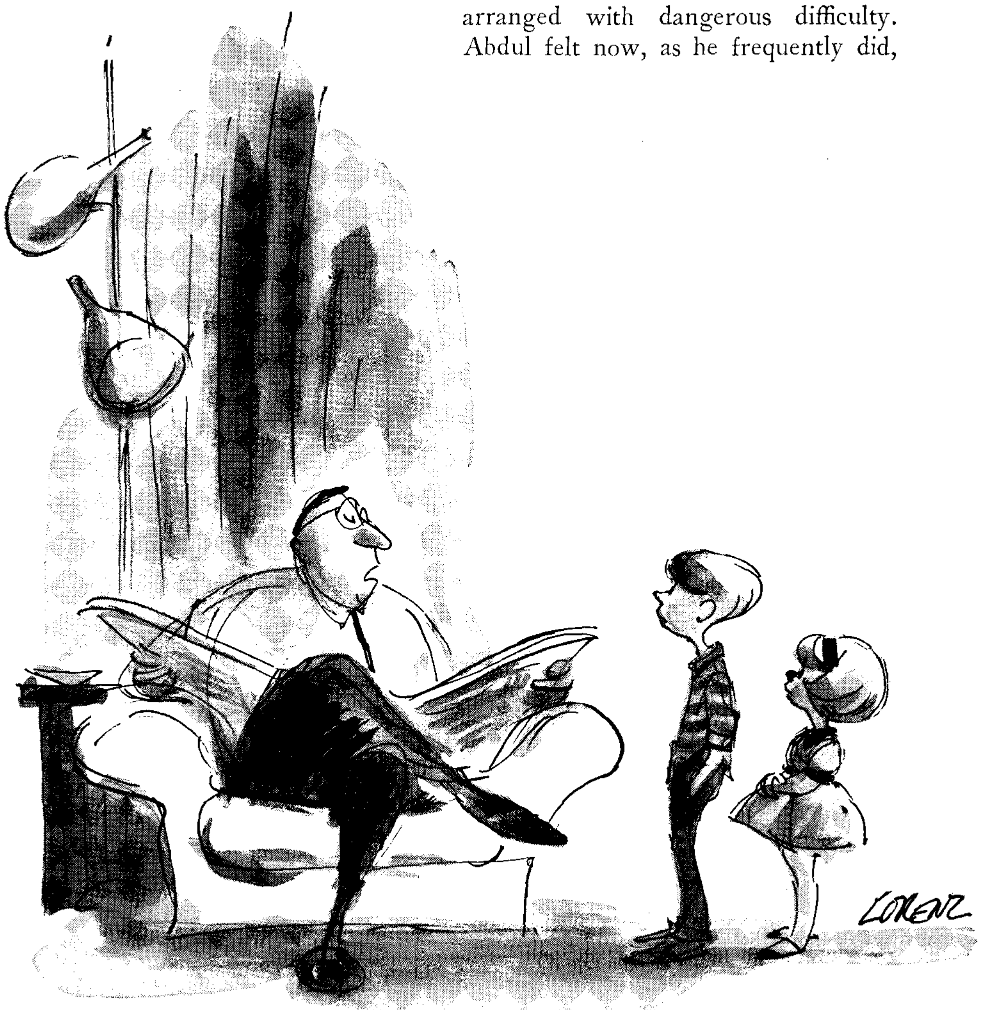
The letter had been left off halfway down the page. Abdul looked over to Hamilton, who had now fully closed his eyes in sleep. He began to read again, carefully, the first part of the page only—"Apricorn" . . . "Capricorn" . . . He dwelt on the glamour of the name All Souls, which he knew to be that of an Oxford college. For he was less interested in the rest of the letter and Hamilton's evident personal crisis than he was fascinated by the entire vision of that state of heart in which one wrote to a Fellow of All Souls about a rhyme for "Capricorn." It could not result in any large benefit to Hamilton or his friends, nor could this piece of information damage Hamilton's enemies. It was disinterested, and therefore beautiful, even if it was useless to the immediate world. And this was something Abdul could never make his middle-class Arab acquaintances understand: how it was possible to do things for their own sake—not only possible but sometimes necessary for the affirmation of one's personal identity. The ideal reposed in their religion, but somewhere in the long trail of Islam the knack of disinterestedness had been lost, and with it a large portion of the joy of life. His father would never accept that Hamilton's activities were as meaningless as they looked. What is his motive? Is it political? Why does he write those verses to send to the Cartwright house? Are they in code? Why does he spend so much time in Jordan? Have you found out why he is learning Arabic? Have you read any of his private correspondence? Has he agreed to take out a policy yet? Will he come to see me and complete the form? Why does he want to know street Arabic? Why does he stay at a hotel, this Hamilton? This Hamilton, why does he walk everywhere instead of taking a taxi? There must be a reason; everything means something. Is it political? Does he practice a vice? . . . But me, Abdul thought—if my father, cousins, uncles had any knowledge about me, it would be the same thing. Have you joined the Nationalists, then? Are you in with the Sufis? Have you turned in with the Jews after all, like the Sheik of the Negev? What do you do at Acre? What have you done, did you do, are doing, might, will do at Acre with those youths of mixed blood, mixed sexes, those young Jewesses, those Arabs, those Jews, those Arab girls, those Yemenites, Syrians, those Israelites, Samaritans, those boys, girls, boys . . . Are you a Nationalist?

"Nationalist of what, Father? What territory, what people?"

"I don't understand you. Don't forget you're an Arab. Are you a monarchist?"

"Which monarch do you refer to, Father?"

Such conversations were few, for Abdul's meetings with Joe Ramdez, on the other side of the Gate, were arranged with dangerous difficulty. Abdul felt now, as he frequently did,



"The present market has soft spots, but I would say the over-all picture is still basically sound."

a sense of being mentally closer to Hamilton than to his own father. Even so, that was not saying much, for Abdul's affinities with his own generation, and, within that category, with the secret mixed-blood conclaves at Acre, placed on him and his companions the necessity of a double life. The gulf that separated him from both Hamilton and his father was wide; it was deeper and darker than had usually existed between generations. Perhaps not since the times of the Prophet . . .

Hamilton was stirring in his chair.

"Are you asleep, Mr. Hamilton?" Abdul said softly.

Hamilton settled his head back again and breathed deeply.

"Are you awake, Mr. Hamilton?" Abdul said.

The brief twilight had fallen and was fading into night. Abdul felt tenderly toward Hamilton. He squinted to see if he could read another unfinished scrap of a letter that was lying on the table, but it was too far away. He reached out his arm and picked it up.

> . . . is not, dearest Ma, and cannot possibly be, the person whom you went to hear playing the piano (or the violin—in your next paragraph you refer to "this famous German who played the violin," but first you have mentioned *piano*) at Auntie Bella's before the Great War. The Eichmann who is on trial here in Jerusalem is an inferior sort of person with no connections whatsoever. I believe his antecedents are quite obscure. I do not think he plays the piano or the violin. You must be thinking of some other German. The Germans are a musical nation, of course, and so it is conceivable that this fellow used to play the fiddle, as indeed used Nero, you remember.

Hamilton stirred, with opening eyes. "Poems," he mused. "Poems."

Abdul, the letter still in his hand, said, "Speak more of those lines, Mr. Hamilton, the rider's song, 'As I ride, as I ride.' "

"You know, Abdul," said Hamilton, who had now fully woken up, "it is wrong to read other people's letters." But he did not seem much concerned on this point, and while Abdul returned the sheet of paper to the table Hamilton recited, keeping time with his right hand:

"Could I loose what Fate has tied,
Ere I pried, she should hide
As I ride, as I ride,
All that's meant me: satisfied
When the Prophet and the Bride
Stops veins I'd have subside
As I ride, as I ride!"

"I don't know in my head what it means," Abdul said, "but it means something in the blood veins."

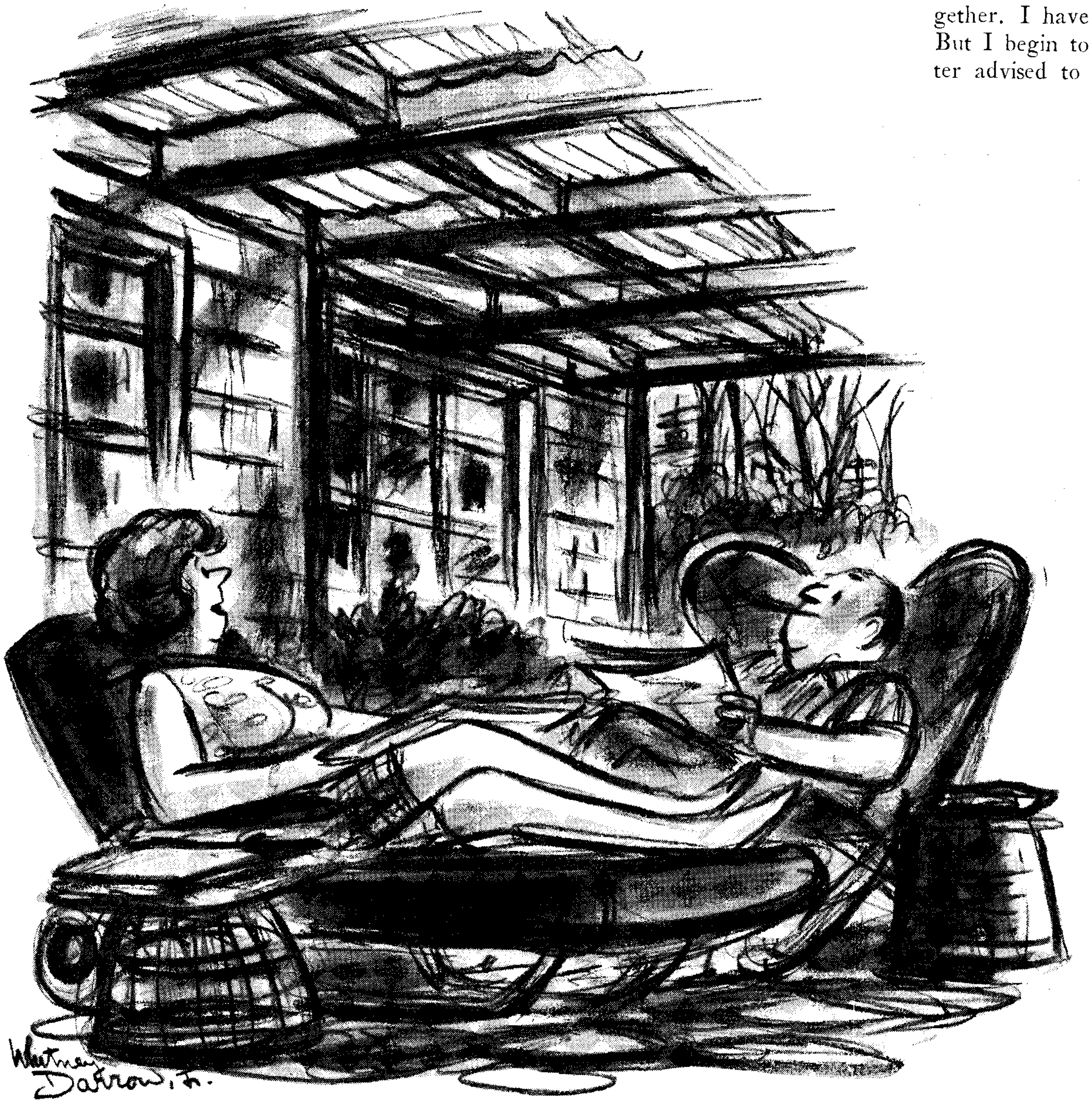
"Yes, a little something. You know, Abdul, I think I've had a touch of sunstroke. But I must pull myself together. I have been advised to rest. But I begin to think I would be better advised to occupy my mind with something difficult. I want to take Hebrew lessons. Do you know Dr. Saul Ephraim, of the Hebrew University? He was a friend of poor Miss Vaughan—Have I told you that Miss Vaughan has disappeared, over in Jordan? We are very anxious about her. Well, I must get in touch with Ephraim. Do you know him?"

"I know his youngest brother better. I know him well, Mendel Ephraim. The brother Saul has no dealings with him, though. Mendel's out of the family."

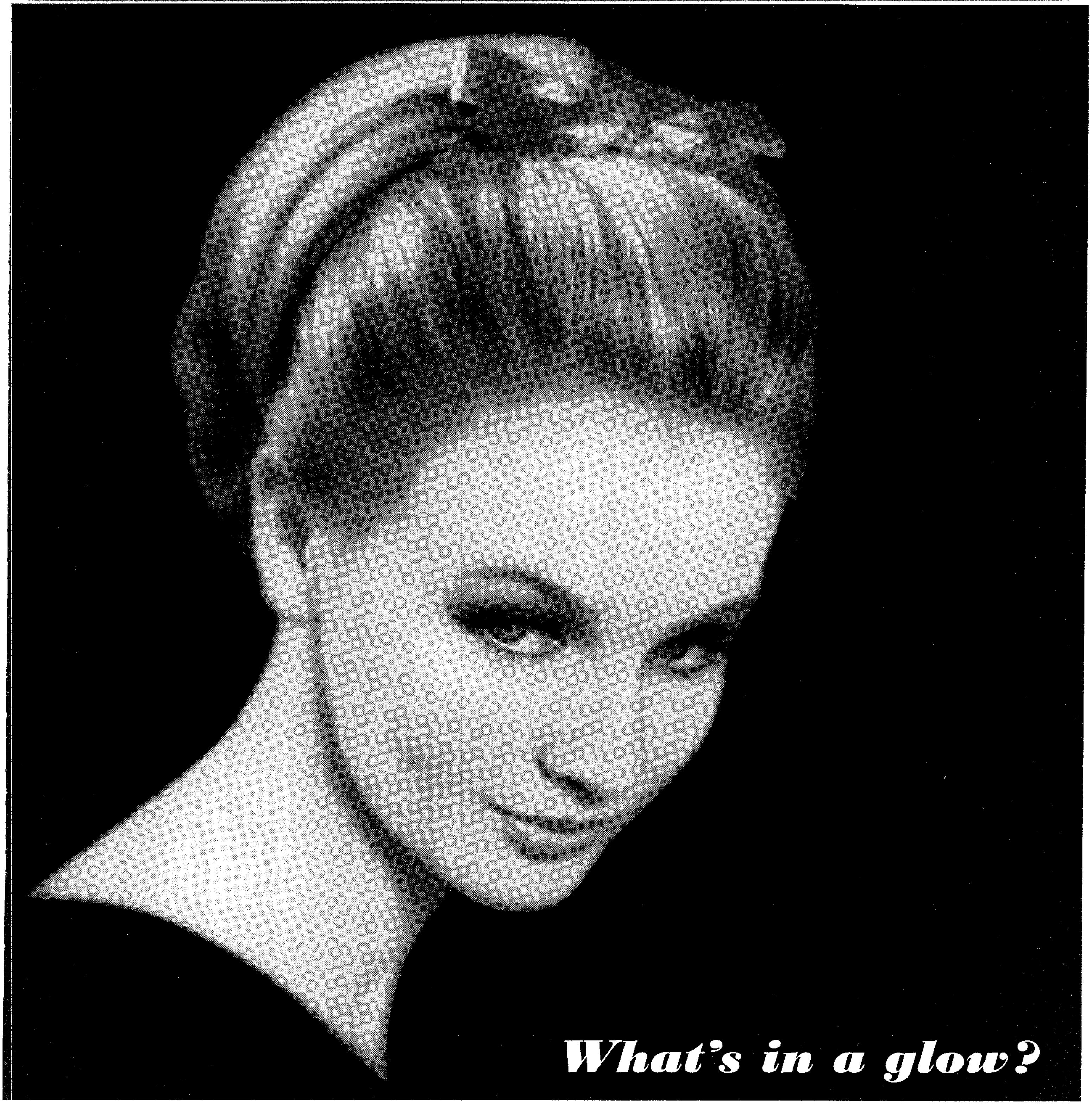
"Really? What does he do?"

"He's a smuggler. This is a secret that I'm passing on to you for your spy records. He smuggles leather goods—shoes and so on—across the border by night. I trust you with a secret, Mr. Hamilton. I am in smuggling with him also."

"Oh, Abdul, I don't know where I stand with you. Now, before


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Since I've been dieting, I can sympathize with all those poor people in India who go to bed hungry every night."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you go, there is something I very much want to ask you. It's important and serious, Abdul, and I want a serious answer, if you can give it."

"Why didn't you ask before?" Abdul said.

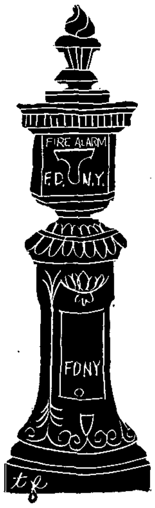
"Because it's important, you see, and I don't want you to treat my question frivolously. I want to impress on you the seriousness—"

"You are asking me what has happened to Miss Vaughan?"

"Yes. Do you know?"

"No, but I'll find out."

WEST of Galilee, at Acre, the stronghold of the Crusaders on the Mediterranean, the fortifications stand in golden ruins, piled on the foundations of earlier ruins. It seemed to Abdul Ramdez that the laborious construction of ruins had been the principal means by which the forebears of the whole human race, stretching back into history, had passed the time of day. Arabs lived in the shelter of the eighteenth-century ruined fortresses, and even now in the years of the establishment of Israel, burning with its mixture of religion, hygiene, and applied sociology, the poor Arabs still hung out their washing on the battlements, so that it fluttered all along the antique seafront, innocent of the offense it was committing in the eyes of the seekers of beautiful sights and spiritual sensations, who had come all the way from the twentieth century, due west of Acre. Indeed, the washing draped out on the historic walls was a sign of progress, enlightenment, and industry, as it had been from time immemorial; it betokened a settlement and a society with a sense of tomorrow, even if it was only tomorrow's clean shirt, as against the shifty tent-dwelling communities of the wilderness, and, however murky the cavelike homes along the shore, and indolent the occupants, they were one up on the Bedouin—at least in their own eyes, if not in the sight of the tourist cameras, which photographed the Bedouin shepherds continually but deplored the hung-out washing at Acre.



Acre had many years ago become the spiritual home of Abdul Ramdez, although he nominally resided in Jerusalem. His real age was thirty-four. He had found, by experience, that nobody questioned that he was twenty-five when he gave this age as his—he was youthful-looking and had cultivated and kept in good repair the mannerisms of his youth—and Abdul had found, too, that most people took a man, in all respects, for what he said he was.

The facts of Abdul's life are as follows: He was born in 1927, at the small and ancient town of Madaba in the Transjordan, east of the Dead Sea. He had three sisters, four half sisters, and one brother. At that time, the family consisted of his father, an unmarried uncle, Joe Ramdez' first wife, who acted as general manager of domestic life, a second wife (Abdul's mother), who looked after all the younger children regardless of whether she or the other wife had borne them; then, also, Abdul and his elder brother and five of the seven Ramdez girls who were still children, the other two being married. In addition, there lived in the house a female who was a victim by natural inclination, heavily garbed in black, of indefinite age and origin, who did the bulk of the housework from early morning till late at night. At Abdul's birth, in 1927, there were twelve persons in the household. It was a middle-class urban family such as the British Mandatory officials liked to deal with, since they understood them better than the more tribal and nomadic Arabs, on the one hand, and the elusive, rich ruling families with sons at English schools, on the other.

In the year of Abdul's birth, when the Transjordan was effectively becoming an independent state, the entire family, accompanied by, and, as it were, borne on the back of, the veiled servant woman, moved across the Jordan River into Palestine, where the British Mandate remained in force. The reason for this move was that Joe Ramdez, until then a schoolteacher, had found the British Army and civil-service officials to be both agreeable and profitable. He had taught them Arabic, had taken them to see the sights they ought to see and kept them away from a few things they ought not to see, and obligingly upheld their axiom that the Arabs think in symbols, this being a more workable view for them to hold than that they did not think at all. So he followed the administration to Jerusalem, where Abdul grew up in the new small suburban house, following the servant woman everywhere every day from the opening to the closing of his eyes, until he was eight years old. She was called Kyra, and, unlike the other women of the household, had never brought herself to

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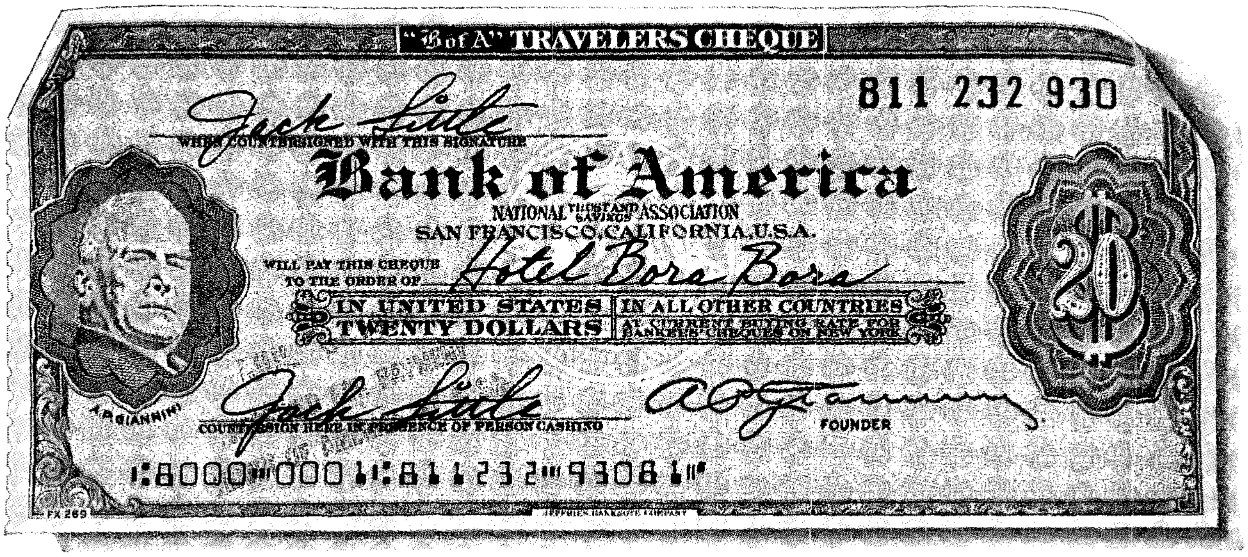

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any point of emancipation. She wore her black veil to the market, with her basket in one hand and Abdul's hand in the other.

Joe Ramdez prospered and formed a travel agency, employing a few Arabs from Nazareth as guides for Christian pilgrims throughout Palestine. Abdul remembered a few of the British men, and sometimes their wives, driving up to the door for their Arabic lessons on occasions when his father did not go to them. Quickly, the women and girls of the Ramdez establishment would scuttle out of the way, leaving the main room, where they had been lying full length on settees, to loll somewhere else or to make tea. A continual lolling of lazy women about the house, perpetual sunlight and heat, and red plush upholstery formed the distorted impressions that Abdul retained from his childhood, although in reality the women of the Ramdez house were moderately active and did all that was necessary for the general comfort, and the winters were cold, and actually only one room had been furnished with red plush upholstery. It was true that the other rooms were full of untidy beds and were hung with female clothing all over the walls, and that the women did not have much chance to participate in the visits of the Europeans. Abdul's younger sister, blue-eyed like himself, was exceptional among the females, in that she felt it keenly when she was hushed out of the way with the other girls while Abdul was proudly introduced to the strangers.

The red plush had covered the long settles; these lined three of the walls of the square main room that led straight in from the road. Here the visitors were received and here Abdul sat noiseless, in a trance of red plush, while the English got their Arabic lessons from his father. The walls bore three enlarged photographs, one of General Gordon, one of Abdul's grandfather on his mother's side—a Syrian of mixed Arab and Norman stock, the progenitor of the blue-eyed children—and one of a crowded pilgrimage at Mecca, moving up to the Great Mosque. After the lessons, the Ramdez women would slink in with cups of mint tea and swiftly merge back into the gloom of elsewhere.

That was life in the old days. At the age of eight, Abdul went to school in Jerusalem. His father prospered. Presently, the house had two refrigerators. The first and elder wife, whose children by Joe Ramdez were now married, returned, perhaps after inducement from Joe, to Jericho, whence she came; whereupon Abdul's mother

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started calling herself Mme. Ramdez and, with clothes more modern than ever before, assisted in the travel business, walking forth from the front door daily.

Abdul went to the University of Cairo at the age of sixteen. There he belonged first to one and then to another cell of Arab politics. With eighty-odd of his fellow-students, he one day marched behind a banner marked "WE WANT FREEDOM" past the British headquarters, was fired upon, and escaped with a fright only, three of his fellow-students being slightly wounded. This was in 1944. The demonstration, Abdul learned later that day, was against King Farouk, although some of the participants claimed it was against the British. Abdul thought it was probably against the proprietor of Shepheard's Hotel, who had been attempting to ban the students of late; but he did not worry very much. It made him feel good to belong to an Arab movement. He liked to feel that it was something to be an Arab, although he disliked the Lebanese and wished all the Arabs were Palestinian or Transjordanian, and less alien in their ways. Abdul's teacher in history, a Syrian, was pro-Hitler. Another of his teachers, an English Communist, was the guiding spirit of another student faction. The cells split open from time to time, forming themselves anew, after some shouting, fighting, and expulsions of students, into regional structures, so that the Lebanese, the Egyptians, the Tunisians, Arabians, and Syrians were plotters in separate fields of political allegiance. Every man among the Arab students proclaimed himself a Nationalist, this word being their only common denominator. "Islam," another word of rousing properties, was at first rousing only to the Moslem believers. The atheists amongst the students were at that time greater in number than at any time before or since; agnosticism, or any form of recognized doubt, was unknown to all but Abdul, who presently discovered it by chance. In the meantime, he had joined practically all of the movements in the university, demonstrating with them sometimes but meeting in secret as often as possible for seditious discussions, since he liked them—they roused him up.

When Abdul had turned seventeen, he took on the teaching of Arabic to an Englishwoman who was an officer in the Women's Auxiliary. She lived at the big hotel, and Abdul called there three times a week. She was twenty-seven years old. She had the use of a friend's empty flat, where, after a few weeks, she slept with Abdul. It was as

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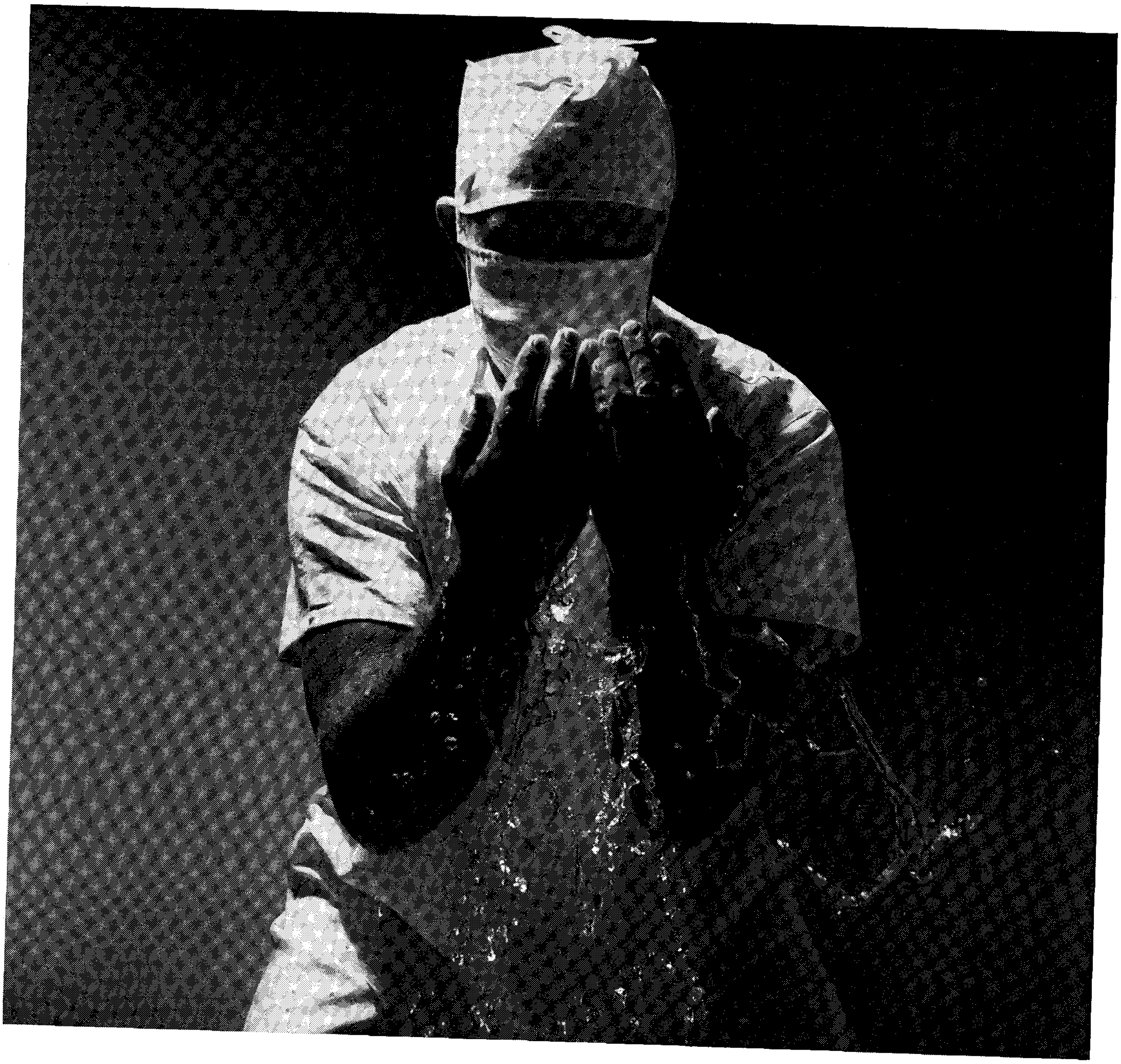

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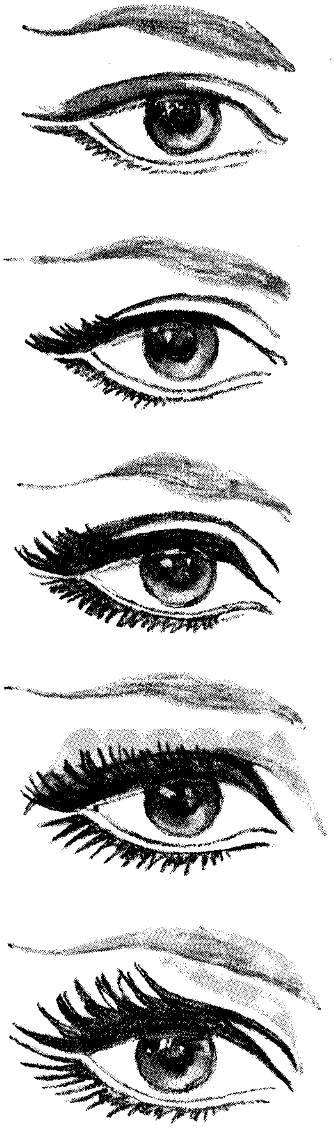

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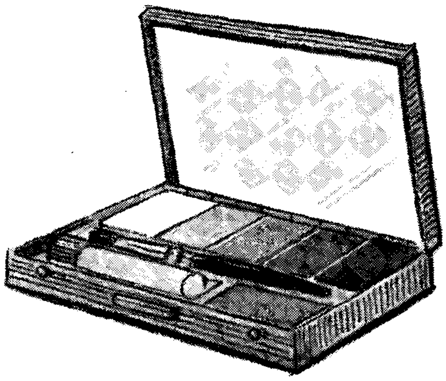

near a love affair on both sides as could be. On her side, it was a desperate reaction to grief; her husband had not long since been killed in battle. On his side, it was an impact with self-knowledge in *many forms. He had already had* sexual relations with young Arab girls in Cairo. But even physically he realized himself more acutely as a man with this Western woman, discerning at the same time, by a process of reflection acquired from her, that he had hitherto regarded all Westerners, both male and female, as a masculine type of race. That she herself was taking some sort of risk in carrying on this relationship did not occur to him, until she was suddenly unavailable, detained, being questioned pending a court-martial. Abdul lay low. He started attending to his studies; he did not go near the flat or any busy part of Cairo. He remained in the college precincts, attending lectures and reading his books from early morning to early evening, when he went to bed and lay listening for the footsteps of the police. Within three weeks, he heard that the English girl had been recalled to headquarters in Britain pending her release from the forces, on the recommendation of one of those psychiatrists whose *main* job in wartime was to smooth over such events as this, and Abdul realized, with relief, that her lover's identity was unknown.

Meanwhile, Abdul had acquired from the woman something ineradicable, and which was so much part of her nature that she had been herself totally unaware of it: self-humor. It was a form of endowment at the same time that it was a form of corruption. It undid him as a middle-class Arab enemy-hater with a career in the Army or a position in business.

"I am an Arab Nationalist," he had announced to her. "I despise the British."

"Nationalist of what nation?" she had said, quite innocently. "What place, what territory?" He made these responses his own, and used them for years afterward.

"Islam is united." But he knew it was not.

This was not the only innocent remark the girl had made which affected him. From the histrionic point of view, he was a spoiled Arab henceforth. He could not take any propaganda seriously. And she had unwittingly instilled skepticism into him, had taught him to be a doubter, and, at the same time, a fainthearted hater. He was by no means the only Arab of his generation to react in this way to the fervor of the resist-

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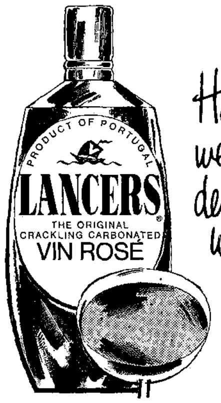

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DO YOU LIKE CULTURE?
Come to Skansen, in Stockholm, for daily outdoor theatre, folk music and dancing among quaint farmsteads. See Carl Milles' exciting sculpture in Stockholm and the vast collection of French sculpture in the *Glyptotek* in Copenhagen. Whatever you do don't miss the Royal Danish Ballet. And there is good theatre just about *anywhere* (Scandinavians love the theatre, the more modern the better). But especially see the Royal Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm. Ingmar Bergman often directs the plays here, and to give you an idea of the level of acting, some of the past members of the workshop are Greta Garbo, Ingrid Bergman, Signe Hasso, Viveca Lindfors and Mai Zetterling. Good jazz abounds here, too. You can tell because a number of American musicians have settled in Scandinavia permanently.

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ance movements at Cairo while the big war was going on outside. Many were influenced by the Lebanese, who mostly considered themselves to be a different cultivation altogether from the rest of Middle Eastern humanity. Many joined the Allied forces.

Abdul, then, joined all the student factions, merrily uncommitted at heart, and, in the same spirit, out of the sheer desire for discovery and scope, would have joined the British Army had they accepted him. He was found to have tuberculosis, was sent back to Palestine and, within a few weeks, to a sanatorium in Lebanon. There his sister Suzi, the blue-eyed one, came to visit him at intervals, sometimes accompanied by Mme. Ramdez and sometimes by black-veiled Kyra, smelling like her usual self with the addition of eau de cologne, which she had applied to her forehead in consideration of foreign travel.

It was at this time that a secret affinity ripened between Abdul and Suzi. She was then fifteen, Abdul nineteen. He talked of new ways of life and outlook undreamed of even by their modernized parents. His imagination went wild in most particulars, but he conveyed to her the excitement of what was in his mind. He said that the modernization of Joe Ramdez was simply a new form of the old exploiting mentality. In this way, Suzi discovered the future as an idea, and the brother and sister merged in a pact of personal anarchism. They started to fool everyone; they conformed to outward demands and resisted in spirit, the Arabic mysticism in their natures easily adapting itself to this course.

After the end of the war, Abdul, partially cured in both lungs, returned to Palestine, where the huge Jewish immigration had turned the old Arab hostility to the Jews into hysterical hatred. The British military were active everywhere, unable to cope with the illegal immigrant shiploads that managed to come ashore, week by week, in spite of the vigilant Army and Air Force in Palestine and their ships off the coast. The British were hated by the Arabs for not killing all the Jews.

Joe Ramdez had opened at Haifa a small branch of his travel agency, which became one of the main British sources of secret intelligence concerning the illegal immigrant ships. Abdul was now placed in charge of this establishment, where he gaily accepted payment by both British and Jewish agencies in the matter of illegal immigrants. One way and another, he had a bright time of it, distrusted on all sides, yet fre-

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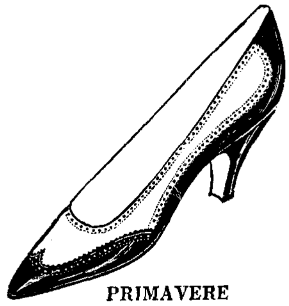

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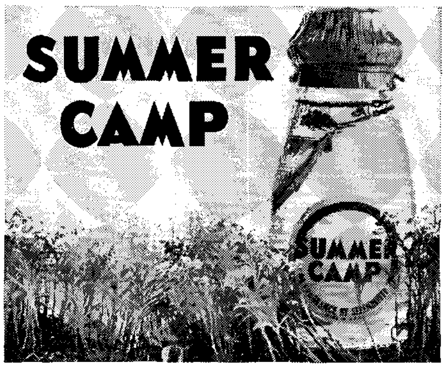

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Numbers one, two and three cost us about 120,000 readers.

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"I read the first copy of your paper and I didn't like it."

"The National Observer? Is that still around?"

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You wouldn't think it would be so hard to sell a paper which, even at the low point of 1963, had a hard core of hundreds of thousands of readers with an average income almost twice as high as the best of the newsweeklies.

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Our Battle of Midway, so to speak, finally took place in June 1964.

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We picked up 360,000 readers in '64 alone.

This year we're up to 1,200,000. And our regular advertisers include Western Electric, Seagram's, A.T.&T., Metropolitan Life, Canadian Club and Famous Schools. Not forgetting good old Cadillac, Dodge, Buick, Ford and Delta Airlines.

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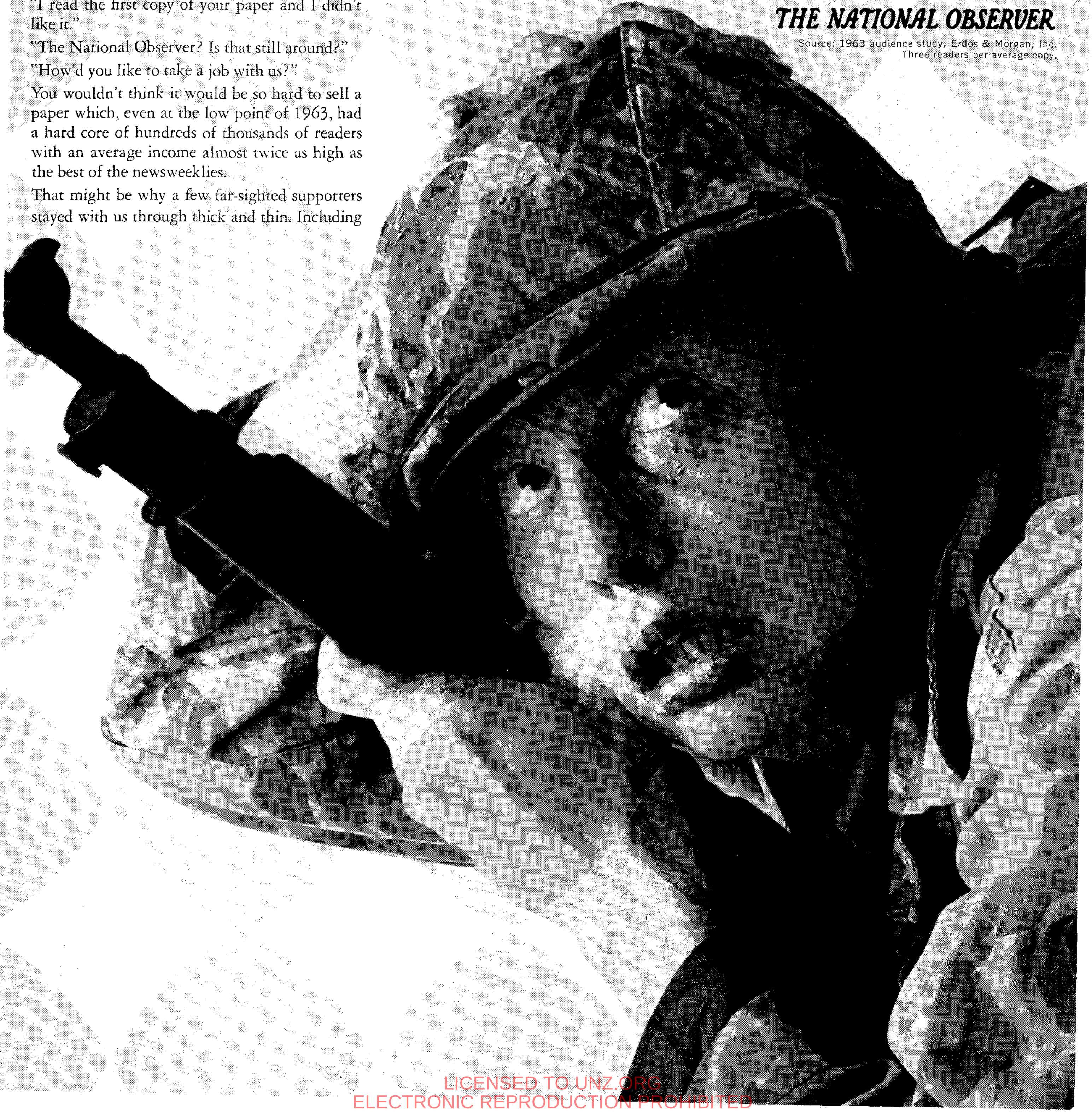
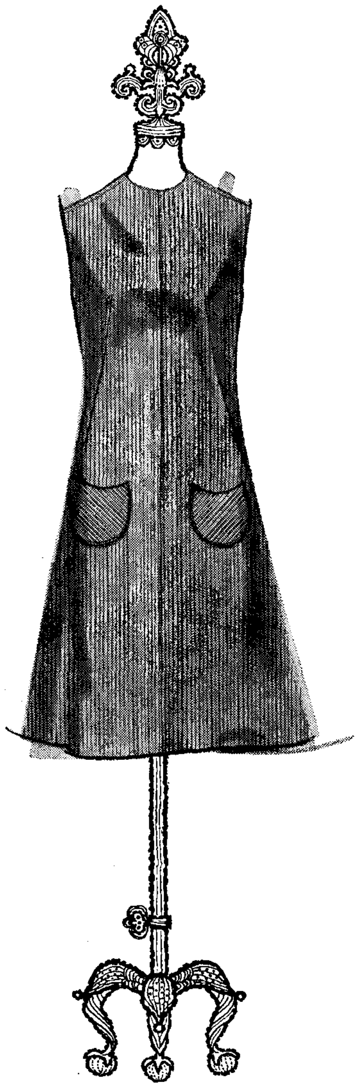
Except, perhaps, for a few media men firmly entrenched in one or two of the big agencies.

But with a battle-hardened staff like ours, how long do you think they'll hold out?

THE NATIONAL OBSERVER

Source: 1963 audience study, Erdos & Morgan, Inc.
Three readers per average copy.





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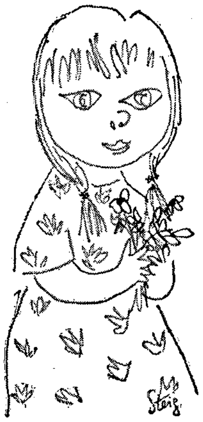
quently confided in on the mere hypnotic strength of his attractive personality, and he was eventually retained by various intelligence agencies more from fear of what he could divulge than from his usefulness as a spy. Joe Ramdez took his son's duplicity for granted. The only difference between the two processes of thought, father's and son's, was that whereas Abdul knew and joyfully recognized his dealings for what they were, the father took a double course of life to be a single, natural line of human proceeding and would have been wild with anger if anyone had openly called a lie of his a lie or suggested some moral defection on his part. But when a British officer said to Abdul, leaning over the desk at the travel bureau in Haifa, "Ramdez, what a frightful bloody young liar you are!," Abdul replied, "I know," with his quick smile. In any case, he was not quite twenty-one at the time, which alone was very disarming. Abdul adored life, the Mediterranean waters, the sun, and his sister Suzi.

BULLETS were flying from all quarters. The war of 1948 between the Arabs and the Jews was about to begin. Abdul closed down the agency in Haifa. He took off his smart-cut suit of clothes and put on a white shirt and khaki shorts. Bullets from the small back-window apertures of the Arab quarters sang about his ears; the bullets pelted down from the mountains of Carmel. Abdul did not return to his lodgings. He waited in an upper storeroom of the travel agency until this local rising had been put down, then he emerged one night, thin from lack of food, and closed the doors of the travel agency at Haifa forever. He got to friends at Acre, where he obtained a birth certificate dated 1931, which made him a plausible sixteen years of age. There, too, on the strength of some knowledge of the Catholic religion that he had picked up while in hospital in Lebanon, he persuaded a simple and ancient Franciscan monk to baptize him before witnesses and sign a baptismal certificate. Abdul did all these things without any distinct notion of their subsequent usefulness, but merely on the prompting of an instinct for self-preservation. By no means did he wish to fight in an Arabs' war with the Jews or anyone else. A careful copy of the baptismal certificate was made for him by his friends, with the substitution of Suzi's name, and this copy was conveyed in secret to his sister in Jerusalem. Certificates of baptism were useful for crossing borders in this pilgrim territory; they were useful for many things. He began to love Acre, with its band of friends and its crowds of poor.

Presently, Abdul set off for Nazareth, where mostly Christian Arabs were congregated. He begged lifts all the way from the British military, explaining that he desired to get to the hospital at Nazareth, as he had been spitting blood and was afraid of being sniped at by the Jews. How old was he? Sixteen. He had, in fact, developed a short, recurrent cough. The British soldiers searched him for bombs, found five pounds in his pocket, his birth certificate and baptismal certificate; that was all. He had not changed his name. Abdul Ramdez, a fairly common name, was as good as any. He coughed frequently. "Hop in," said the Englishmen. On the second lift that he got in a military jeep, which took him all the way to Nazareth, he found himself coughing less controllably than before, and toward evening he did indeed spit up blood.



At the tuberculosis sanatorium in Nazareth, after he perceived how the war was going, Abdul took lessons in modern Hebrew. He now had assurances that his lung disease, in spite of long neglect, could be quite cured. He got modern Hebrew lessons from a Baptist missionary woman who visited the hospital, and explained to the suspicious Arab patients that a knowledge of Hebrew would enable him to continue his profession of spying on the Jews when he was discharged. Once or twice, his textbooks were destroyed in hostile rage by one or another Arab, but on the whole he managed to convince almost everyone of his nationalistic loyalty by almost daily renewals of vows of hatred against the Jews. He felt no hatred on so large a scale, since all his energies went into his will to live well in the world, to get the best he could out of Palestine, and to be free to say any frivolous thing that came into his head, regardless of the impression it might make. At night, when he lay among the rows of sleepers, he felt the security and comfort of being together with his own people. By day, he surged with individuality again.

The State of Israel was less than

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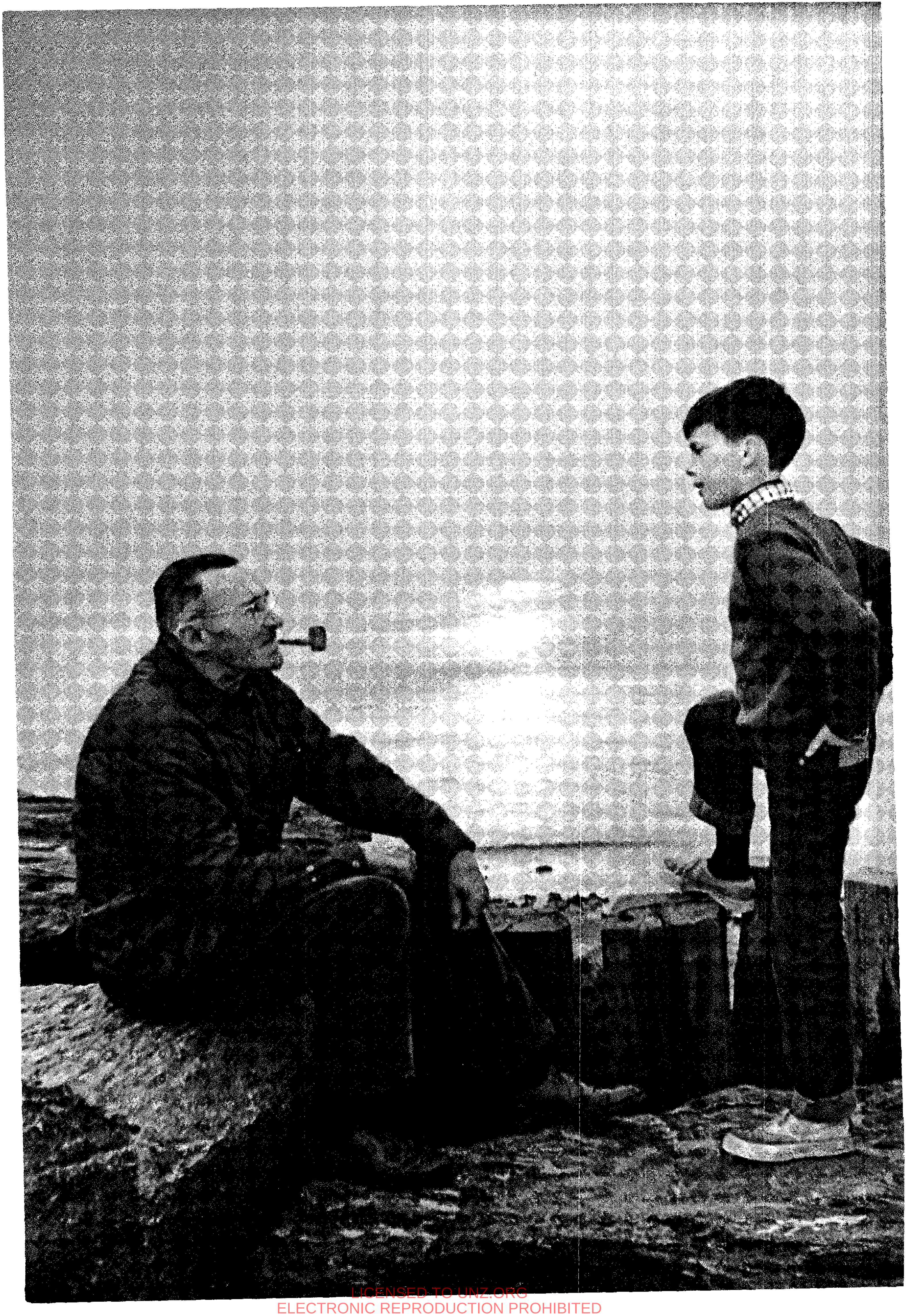

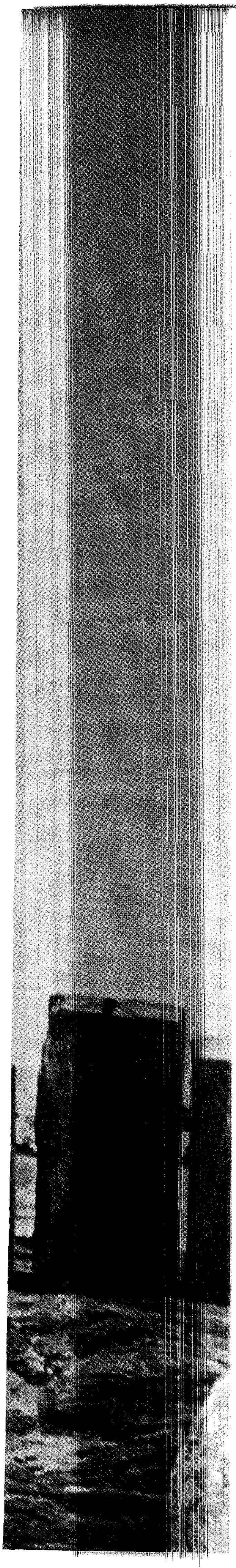

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three years old, and was warily at peace, separated by an armistice line from Jordan, when Abdul left the sanatorium. Jerusalem was now divided; his father's home and business establishment were in the Jordanian sector. Infrequent messages, mostly oral, had passed between Abdul and his family while he was in the hospital, carried in secret by various individuals—a foreigner, a Red Cross officer, an Arab spy, a Church of Scotland minister.

Abdul was aware that none of the family except Suzi had any conception of his mind and how deeply bored he was by the mentality that now presented to every Arab in Palestine the blood duty of becoming a professional victim. Abdul saw years of futile service ahead in this uninteresting cause. He knew of the homeless Palestinian Arab refugees massed along the frontier, and he discerned then what a foreigner could not so accurately foresee—that there was a living to be made out of the world by preserving a refugee problem. Abdul guessed—and was presently proved right—that his father, for one, was doing his big bit on the refugee question, and would in time make a fortune out of it. Joe Ramdez was, in fact, already active in newly established agencies for negotiating contracts with merchants for supplies bought by foreign relief funds.

Just before he left the hospital, Abdul had got a brief note in Suzi's handwriting: "How are Abdul's orange groves thriving?" He puzzled for a few moments, then smiled. The displaced poor were already being urged to recall the extent of the lands and possessions from which they had fled before the Israelis' onslaught. More and more, the bewildered homeless souls, in thousands and tens of thousands, agreed and then convinced themselves—and were to hold for long years to come—that they had, every man of them, been driven from vast holdings in their bit of Palestine, from green hilly pastures and so many acres of lush orange groves as would have covered Arabia.

Abdul had earned some money by teaching the children while in the sanatorium. On his discharge, he bought a car on the installment plan and drove to Acre, passing through the green hills and battered villages of Judea. He said to himself, at times when he sped past some fruitful plantation, "There go Abdul's orange groves." He was bored far beyond the point of fury with his elders; he was bored with the fervent, industrious Jews bursting with their new patriotism. It had been necessary

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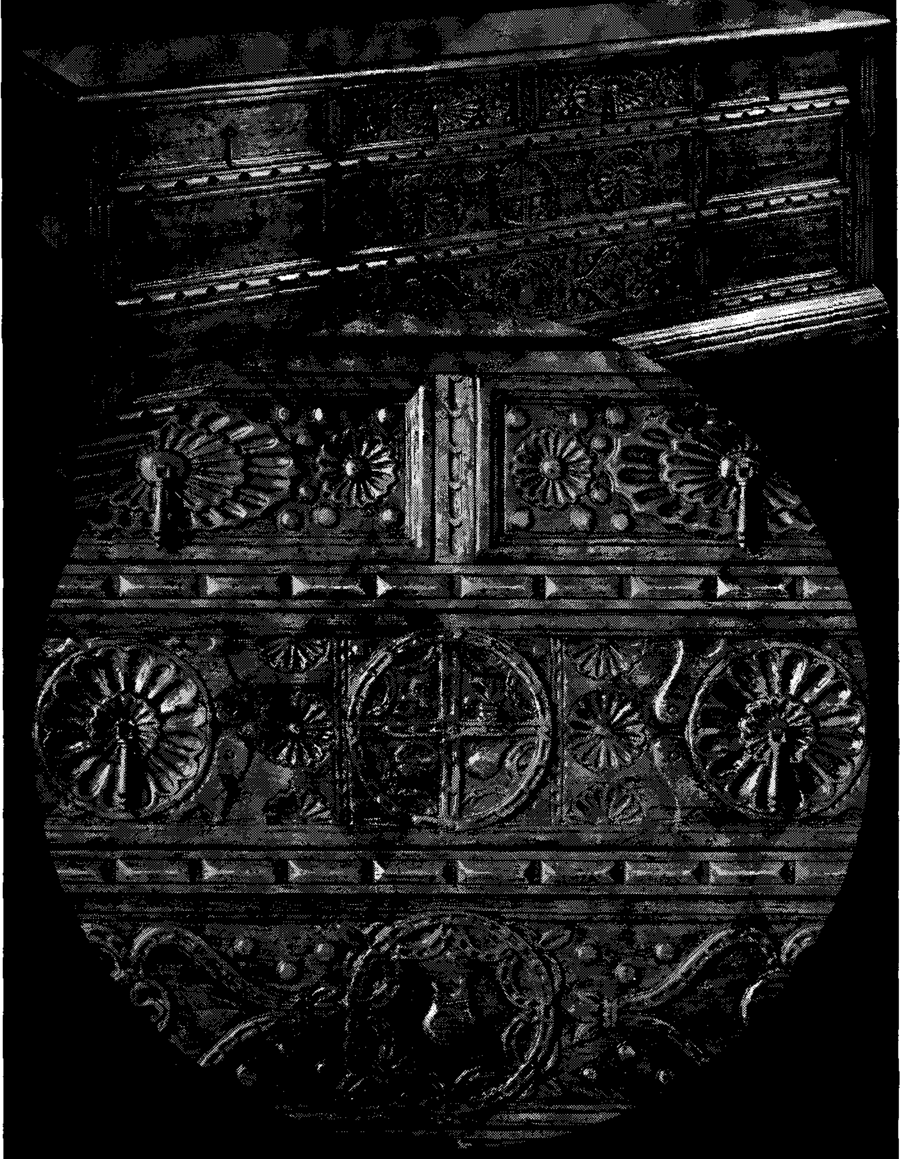

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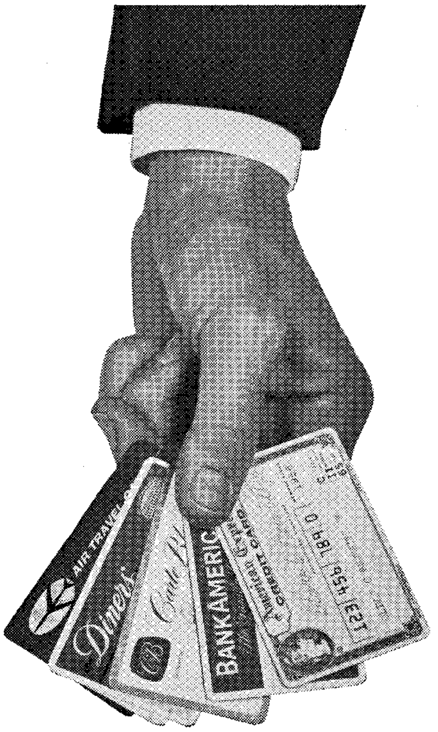
for him, a Palestinian Arab, to obtain a permit before he could leave Nazareth. He was an inferior citizen still; the Jews had only replaced the British. The officious Israeli policeman who issued the permit, a man younger than himself, made Abdul feel sick. Abdul was beyond fury. He laughed. The Israeli guard called a fellow-officer to his side and then asked Abdul what there was to laugh at. Abdul explained that he was newly out of hospital and it was a nice day. He was allowed to go. He did not want to grow older than he was then, in 1950. At that time he was twenty-three.

At Acre, the people he had known were gone, but, as happens, the place itself, by some invisible influence or tradition, had drawn the same sort of people—the young or the young at heart, who belonged to nothing but themselves, for whose temperament no scope existed in any society open to them, and who by day enacted the requirements of their society. These were lapsed Jews, lapsed Arabs, lapsed citizens, runaway Englishmen, dancing prostitutes, international messes, failed painters, intellectuals, homosexuals. Some were silent, some voluble. Some were mentally ill, or would become so.

But others were not. Others were not, and would never become so; and would have been the flower and pride of the Middle East, given the sun and air of the mind not yet available. They met in a cellar at Acre, lined with wooden benches, lit with oil lamps, and cleared for dancing. Abdul would have preferred the beaches or the cafés and the open sky, but at least in the cellar an Arab could laugh at the Arabs or mimic the solemn Israeli guard without being knifed or shot. Three knifings were to occur within this little community over the next ten years, but they were not political. They were to do with sex or drugs, and in two cases the wounds were slight; in the third, the body was successfully disposed of from a fishing boat.

Nothing much had changed by 1961, the year of the Eichmann trial, when Abdul Ramdez drove off from Freddy Hamilton's hotel in Jerusalem to Acre, the golden city of the Crusaders on the Mediterranean. At Christian festivals, Easter and Christmas, he was able to pass over to Jordan openly with mass pilgrimages to visit the Christian shrines, on the strength of his baptismal certificate, acquired with that good foresight before the war with Israel. Suzi, with the certificate he had obtained for her, got past the officials to meet him at the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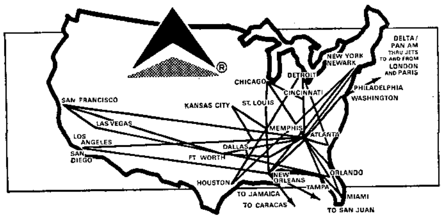
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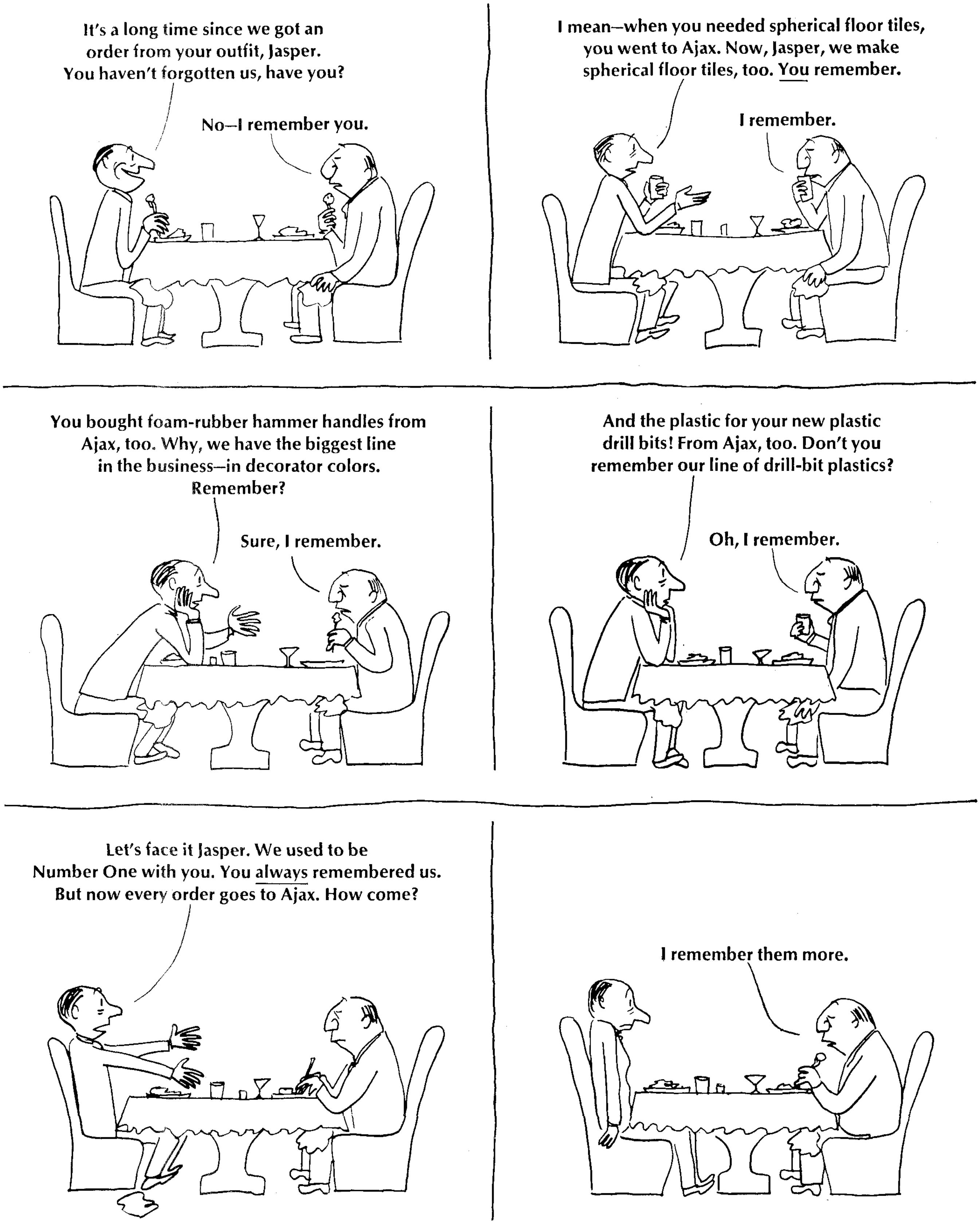
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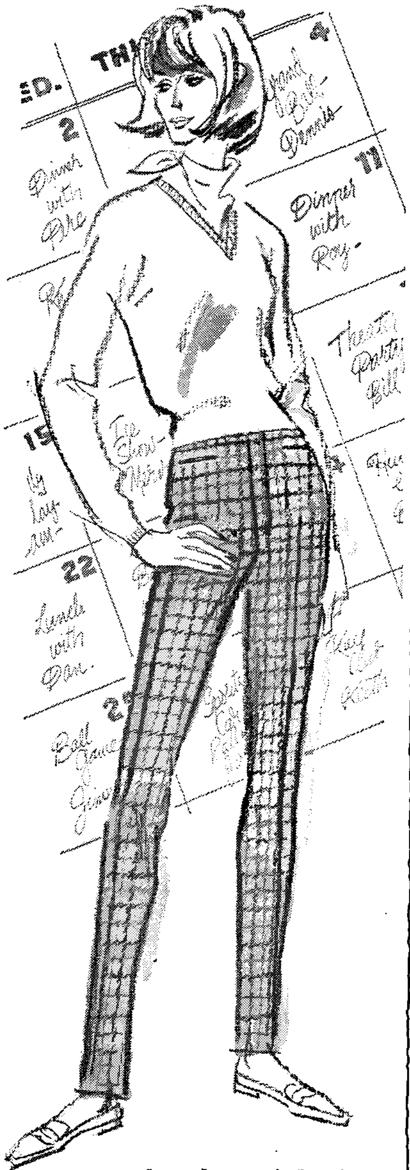

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churches. She was still unmarried at thirty. She was unhappy, and only Abdul knew it. Sometimes he crossed the border illegally, but he did not always see Suzi on these occasions. He had contrived to meet his father several times since the partition of Palestine. "Are you a Nationalist? . . . A Nasserite? . . . What party? . . ." But messages between Joe Ramdez and Abdul passed frequently. They were comparatively easy to smuggle back and forth across the border.

Nothing much had changed at Acre over the years except the place of rendezvous and Abdul's real age. He was now thirty-four, but he kept himself lean, was strict with himself, and looked no more than the age he had decided on. He did not trouble about the future. Twenty-five. Foreigners like Hamilton were puzzled at times by Abdul's maturity of knowledge.

"But surely, Abdul, you must have been a young infant at that time. How could you remember King Farouk before he grew fat?"

Abdul piled lies upon truth, without attempting to convince. He felt he was making an almost poetic effort. He derived huge pleasure from confusing everyone so much that they saw what he was up to in the end.

"Sometimes, Abdul, I wonder if you're just treating me to a big leg-pull."

Hamilton had said this, one day. Abdul thought it intelligent of him. He said, "Well, what have I got to lose, Mr. Hamilton? You know that all the Arabs in Palestine are dispossessed. There's nothing to lose, now that Abdul has lost his orange groves."

"Did you possess orange groves?"

"Vast groves."

"I don't believe it. Come, Abdul!"

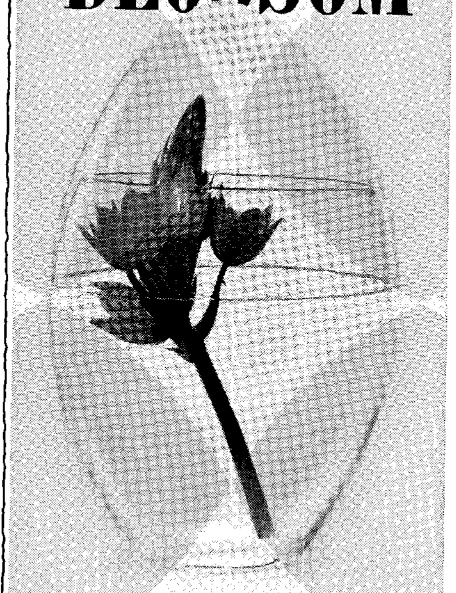
"I am an Arab," said Abdul, looking fierce, "and you may not accuse me of a lie. Anyway, I have lost a good travel-agency business in Haifa. The Jews have got it."

Hamilton laughed and regarded him fondly.

A few days later, on the Sunday, Abdul drove to Acre and thought for a while of the Hamilton he had last seen, sleepy and bewildered. Someone at Acre would know, or find out, what had happened to Miss Vaughan over in Jordan. It would be a pity if Hamilton started to make trouble and stopped being friendly.

THE new meeting place at Acre was more spacious and comfortable than any previous one. New young

BLOSSOM



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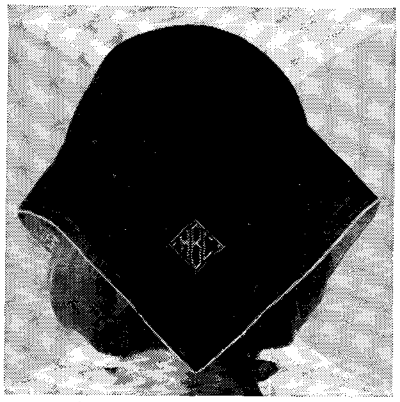

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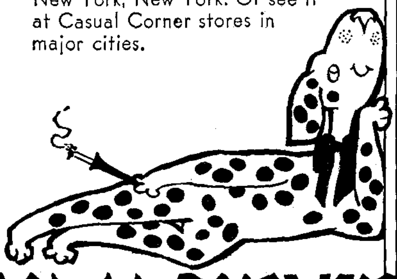

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people came in from time to time. The building stood in the great muddle of the poor Arab quarter. It was equipped as a laundry, and in the daytime the lower floor functioned as a cheap washing establishment, where, in one room, an unpunctual and inefficient supply of warm water was available, with washtubs and soap, at a cheap rate, to the poor women who had to do their washing themselves, and who were slightly advanced beyond the river-washing people.

The clubrooms could not really be called clubrooms, since the traditions and organization of any sort of club life did not belong to them. These meeting rooms were in the cellars, and on the floor above the laundry. Windows from all sides kept watch on any possible police approach from the sea or from the street. Some of the upper rooms were always hung with washing, hauled high on pulleys, which at night, when the lights were on, could be glimpsed above the half curtains from the alleys outside.

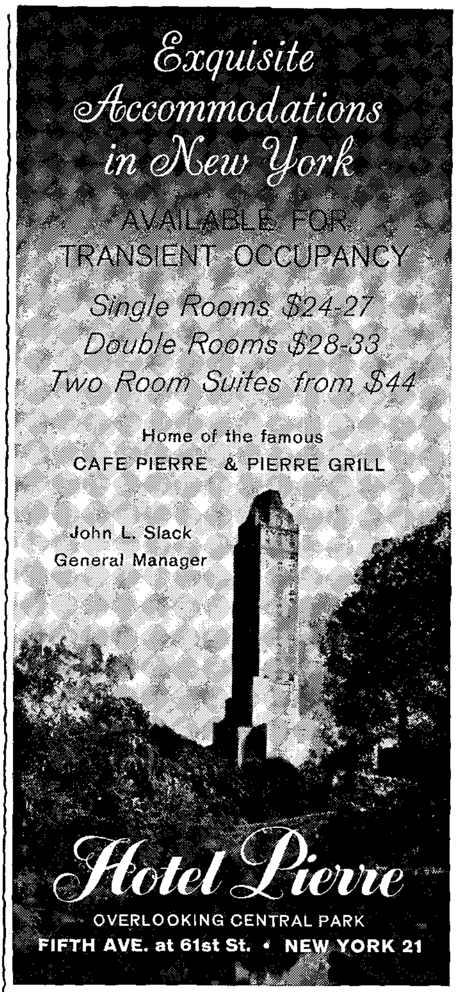
Two Pakistanis, students from the Hebrew University at Jerusalem, came to open the door for Abdul. They were temporary caretakers, since the laundryman, who looked after the house at Acre, was away to the north on business.

Abdul had two rooms of his own on the upper floor, but everyone else used them. The rooms had some rush matting on the floors, and brightly covered low divans, with a bare wood table in each and, in one room, a wireless set. He went there sometimes to sleep and read, or talk. He went to talk about nothing or everything, and, quite often, about business.

Soon Abdul and his friends would move their premises. It had always been like this, and there could be no question of their applying for a night-club license to make their meeting ground legitimate so far as that would have gone; the activities they conducted that were illegal could have been protected by a night-club pretense, but the Israeli police surveillance would have been intolerable. The law could not altogether prevent, but it could harass, those few young Jews and Jewesses who came to the house at Acre because there was no other place acceptable to the reality of their feelings in the world around them. The group was seldom more than twenty-five in number at any one time.

"What have you been doing?" Abdul said in English, as the students knew no Arabic or Hebrew.

One of the Pakistanis, a very small



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man, replied, "Considering the lilies." This was a well-worn remark in that house, but it was new to the Pakistanis, who did not know its origin and merely liked it.

An Arab girl in khaki shorts and shirt brought in some coffee. She spoke to Abdul in English, seeing that the Pakistanis were present: "Mendel came back safe. Hassan is returned. Mendel saw your sister."

Abdul put down his coffee; he hugged and kissed her for all this news.

The taller Pakistani said, "Your sister Suzi has been very involved. She sent a message—she is very involved."

"Very involved," said the girl. "Mendel will tell you; he's coming soon; he's on his way."

"What is she involved about?"

"The tourist agency. Very interesting."

"She must be up to something," Abdul said, and went to the window to smell Acre. Night had fallen, and he heard the splash of oars.

IT was ten at night in the cellar of the laundry at Acre. Here the Crusader foundations could be seen quite clearly, rising unevenly up to two feet above the flagged floor, until the Crusader stones met the stones that had been set upon them, probably by the next conquerors—the Turks, perhaps.

The light from the oil lamps was thinly misted from their smoke. About a dozen people, young, not of local origin, were gathered, or were drifting in and out of this room. It would have been impossible to tell from their appearance only which of these young men and women were Jews and which were Arabs. The difference was discernible in their accent of speech, although mostly colloquial Arabic was spoken. The two students from Pakistan and a handsome, large-limbed Western girl with a mass of long brown hair, who was the daughter of a Church of Scotland clergyman resident at Tel Aviv, were the only non-Semites. Of the rest, most were maturely sixteen years of age and upward to the reaches of their late twenties or early thirties. Abdul, if anyone had considered it worth finding out, was the eldest. They were dressed in jeans, dresses, or shorts, and corporately they had the coffee-bar look of the young everywhere.

A girl was plucking the strings of a guitar, making soft, aimless Arab music with a few notes. Nobody was dancing at the moment. Abdul had fetched a

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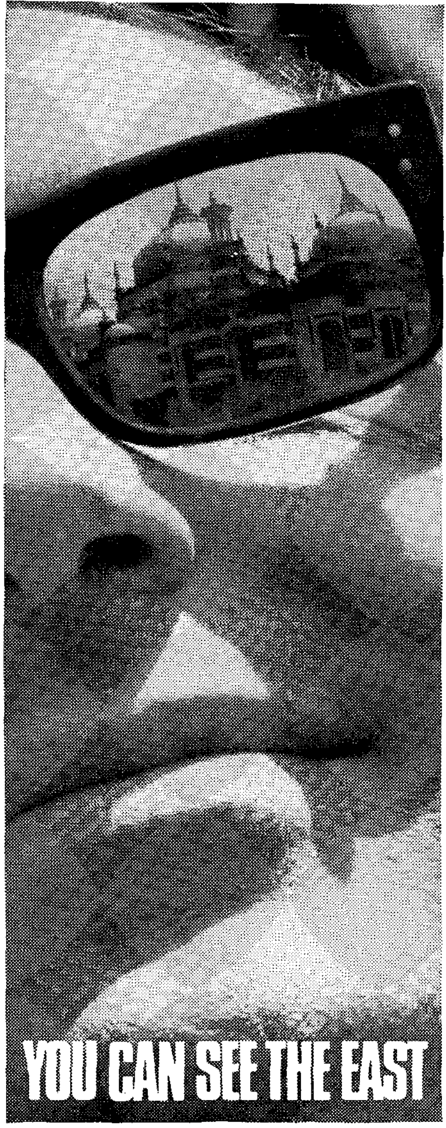
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MALAYSIA

tin of beer from a scarred, lopsided oil refrigerator that stood in the passage outside, and from which anyone who wanted beer took it, depositing the money in the ice tray. Abdul sat drinking alone, watching the door until Mendel Ephraim appeared.

Mendel Ephraim was one of his closest friends. He was that youngest brother of Saul Ephraim, the teacher of archeology at the Hebrew University, who knew Barbara Vaughan and had sometimes acted as her guide in Israel. Like the rest of his family, he was taut and sinewy, but he had a slight shoulder-blade stoop; he looked like an intellectual eagle. He was twenty-six. The family had given him up, because of his failure as a son, a Jew, and an Israeli; they held him in suspicion, but did not know what to suspect him of. He had a job in a tobacconist kiosk at the foot of Mount Zion. Mendel's failure to respond to the State of Israel was their greatest puzzle and embarrassment. Many of the Ephraim family were unbelievers, and it would not have mattered if he had refused only the religion, but many non-religious Israelis were accustomed to speak in historical terms of Israel's destiny; the Old Testament was to them a sacred book because it was the history of the Jews rather than a spiritual record, and it was quite common for those who did not accept any religious or divine element in life to maintain that the Messianic prophecies had in fact been fulfilled in the establishment of the State of Israel. "The country, Israel, is the Messiah," they said frequently. Young Mendel Ephraim was as indifferent to this social mystique as he was to religion. He had worked in a border *kibbutz* and been caught, nearly shot, while attempting to cross into no man's land, lugging a spare part of a tractor, which he explained was urgently needed by the Arab farmer on the other side. He had been closely interrogated about those communications with the farmer which had led up to the jaunt, but all he would admit was "I could see he was in trouble with his tractor. You could see. Anyone could see."

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The family had given him up. It was known he was friendly with Abdul Ramdez the Arab, and he had to spend a lot of time shaking off the private detectives and government agents who followed him from time to time. He was never certain whether these spies were employed by his family or by the state. He did not care. He shook them off when he travelled out of town, being well acquainted with the terrain of the countryside and its devious hill routes, and having accustomed himself to cave life. And he was not entirely alone among his generation in his truculence; there were other Jews like him scattered about.

Abdul, however, seemed to him even more akin in mentality, being far more humorous than most, and more articulate. Besides, he was in a way of business with Abdul. Whether Arab or Jew, it was part of life for Semites who, like themselves, were of long merchant origin to be occupied in some business.

MENDEL had got himself a tin of beer. He came and sat down at Abdul's shadowy table. They kept silent for a few moments. Then Abdul said, in Arabic, "You're back safe."

"I've got news for you."

"Yes, later. You're back safe—that comes first. Hassan's safe, too."

The courteous contours of the old language half imposed themselves on these preludes to their conversation, sentence by sentence, as if tradition itself were fumbling its way amongst the aberrant communications of the two men. Mendel said, "I have news for you about your sister. The business can wait."

"The business can wait, but tell me how much danger there was this trip. Did you have difficulties?"

"Only when your sister Suzi recognized me. I thought she would call out when she saw me at the Holy Sepulchre this morning."

"You didn't go to the city in broad daylight? Mendel, you're mad. What did you do that for?"

"Well, I was dressed-up the Arab part."

"Somebody might have spoken to you. The voice, Mendel. It's dangerous. Anyone can tell by the intonation that you're no Arab."

Mendel spoke in a harsh whisper. "If I'd been forced to speak, I would have had laryngitis. Lost my voice. It was exciting, though. I'll never forget it."

Abdul said, "There is a reason that you found Suzi."

"Yes, I'll tell you the news. Just before dawn, I got to the Potter's Field, and we were wrapping up the sacks in the cave, ready to return. I saw Suzi

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coming out of a car. She went into that old house just past the church."

Abdul laughed. "Suzi must be up to some game."

Mendel said, with a sardonic Jewish spread of his hands, "Helping her father in the travel business, like a good girl. The way you help him with the insurance."

Abdul said, "Get on with the story. Was it connected with Miss Vaughan? The police are looking for her all over Jordan. There's a big fuss."

"Yes, well, I questioned the old monk, but, you know, he doesn't answer, he just gives you a blessing—Father, Son, Holy Ghost. So I keep a lookout. After all, finding Suzi up there in the Potter's Field, I thought she might be in some trouble. She wouldn't be the only one in trouble that you find up there. In the middle of the morning, she comes out with two tourists. One is a man. The other is veiled and like an old Arab woman, like your servant."

"Kyra," said Abdul.

"I look and I think it is Kyra. It looks like Kyra. But no, it is an English tourist woman called Barbara Vaughan, who wants to pray at the Christian shrines. I am to find this out later. But when I see Suzi and I see Kyra at the Potter's Field, I see them drive off with the man, down to the city. So I walk to the city and I find the car at the Holy Sepulchre. By this time it's eleven in the morning, you know, so I have to look like a Christian Arab, genuflecting and kneeling wherever they go. I'm just behind them. I end up at the Catholic Mass at the place of the Crucifixion of Jesus, or maybe the place of one of the thieves—better still, for my part. There are a lot of people—tourists and some Arab women. I move in and stand next to Suzi, and she sees me, and she looks startled. It is at this point I feel afraid, since an Arab woman looks hard at me as if I'm up to no good with a woman, as if I'm trying to make friends with Suzi at the church service. But Suzi pulled herself together and looked away, and the suspicious woman began to pray, and the service went on. Then, when the Orthodox service began at the next altar and the chanting began, I was able to whisper to Suzi. Guess what I said?"

"Shalom," said Abdul, putting on the Hebrew inflection.

Mendel said, "I said, 'I've got laryngitis, Suzi, you understand, so I can only whisper. What's going on with you?' Then she told me about the tourist who's going all over Jordan with her disguised as the old serv-

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ant. Suzi told me this, but understand she had to fit in her talk with the chanting of the Orthodox people standing beside us. So she chanted, they chanted, we all chanted. But they were very close by, these chanters, and she's a clever woman, your sister Suzi. The tourist is a half Jew. No wonder she looked like old Kyra, clutching the edge of her veil. It appears the police might be looking for her and she thought, maybe, I must be the police. It's a bewildering place, the Holy Sepulchre. Suzi said to tell you she's all right and she'll be seeing you soon."

Abdul said, "I've been to the Holy Sepulchre. I was there once."

Mendel said, "The tourist is returning to Israel."

"How?"

"Somehow."

"I hope Suzi won't attempt to cross over."

"She said she's all right and she'll be seeing you soon. Leave her alone. She needs a bit of pleasure. A little bit of danger, a bit of pleasure, what's the difference?"

"When did you get back?" Abdul said.

"This evening. I walked back up to the field as if I owned the place, and all the orange groves beyond it as well. Very slowly, striding like an Arab. I'll show you." Mendel got up and walked with a leisurely swing of the arms, like an Arab. Abdul laughed, and so did some others, who had been dancing on a flagged space on the other side of the room.

Mendel sat down. "I lie up in the caves until sunset begins. I look out for Hassan, and he comes. He's a bit hungry. So am I. The bones—you know all those bones—are hard to lie on. Anyway, we haul off at sunset and get across. No incident. We've got five gross of sandals, some dozens, I think, of leather purses, also a few more things."

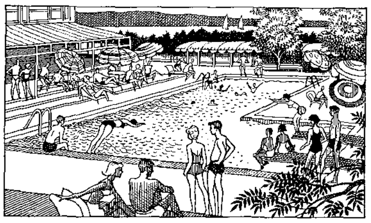
Abdul said, "I must get a message to Freddy."

"Who's Freddy?"

"A British contact of mine. Friend of Barbara. He's fainting for news of her."

Abdul left to see to this business, and when he returned Mendel was once more striding about like a solemn Arab. Abdul took from his pocket a rubber stamp, breathed damply on it, and brought it down sharply on the scrubbed wood table before him. It left a clear blue mark: "MADE IN ISRAEL." Then they both laughed very loud together for a long time, as if they were boys in their teens like many in the

Brand-new pool at Basin Harbor!



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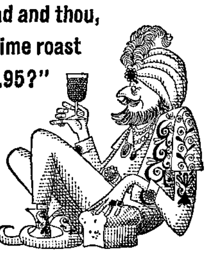

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room, instead of men in their twenties and thirties.

Mendel went upstairs to sleep on one of Abdul's divans. Abdul went to start rubber-stamping the soles of smuggled sandals. These goods had been hauled up to the Potter's Field, day by day, on mules, and dumped at the back of the bone-littered caves that surrounded the field. It was their third successful haul. Abdul had gone on one of the trips, and next time it would be his turn again. These goods sold in Israel for a huge profit, and even so, Abdul reflected, they sold cheap in the shops, and it was a public service. After a while, Abdul, too, lay down and slept. The noise from the cellar was like a faint rhythmic lullaby, for the doors of the meeting place had been made nearly soundproof.

About midnight, the men stirred. Abdul rose and heated up some spicy lamb stew on an oil stove. He took some to Mendel. They ate without speaking, sitting side by side on the divan. Then they washed at the tap outside the rooms and descended once more to the party. The outlaws were in full swing.

Abdul said to Mendel, in English, "Do you know, I've discovered a rhyme for 'Capricorn.' "

Mendel replied, " 'Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!).' "

"Well, you're crazy," Abdul said, "but it's a good life. You may have one of my orange groves when I get them back—you may have two."

A young Jewess came to join them, playing her guitar. She was playing a popular jazz tune from Jordan, to which accompaniment a slim Arab girl was doing a mimic version of an obscene dance performance that was current in the night clubs of Amman. The tune was called "I Love Hussein," which was sung with variations by the guitar player. The dancer wore only a filmy scarf wound round her body in a comic fashion that seemed to all, in the excitement and heat of the night, far more funny than it was. Then Mendel danced with a girl while Abdul squatted on the floor beside the guitar player.

Drugs of various kinds—kef, marijuana, and various experimental mixtures—were now being passed round. Some of the younger people started howling and dancing convulsively before the excitants had time to take effect. They were stopped by the more practiced smokers and drug-eaters, and told to wait till their reactions were involuntary, at which time the significance of their experience would be more completely revealed. Besides, too

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much noise might invite a police raid. In the deep hours, Mendel and Abdul, narcotically exalted, began to chant their Song of Freedom, which never failed to hypnotize the audience by its depth of meaning, although the words of the song varied every time, being a spontaneous composition. But the notes of their chant were familiar; they were those of the mosques, the synagogues, and the churches of the Coptic, Syrian, and Greek rites. The same set of notes would break into the air of Acre presently, at three in the morning, when the muezzin would rise to call from the minaret nearby, and the same arrangement of notes could be heard from the windows of rabbinical and Moslem schools all over Israel.

The two men chanted, sitting cross-legged, with their audience encircling them, in the heat of the party cellar, until one person after another became drowsy and either curled to sleep on the spot or stretched and departed into the sharp, dark air of early morning. The cellar was aired merely by vents in the upper walls, and by cracks in the ceiling, which let in some small whispers of the fresh night from the open windows above. The young Jewess strummed on the guitar, her cheeks bright with the heat and her black curly hair falling over them. Abdul and Mendel, fiery-eyed with a sense of portentous utterance, their voices merging each with the other as one verse ended and the next began, in true style chanted on to the end and beyond the end, when, with full and satisfied hearts, followed by the few who remained wakeful enough, they fell upstairs to sleep. And even as they climbed, they chanted in colloquial Arabic jargon mixed often with Hebrew:

"My father goes blah O blah O blah for the love of Allah," chanted Abdul.

"My father goes chime chime chime O mine, hard luck, chime, chime," sang Mendel.

"My mother goes quack all day, she goes quack, clack-clack."

"My sister goes tittle-ittle ittle tittle-ill-tee tee, goes my sister."

"Eichmann went to battle and killed the children of Israel."

"Mohammed put all the children of Israel to death also, for the love of Allah. There was blood."

"The children of Israel have dispossessed the holy ones of Mohammed. They are refugees. They weep."

"It was a long time ago, my friend. Even yesterday was before our time; it's dead, too."

"The past has got nothing to do with

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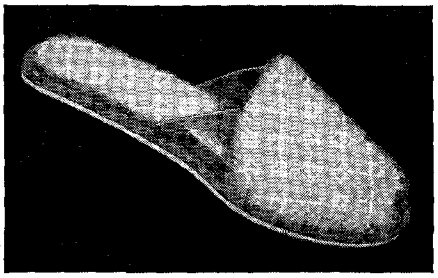

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you, my friend, and nothing to do with me. It's all dead history."

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"Look what the wealthy shepherd did to the *kibbutzim* in 1946. He shot and killed the wealthy sheik and his men. Blah, chime, amen."

"Look what the Stern Gang did at Deir Yassin. They massacred the lot. Blood, blood."

"My father, blah, blah. Long live Ben-Gurion! Long live Nasser! Long live Islam! Long live all fat men! Israel! My mother goes quack-quack all day."

"Recall Judith the beautiful, who killed the captain asleep. My son, my son, Tittle-tee."

"It's all a long time ago. Great is the God of Israel! Mighty is Allah! We dance and sing and make love with each other; it is better than all that religion and hatred all the day long."

"The Arabs have been neglected by history."

"The Jews have been rejected by history. Write it down. You might forget it."

"We want Freedom."

"Self-government is better than good government. Write that down, too."

"Hussein went to school in Harrow, which is in England."

"Everything is different now. Please all come along to the party. My mother makes a party for the girls to do the Twist."

"Yes, everything is changed. I speak French and English. We all make love together."

"Come and live in Abdul's orange groves and pick as many oranges as you like all the afternoon."

"Come along to Abdul's orange groves." —MURIEL SPARK

•

Project Head Start got off to a heady start yesterday as the First Lady, Danny Kaye, several other notables and volunteers got together at the White House to unfurl its first flag. . . .

Shriver read some of the letters his office has received. One, recognizing physical checkups as an integral part of the program, assured him that each child would be checked, "and if dental work is needed, he will be sent to an optometrist."
—*Washington Star.*

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—*Howard Taubman in the Times.*

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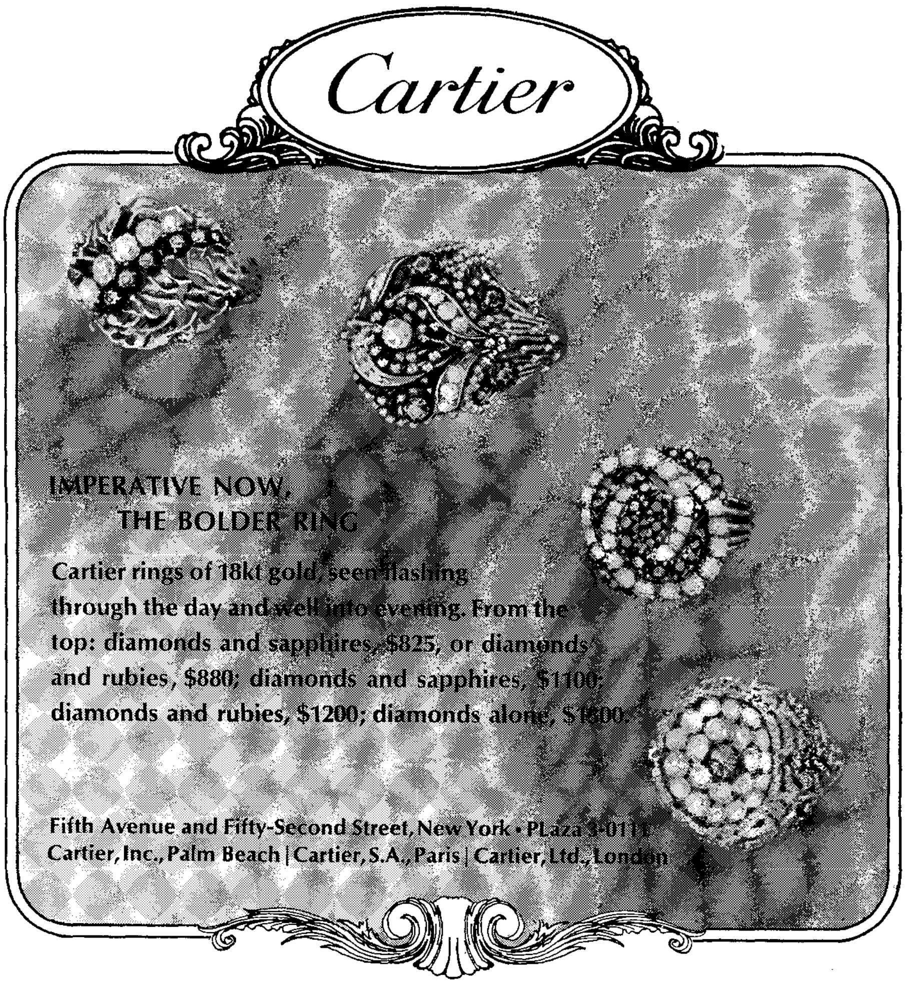
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Good Intentions

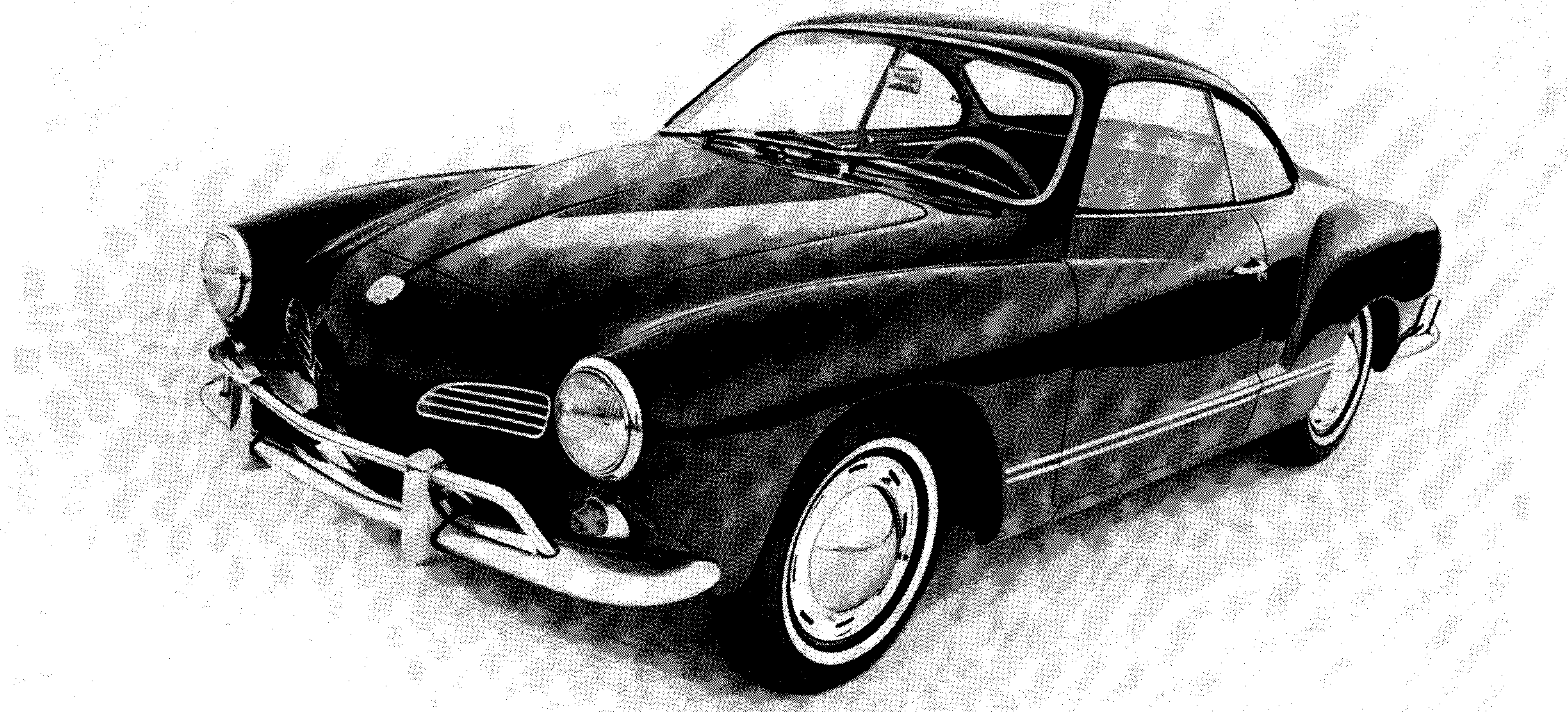
I FEEL downright churlish not liking an English movie called "Darling" as much as "Darling" seems to want me to. It's a shining, buoyant, and seductively photographed picture, full of attractive people—the beautiful Julie Christie for one, and the beautiful Julie Christie for another, and the beautiful Julie Christie for a third, as well as Dirk Bogarde for a fourth—moving about against such famously attractive backgrounds as London, Florence, and Capri, but somewhere along the way I grew leery of its charm and liveliness and permitted myself the bleak question: What is this movie really up to? There are pictures that it's almost impossible not to enjoy at the moment of viewing but that become a source of irritation when one begins to think about them afterward, and such is the stern and no doubt unjust alchemy of disappointment that they turn into worse movies in memory than the movies one actually saw; I don't want this fate to befall "Darling" in my mind or anyone else's, and though I have difficulty recalling how much I admired the first half or perhaps two-thirds of the picture, because of how little I admired the remainder, I hasten to add that I'd be sorry indeed to have missed it, and I think serious moviegoers (as if there were any other kind!) will find it, for all its faults, fascinating.

The producer of the picture, Joseph Janni, and its director, John Schlesinger, are the team who made those two excellent naturalistic studies of provincial life, "A Kind of Loving" and "Billy Liar," and they plainly had the highest possible ambitions for "Darling." What they couldn't get around was the script, which is oddly uncertain of what it intends to convey. Is it a contemporary version of the traditional cautionary tale of the boy or girl with looks, brains, and brass rising in the world by dint of effort and lack of principle and discovering in the end that it is all but ashes? One would like to assume that there was more than this back of the smoothly incandescent surface of "Darling," but the literary device that the screenwriter, Frederic Raphael, has employed to impose a formal unity on the story leads me to doubt it. The picture pretends that we are to be given the biography, as it appears in a popular magazine, of a certain celebrated beauty, the Principessa della Romita, played by Miss Christie. But we are shown scenes that would have no place in any "as told to" life, and before long we are obliged to wonder whether those aspects of our day that the device was supposed to satirize don't embody, instead, the point of view of the makers of the picture. On reaching the later scenes, we encounter a handsome, aristocratic, but aging Italian widower, who almost instantly proposes to a sexy, saucy, middle-class English girl, met by chance on a movie set; having first rebuffed him, the minx accepts his proposal and is installed in his great house as the stepmother of his innumerable progeny, and it is when this experienced girl in a gilded cage begins to flutter desperately back and forth between London and Florence in pursuit of a not very convincing doom that the note of soap opera is unmistakably struck.

Well, but no matter! For Julie Christie is the darling of "Darling," and plays her role not only with a rare intensity but with a commendable disregard for what becomes of her beauty when she laughs or cries. Dirk Bogarde is excellent as a hard-working Third Programme type on the telly, and Laurence Harvey, in the part of a suave and dissolute businessman, is better than I have ever seen him before.

"BEFORE THE REVOLUTION" is a movie by an Italian director named Bernardo Bertolucci. It was shot in Parma, when Mr. Bertolucci was twenty-two, and it delightfully betrays his youth and inexperience, in part by his borrowings (Stendhal, Melville, Rossellini, Godard, and Radiguet appear to be among his admirations) and in part by the nature of his lyricism, which is sweet and mournful and unlikely to last long. The well-born, Marxist student-hero is played with perhaps intentional woodenness by Francesco Barilli; the girl he falls in love with, who happens to be his aunt, is played with grave delicacy by Adriana Asti. Her performance is worth going to see, and so are the settings. Parma is evidently a fine city to be young and sad in.

—BRENDAN GILL



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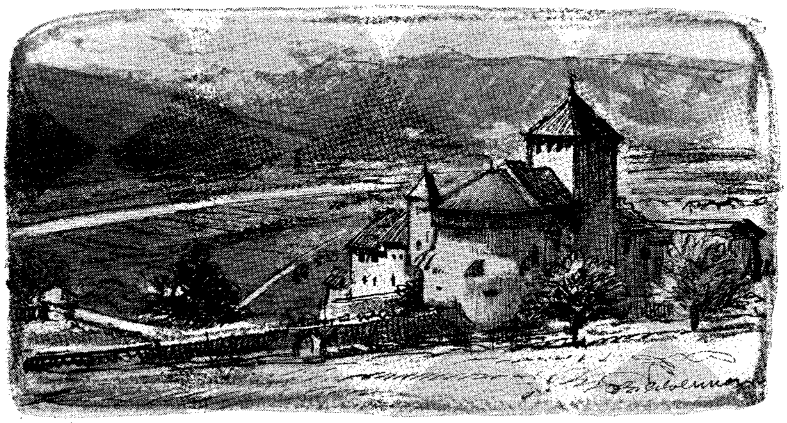
LETTER FROM LIECHTENSTEIN

THOUGH the Principality of Liechtenstein is the third-smallest country in Europe, being outranked in diminutiveness only by the Principality of Monaco and the Republic of San Marino, it has the largest royal family in the world. When it was last counted, there were seventy-two princes and princesses of Liechtenstein, or slightly more than one for every square mile of national real estate. The reason for the abundance of highnesses is the Liechtenstein family's habit of generously giving the title prince or princess not only to their first-born but to all their other children as well. It is not necessary, however, to have a score card to know who is *the* prince, or head of state; he is distinguished by the fact that he is called the Ruling Prince. The present holder of this title is Franz Josef II, a retiring, medium-sized, somewhat bald man of sixty who wears a full mustache, has a Hapsburg lip, and has been the principality's monarch since 1938. He is the country's twelfth Ruling Prince and the first to live in Liechtenstein. His predecessors found life here on the dull side, so they made their headquarters in Vienna, nipping over to the family castle—a thirteenth-century fortress in Vaduz, the capital of the principality—only for a couple of weeks in summer. Like his forebears, Franz Josef was born in Austria and educated in Vienna, but in 1938, heeding the signs of war, he moved to Vaduz and set up housekeeping in the ancestral residence, which has a hundred and twenty-four rooms. He has since spent some three hundred thousand dollars modernizing Schloss Vaduz, as the castle is officially called; it now has central heating, twenty tiled bathrooms, a passenger elevator, and a telephone in every room. Among its occupants are the Ruling Prince and Princess, who is a former Austrian countess, and their four children—one princess, two princes, and one Ruling Prince Apparent. The castle sits dramatically atop a three-hundred-and-sixty-foot perpendicular cliff that rises behind the main street of Vaduz, and during the tourist season it is floodlighted at night. The effect that this creates leads many visitors to exclaim, "Isn't it all just like a fairyland!" Next day, some make the steep trek up the cliff for a closer look at the castle, where they are greeted by a sign that says, "No Castle Visiting." However, they are permitted to approach the outer wall of the castle, against which is constructed a stand that offers, among other items for impulse buying, a booklet titled "Liechtenstein from A to Z" (available in English, French, and German), maps, stamps, key chains, and pennants. The royal souvenir stand doesn't turn a large profit, but in a well-run fairyland, every little bit helps.



Franz Josef sets an example for his subjects in other matters, such as being ultra-secretive about business and money matters. It is known, though, that he has considerable holdings in Austria, including paper mills, a lumber company, a printing plant, and some fifty thousand acres of farm and forest land. In Liechtenstein, he is the largest shareholder in one or more manufacturing concerns, and he also owns the country's largest vineyard and its only commercial bank, sometimes spoken of as "the Prince's bank." What makes him really rich, however, is his enormous collection of paintings, which has been described as the greatest private art collection in existence. Inherited from earlier princes, who began building it in the sixteenth century, it consists of between fifteen and eighteen hundred pictures, and is valued in the neighborhood of a hundred and fifty million dollars. The collection includes paintings by Rubens (twenty-seven of them, which together are valued at eleven million dollars), Rembrandt (among them a remarkable self-portrait), Vandyke, Botticelli, Bruegel, Hals, and Leonardo da Vinci (one of the few in private ownership). This last is the "Ginerva di Benci," a portrait of a Florentine maiden, for which an American museum has offered the Prince three million dollars. Only about half a dozen of the pictures hang in the living quarters of the castle; most of the others are stored in the tower and the cellar, where the rows and rows of Old Masters may be seen by the royal family and their friends but not by the public. However, seventy-three of the less imposing pictures are on view in a small museum in the center of Vaduz; it costs a visitor the equivalent of about forty cents to see them.

Whatever other satisfaction the Prince derives from his collection, he finds it a handy source of ready cash. When in need, he sells a picture. Since the negotiations are naturally conducted in the strictest secrecy, probably only the Prince, who is said to have a nice touch for bargaining, knows the actual number sold and the amount of money that has changed hands. It has come out that the National Gallery in Washington now owns eight pictures that were formerly in the Prince's collection; for one of them—"The Lute Player," by Orazio Gentileschi—the Gallery paid $232,000. Other purchasers have included the National Gallery in London, the Wadsworth Atheneum, of Hartford, Connecticut, and the National Gallery of Canada, which has probably been the Prince's best customer. So far, he has sold his Canadian outlet no fewer than twelve pictures, including one group of four (a Rubens, a Martini, and two Chardins), the purchase price of which was $855,000. Altogether, the Prince in the last few years has sold at least two dozen pictures, from which he has realized three million dollars or so.

By selling a masterpiece now and then, the Prince, who draws no income from the state, manages to make ends meet, but he takes care to avoid ostentation. He owns two Mercedes-Benz sedans, and his wife, Princess Georgina, drives a Renault Dauphine. They travel infrequently, though they did make a visit to New York a few years ago. While there, they refrained from hiring a limousine and got around instead by taxi. Last December, they entertained the Duke of Edinburgh, the Prince of Wales, and Princess Anne for a week's skiing holiday (a visit that puzzled the British newspapers, which noted that no family relationship exists between the two houses), but they do not gen-

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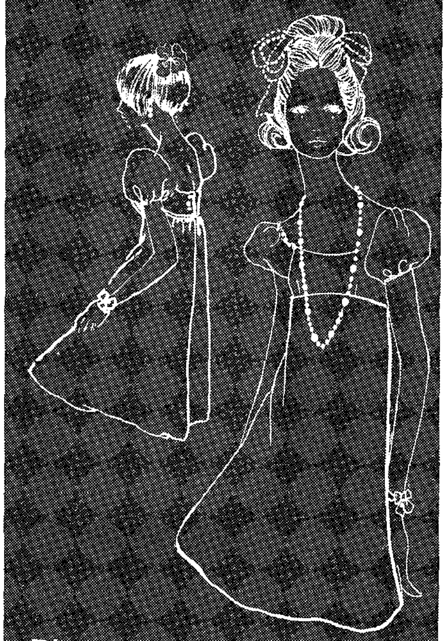

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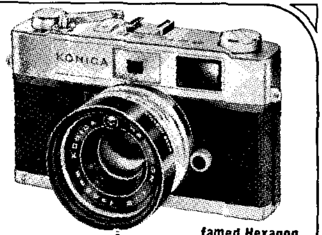

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erally go in for this sort of thing. The social life of the Liechtenstein royal family is conducted on such a modest scale that it seldom makes the newspapers, even in Liechtenstein. Royal birthdays are also taken in stride, as I noticed in Vaduz on the birthday of Princess Georgina. As far as the commoners were concerned, the celebration consisted of a fireworks display that lasted less than ten minutes and compared in scope with a Fourth of July demonstration put on by a small country club rather pinched for funds.

The Prince's reluctance to throw his money around makes a hit with his subjects, who are a thrifty, sober, hard-working lot, and also establishes him firmly in the family tradition. As a result of monotonous industry and virtue, the Liechtenstein family, whose roots go back to the twelfth century, acquired a fortune and a title, but they had no country to call their very own until January 23, 1719. On that date, Prince Hans Adam von Liechtenstein purchased from the Holy Roman Empire the two small provinces of Vaduz and Schellenberg, which he combined into a principality bearing the family name. The country, which is wedged between Austria and Switzerland, cost him the equivalent of one million two hundred thousand dollars. During the first two centuries of its existence, Liechtenstein was closely linked with Austria (which still maintains its railway trackage), but after the First World War it switched its alignment to Switzerland. Since then, Liechtenstein has used Swiss currency, shared the Swiss customs service and postal system, and entrusted the handling of its foreign affairs, which are not extraordinarily complex, to the Swiss diplomatic service. Like Switzerland, Liechtenstein has an exemplary democratic constitution. It was granted the citizens in 1921 by the then Ruling Prince, Johann II, who was also known as "the Father of the People" because, in addition to transforming the country into a constitutional monarchy, he had dipped into his capital to the extent of eighteen million dollars to build schools, hospitals, roads, and water systems. In the case of Johann II, virtue was rewarded; his reign lasted for seventy years—the longest, after that of Louis XIV, in history.

As monarchic jobs go, that of the Ruling Prince of Liechtenstein is among the less burdensome. The Prince's main duty is to open the Parliament, which he does once a year. He also keeps track of parliamentary activity, but this is not excessively demanding, either, for po-

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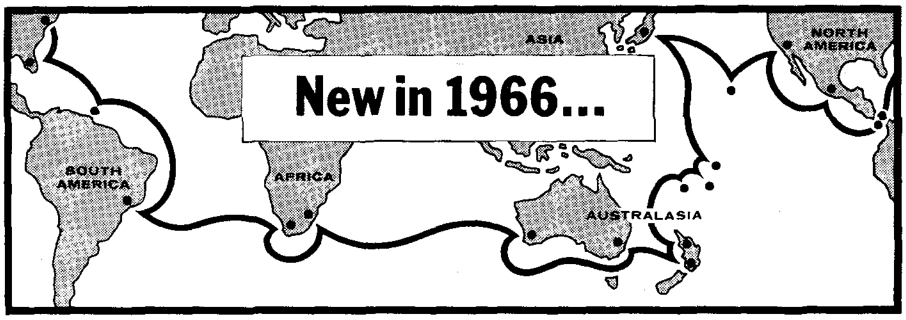
litical life here is not celebrated for either intricacy or turbulence. There are two political parties of any consequence—the Progressive Citizens' Party, known as the Blacks, and the Union of the Fatherland, known as the Reds. Both are ultra-conservative, and both have the same stirring motto: "Faith in God, Prince, and Fatherland." Each party has its own newspaper; the papers are printed on alternate days. The parliamentary elections are held every six years, usually on a Sunday, when the adult males (as in Switzerland, women in Liechtenstein do not have the vote) file into the town hall after church and cast their ballots. The results are printed in the newspapers the next Tuesday or Wednesday, in a story about two paragraphs long. For the past thirty years, the Blacks have had a majority in Parliament; they now hold eight seats, while the Reds hold seven. Members of the two parties unite in recommending candidates for the posts of Prime Minister and Deputy Prime Minister (the latter is always the leader of the Opposition), who are then officially appointed by the Prince. According to law, the Prince may propose new legislation (as may any group of four hundred citizens) and may veto a measure passed by Parliament, but no Liechtensteiner I have encountered can recall when either of these steps has been taken. There seems to be no strife between the Prince and Parliament—or, for that matter, in Parliament itself. "All sides get together beforehand and talk things over," a government official told me. "Everything is settled in advance. It's all very reasonable."

One is apt to have trouble finding Liechtenstein on many maps, because, being one-fifth the size of New York City, it is almost blotted out by the border lines of the adjoining countries. Furthermore, since Liechtenstein is sixteen miles long and about three and a half miles wide on the average (and since there are no customs formalities when crossing the border from Switzerland), one may well pay the place a visit without realizing it. The Arlberg Express, which passes through Liechtenstein on the run from Paris to Vienna, takes ten minutes to cross the country. Neither the Arlberg Express nor any other fast train stops in Liechtenstein. The nearest express stop is the Swiss border town of Buchs. From there, one takes a bus or a taxi to Vaduz, about three miles away. En route, one crosses the Rhine, which forms the entire sixteen-mile boundary between Switzerland and Liechtenstein, and drives through the lush meadowland of the



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Rhine Valley, which constitutes about one-third of Liechtenstein's total area and is its most densely populated region. The remainder of the country, except for one high, small valley (the Samina Valley), is covered with very steep and often spectacularly beautiful mountains, the highest rising to eighty-four hundred feet. Liechtenstein has eighteen thousand five hundred inhabitants and no cities. Instead, there are eleven settlements, ranging from a village of three hundred people to the capital, which has about four thousand. This makes Vaduz the smallest capital in Europe after San Marino, which has two thousand. It is also the most bucolic. There is one main street, on which nearly all the commercial buildings of any importance, including the hotels, are situated, and down which herds of milk cows are driven during the very early hours of the morning; since most of the beasts are decked out with a bell around the neck, the procession serves as a handy alarm clock for visitors not yet accustomed to rising with the sun. According to the most recent census, there are about six thousand cows in the country, or roughly one for every household. Liechtenstein may well be the only nation in the world that thinks so much of its cows that it has spent a million and a half dollars to build a tunnel for their convenience. This passageway, which is about half a mile long, connects the Rhine Valley with the Samina Valley, enabling a large share of the cow population to get from one to the other without undue exertion.

Except for the cows and the mountain views, Vaduz could not accurately be described as a treasure house for the traveller. Yet on summer days it is crowded with tourists, a large number of whom belong to tour groups travelling by bus. Disgorged from these vehicles that are absurdly out of scale with local dimensions, the hasty visitors mill up and down the main street, buy souvenirs, have a glass of beer at a sidewalk café while loud polka music is dinned into their ears, and then, rounded up by their couriers, get back on their buses and roll on to other instant pleasures. The charm of Liechtenstein is plainly not to be found in Vaduz, especially during the season, but, rather, in the unspoiled highlands—no more than fifteen minutes away from the center of the city—where one may enjoy peace and quiet and breathtaking scenery. Some hundred and forty thousand tourists, or about eight times the local population, visited Liechtenstein last year, whether they all knew it or not.

THE Liechtensteiner who is willing to accept the major share of the credit for the boom in tourism, and who has become something of a tourist attraction himself, is Baron Eduard von Falz-Fein, the immensely energetic proprietor of the Quick Tourist Office, the largest shop in Vaduz catering exclusively to the tourist trade. "If I had an official title, it would be the public relation of Liechtenstein," the Baron told me when I called on him at his shop. (The Baron's English, depending on circumstances, can be serviceable or picturesque.) Russian by birth, the Baron, a handsome and rather dashing figure who puts his age at fifty-two, fled with his parents from their Ukrainian estate ("It was twice bigger than Liechtenstein") in 1917; they made their way to Vienna, where the then Ruling Prince of Liechtenstein, an old friend of the family, took them in and conferred citizenship of his principality upon them. The von Falz-Feins apparently shared the Ruling Prince's aversion to living in Liechtenstein, however, for they moved on to Paris, where the Baron, after completing his schooling, pursued a career as a cyclist and later as a sports journalist. "I was a mad sportsman, so I was very busy in Paris until the war," he told me. "Then I came here to Liechtenstein and waited. We kept neutral through both World Wars. During the Second World War, Liechtenstein became absolutely forgotten by the world. So, one day after the war was finished, I began putting Liechtenstein back on the map. How? By attracting the tourists. I started the whole business like this: I went personally to agencies that organize bus tours—I travelled to the United States, England, Holland, Canada, everywhere—and I say to them, 'Now, listen. You are fools, because you now never stop your buses in Liechtenstein. If you stop in Liechtenstein, you can offer your clients a seven-country tour instead of a six-country tour, and for the same price. You are passing through anyway. So stop for lunch, and you're selling one country more, and it's costing not one single franc in addition.' After I explained, everybody agreed.

They said, 'That's a deal.' I also promised every tourist agency to meet its buses and give its groups a welcome and a little talk about Liechtenstein. And now I am doing this all the time. Thanks to that, the people feel right away at home. When a courier presents a baron to greet them, everybody is right away happy. It's fascinating. In Monaco, the bus comes and there is nobody to greet them. Ninety per cent of my buses are American and ten per cent English. Sometimes I am very embarrassed when people want to give me a tip. Not many, but some. I say, 'Oh, no, no, no! I am only welcoming you. I am public relation here, so I am happy to do it.' At my store, everybody can pay in their own money, and that makes the people very happy."

At the shop, besides being offered an extensive array of merchandise, including souvenir books and calendars illustrated with photographs taken by the Baron, who is an accomplished photographer, customers can have their passports stamped with an unofficial but impressive-looking seal designed by the Baron (because of the customs union with Switzerland, Liechtenstein has no customs stamp of its own), gaze at travel posters, also designed by the Baron and distributed at his expense to tourist agencies around the world, and buy recordings of a song called "Liechtenstein Polka," composed by the Baron and taken from an operetta about Liechtenstein written by the Baron. Though some of his propaganda exercises have failed to arouse the admiration of the Ruling Prince, who no longer invites the country's self-appointed one-man chamber of commerce to the castle, the results have pleased the Baron, who now drives a Jaguar XK-E and recently moved into an imposing new residence that he built just down the road from Schloss Vaduz and that gives the Baron a view almost as grand as the Prince's. During the tourist season, the Baron employs eighteen clerks—mainly college-age girls—in his store in Vaduz and five others in another shop, which he opened a couple of years ago on the Austrian border. "This year, I am employing girls from nine different countries," the Baron told me. "An American comes into the store, and he is so excited to find he is waited on by a girl from his own country that he buys two watches instead of one."

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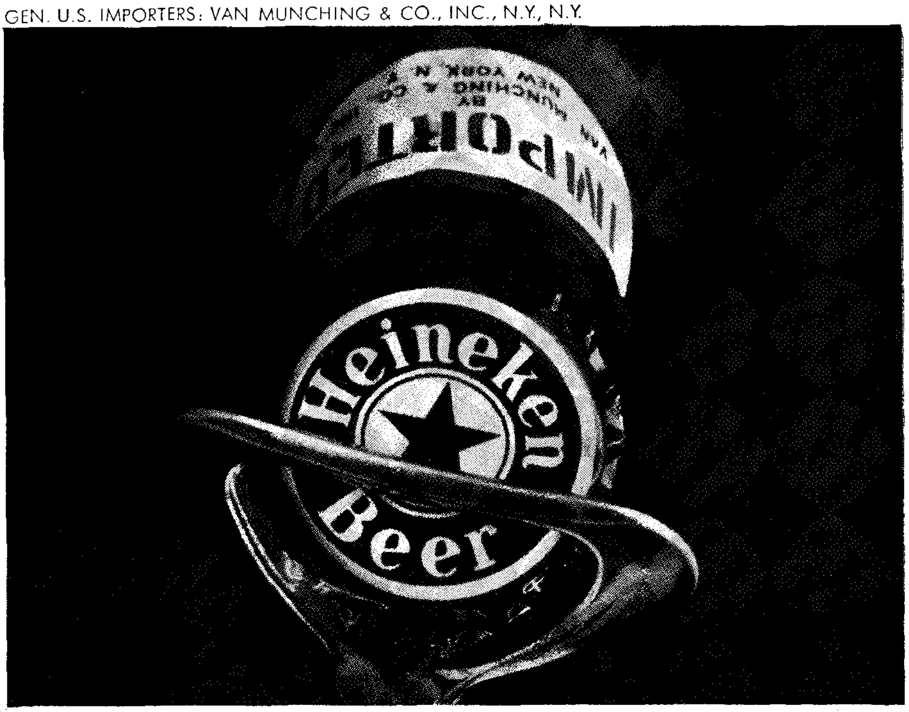

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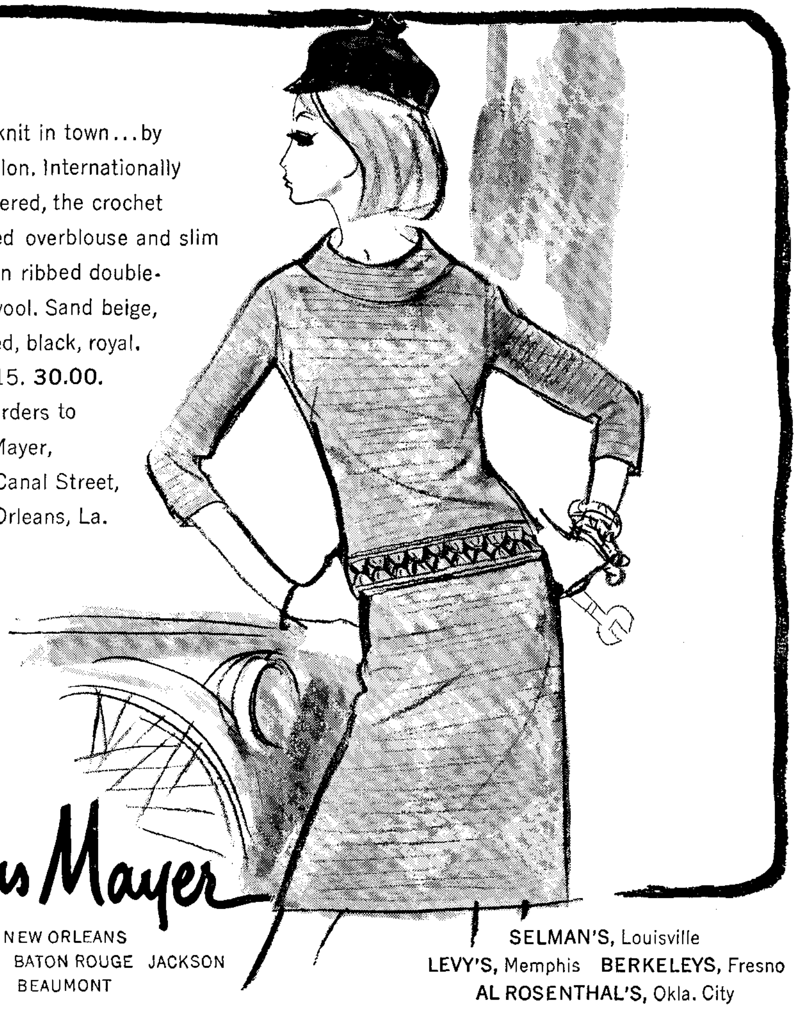

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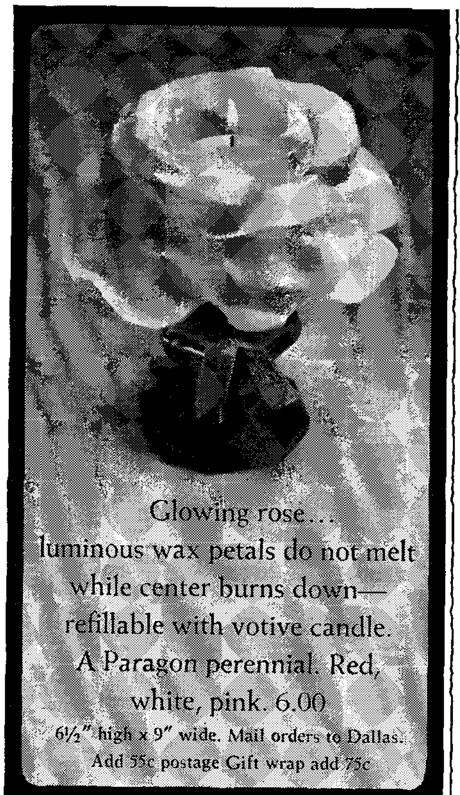
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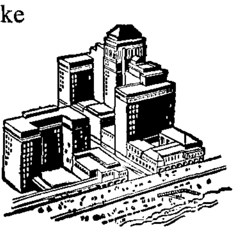

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Second World War, approximately eighty per cent of the country's income was derived from agriculture, and twenty per cent from industry. The proportion is now reversed. In 1948, there were three factories in Liechtenstein; today there are twenty-three. The local industrial revolution got under way with the establishment, in 1946, of Contina, Ltd., a company set up to manufacture what is advertised as the world's smallest calculating machine. It is called the Curta, and was conceived by an Austrian engineer while he was confined in a Nazi concentration camp during the Second World War. After his release, he built a pilot model and, through friends in Liechtenstein, demonstrated it to the Ruling Prince, who agreed to finance its commercial production. The Curta weighs eight ounces, is the size and shape of a small pepper mill, and can perform addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, and the extraction of square root. It caught on immediately, and has so far been bought by engineers, scientists, surveyors, and other professional people and agencies in a hundred and thirty countries. Among the purchasers in the United States have been the Air Materiel Command of the Air Force; Thomas J. Watson, Jr., board chairman of I.B.M.; and Floyd Odlum, former president of the Atlas Corporation. In 1954, Contina branched out into the optical-manufacturing business—movie cameras, range finders, lens fittings—and this now accounts for about half of its total output. At the invitation of the company's sales manager, Baron A. F. de Gerliczy, who belongs to the local nobility, I paid a visit to the factory the other day. Baron de Gerliczy, like all of the other industrialists I have met here, could have been cast in the movie "The Third Man." Equipped with thick spectacles and a guttural accent, he has a tendency to punctuate his remarks with a tight little smile, and wears a constant air of suspicion. On the way to the factory, which is about a mile and a half from the Austrian border, I remarked on the atmosphere of secrecy that pervades the local industrial community. "Business in Liechtenstein has always had a very impersonal, if not exactly secretive, character," the Baron said. "As an example, most companies sign letters with just the name of the firm. We are only now beginning to sign personal names on business letters." Hoping to take advantage of the thaw in business attitudes, I asked the Baron about his company's production and ownership. He smiling-

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ly declined to divulge details, although he said that the output of calculators had now reached the neighborhood of ten thousand units a year. "The Ruling Prince is vice-president of the company," he added, "and it is said that in the main the shares are divided among the Ruling Family."

The Baron gave me an admirably thorough tour of the Contina factory, which has some three hundred employees and in every respect looked to me like a dandy little factory. On the way back to town, the Baron said that on a per-capita basis Liechtenstein was now probably the most extensively industrialized country in Europe. The economic transformation has created problems, such as a sharp rise in the cost of living and a labor shortage so acute that at present fifteen per cent of the country's industrial workers are foreigners, the majority of them Austrians, some two thousand of whom commute across the border daily. "But industrialization was the only solution to our economy," he said. "Before, there had been no chance for young people. You can't divide the land up eternally. In the last ten years, a great number of young people have settled down here. As a result, we've had a tremendous increase in population—at least five thousand." Industrialization has also brought about the enactment of a wide range of social legislation, such as social security, hospitalization insurance, and old-age pensions. There is a so-called Chamber of Workers, but its activities are hardly in the militant trade-union tradition. "The workers and the employers consult each other, and they all try to be reasonable," the Baron said. "As for strikes, there have been none since 1932. Vacations are being extended, and the working week is being reduced. We also now have the equivalent of your coffee break. A boy goes around in the factory with a tray of sausages and other things."

Of the twenty-two other industrial plants in Liechtenstein, nearly all of which are small enterprises making products that require high precision, the only one that I could not force myself to stay away from was the Ivoclar-Vivadent Company, manufacturers of false teeth. The president of this concern is Dr. Adolf Schneider, who told me that he had come to Liechtenstein in 1948. From his appearance, I had assumed that he was a native, and I mentioned this. "*Nein*," he said, with an indulgent smile. "I am German. I was an engineer in Berlin, working for the last remaining factory making air-

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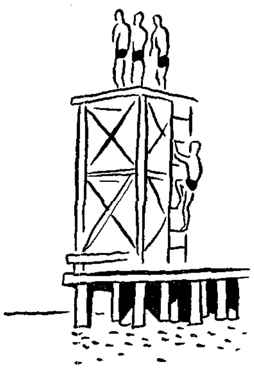
planes. The Russians came, and I had to get out. I had created some new processes, and they were looking for me. I left Berlin on a bicycle, taking only what I could carry. An old friend told me about this factory. It was originally founded in 1922. In 1948, it had gone almost bankrupt, so I took it over. It was a hobby for me to show the Liechtenstein people how to create a worldwide business." And so he has. In addition to the main plant, he now has branch factories in Germany and in France, and he is planning to expand elsewhere. He prints his advertising material and conducts his correspondence in seven languages. His Liechtenstein factory has four hundred employees, about eighty-five per cent of them women who live in Austria. "We send buses into the mountains to fetch them in the morning and take them back at night," Dr. Schneider said. "Now we will tour the factory. First, I put on my coat. I think we are the biggest factory of this kind in Europe. Here we are producing about seventy-five thousand teeth a day. They come in twenty different sizes and sixteen different shades. Then we have also the porcelain teeth. About fifty per cent of our output are of that kind. They come in eighty different shades. In our stockroom we have about two and a half million separate teeth. To make a single porcelain tooth requires one hundred and forty-one separate operations. It is too costly. There is a fifty-per-cent markup to the dealer. The dentist charges ten times that much." Dr. Schneider had already told me more than I wanted to know, and he hadn't even got his coat on.



In addition to the business concerns that one can actually see here, there are hundreds that are all but invisible. The only public evidence of their existence is the enamelled or bronze plaques attached to the entrances of office buildings and bearing arcane names, such as "Corporation for Industrial Trade Organization," "Marlo International, Ltd.," and "Commercial Centre Establishment." These are among the host of foreign corporations that have registered here to take advantage of Liechtenstein's sensationally attractive tax laws, which have made this country one of the world's leading tax havens. To incorporate in Liechtenstein, a foreign firm hires a local lawyer as its representative. He negotiates a thirty-year contract with the Registry and Tax Office that requires the corporation to pay an annual tax of the equivalent of one hundred dollars plus one-tenth of one per cent of its capitalization. That is all there is to it. Operating through the dummy company, the foreign corporation can funnel its profits and dividends into it and thus avoid paying anything but the local token tax on these funds if they are reinvested abroad or until they are transferred to the corporation's home country. A Liechtenstein corporation offers an opportunity for other maneuvers that are considerably more sophisticated. All of them, naturally, can be conducted in splendid secrecy. How many foreign corporations are actually registered in Liechtenstein has always been something of a mystery. Since I had heard the number estimated at anywhere from two thousand to five thousand, I decided to get an expert opinion, and accordingly arranged a meeting with a leading Liechtenstein lawyer named Dr. Bruno B. Güggi. When I put the question, Dr. Güggi peered at me for some time through his extra-thick spectacles. "That answer I cannot give, because it is not by me known," he said, at length. "The only one who knows is the Chief of the Registry and Tax Office, and for him to speak of such things is by law forbidden." I left the matter there.

Liechtenstein also has an indulgent attitude toward the personal income tax, though in recent times this has risen to a level that the older residents consider ruinous. Ten years ago, the average personal-income-tax rate was three per cent, and the highest was nine. In those days, Liechtensteiners used to say, "If the income tax ever goes to ten per cent, there will be revolution." Revolution hasn't broken out yet, though the personal-income-tax rate now goes as high as eighteen per cent. Today, an average worker's income tax varies, depending on his marital status and the number of his children, between five and ten per cent; a person with an annual income of twenty-five thousand dollars pays twelve and a half per cent. Old-timers also bemoan the passing of a favorite Liechtenstein fiduciary novelty called the tax agreement. This permitted a person or a corporation to make a contract with the tax authorities, lasting for a period of years or for life, that provided for the annual payment of a fixed sum in taxes, the sum remaining constant regardless

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of fluctuations in the taxpayer's income. "This often worked out to be a very interesting arrangement, especially if things went well for the taxpayer," a ranking government official named Walter Kranz told me during a discussion of the country's finances. "However, since 1963 it is no longer possible to enter into tax agreements. Of course, those already in force remain valid."

Among the fortunate Liechtensteiners who concluded a lifetime tax agreement before the bonanza was outlawed is Baron von Falz-Fein, who explained its advantages to me. "It is good to have an agreement with the tax bureau, because I not want to be bothered," he said. "I not want an accountant who is the whole time in my shop and put down what I make and my expenses. So I say to the tax bureau, 'I give you so much a year.' So I do, and am finished."

The main reason for Liechtenstein's low tax rates is that the country has no military expenditures. "Otherwise, our tax rates would be as high as in many cantons of Switzerland," Mr. Kranz told me. "We had an Army once. Its total strength was eighty men, but it was disbanded in 1868. Our last soldier died in 1939. He was ninety-five." The Army was replaced by a police force, which until 1920 consisted of two men; one was assigned to the north, the other to the south. Since then, the force has gradually been increased until it now consists of eighteen men and a German police dog named Rex. The expansion was made necessary by an increase in traffic, not in crime. There is so little crime in Liechtenstein that nobody keeps figures on it. The most recent murder, I learned, occurred twelve years ago, when a postman, delivering mail at a residence in Vaduz, was shot and killed by the householder, who then turned the gun on himself and committed suicide. The reason for the double slaying remains a mystery. Lately, there has been a certain amount of petty thievery, which the natives blame on the influx of foreign labor, but it is hardly enough to cause alarm. Liechtenstein has one jail, which is in Vaduz. The last time it was occupied, I was told, was about five months ago, when, as far as the chief of police could recall offhand, a man served a day or so for stealing something like fifty francs.

Bureaucracy is also on the increase here. Five years ago, there were eighty-two people, excluding teachers, on the government payroll. Now there are a hundred. Furthermore, the salaries of

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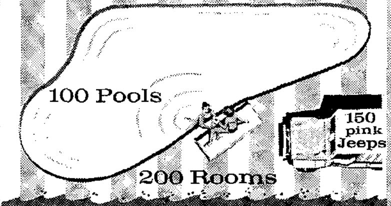

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government employees have climbed, as have other federal expenses. The Prime Minister, whose salary tops the list, is now paid the equivalent of ten thousand dollars a year (his predecessor received half that sum upon taking office, in 1945), while the four other senior state officials receive slightly less than seven thousand. Even so, the annual cost of running the government is less than a quarter of a million dollars. The country has a balanced budget, and there is practically no public debt. Last year, after totting up income ($5,800,000) and outgo ($5,500,000), the government was able to put three hundred thousand dollars into the country's reserve fund. One reason that Liechtenstein is generally able to wind up the year by putting money in the bank is its humming postage-stamp industry. In merging its postal system with Switzerland's, Liechtenstein shrewdly reserved the right to print its own stamps, and now in a normal year puts out three or four special issues. These are collected by philatelists the world over, and account for about ten per cent of Liechtenstein's annual income.

Many foreigners, impressed by Liechtenstein's tax and scenic attractions, have looked into the possibility of settling here and acquiring citizenship. Very few have got beyond the looking stage. Their interest is usually cooled upon learning the requirements, the first of which obliges a candidate for citizenship to live in the country for five consecutive years. After that, he can make a formal application, taking up the matter first with the officials of the community in which he has spent his probationary residence. Among other things that he must furnish is proof that he has a robust bank account and will never be a charge on the government. He must also supply a declaration of "moral worth," including a profession of religious faith. (Ninety-seven per cent of the population is Roman Catholic.) Once this paperwork has been satisfactorily completed, the citizens of the community in which the candidate has been living are invited to an assembly at which they vote to grant or to withhold citizenship. A majority vote decides. If the candidate clears this hurdle, his application must then be approved by the Parliament, the Ruling Prince, and the government of Switzerland. (Since the Swiss handle Liechtenstein's foreign affairs, they are given a say in deciding whom they may have to represent.) Next, if the applicant is still in the running, he must make a cash payment to the community that has

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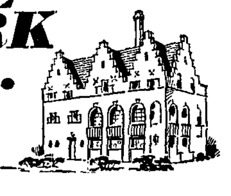

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accepted him. The amount is determined by the local officials, and has ranged from five hundred francs, which could be considered in the nature of a symbolic fee, to twenty-five thousand francs, which could be considered in the nature of money. Finally, he must make a payment to the state; this sum is always set at half that given to the community. In the past fifty years, not altogether surprisingly, Liechtenstein has conferred citizenship on no more than a dozen foreigners. None of them have been American. In the opinion of Baron von Falz-Fein, this is all for the best. "An American would never be happy living here," he told me. "To visit—oh, yes. To live—I'm sorry, no. You see, an American can never be in the mood of a Liechtensteiner." I got to thinking about this the other morning when the cows came down the main street. I decided that the Baron is probably right.

—JOHN BAINBRIDGE

•

THE WAVE AND THE DUNE

The wave-shaped dune is still.
Its curve does not break,
though it looks as if it will,

like the head of the dune-
shaped wave advancing,
its ridge strewn

with white shards flaking.
A sand-faced image of the wave
is always in the making.

Opposite the sea's rough glass
cove, the sand's smooth-whittled cave,
under the brow of grass,

is sunny and still. Rushing
to place its replica
on the shore, the sea is pushing

sketches of itself
incessantly into the foreground.
All the models smash upon the shelf,

but grain by grain the creeping sand
reërects their profiles
and makes them stand.

—MAY SWENSON

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THE RACE TRACK

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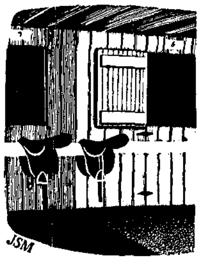
IT is sometimes said by people in the horse business that there are few rich and important races exclusively for fillies and mares. This is not strictly true. The ratio is about one to four. Two of this season's prizes for the sex were run off last weekend—the Sorority Stakes, for two-year-olds, at Monmouth Park, and the Delaware Handicap, for three-year-olds and upward, at Delaware Park. The result of neither was unexpected. Native Street coasted home by six lengths in the Sorority, and Steeple Jill, a strong second choice in the betting, scored in the Delaware by four and a half. When Native Street won the Astoria at Aqueduct last month, it was clear that this gray daughter of Native Dancer might be something extra. In the Sorority, she was closest to Storm Brewing, who set the pace for half a mile in the double-quick time of 0:45, and she finished the six furlongs under a tight rein in 1:10⅖. It was her third victory in three starts and she earned $74,448. Les Lear, the old football pro, who trains her for Abraham Savin, says her next start will be in the Spinaway at Saratoga on August 25th. Another filly worth remembering is Shimmering Gold, who finished second, seven lengths ahead of Lovely Gypsy, after leaving the gate thirteenth of the fifteen runners. She's also by Native Dancer, but her coat isn't gray; it's a dark bay. Steeple Jill, who has been in action since Hialeah last winter, and who gave weight to everything in the Delaware except Miss Cavandish, came through in fine style. Smartly handled by Ruane, she started her run on the turn for home and went on to win comfortably from Ho Ho. Miss Cavandish, second in the Delaware a year ago, was third, three-quarters of a length behind. Steeple Jill's share of the purse added $80,122 to the earnings of George D. Widener's stable.



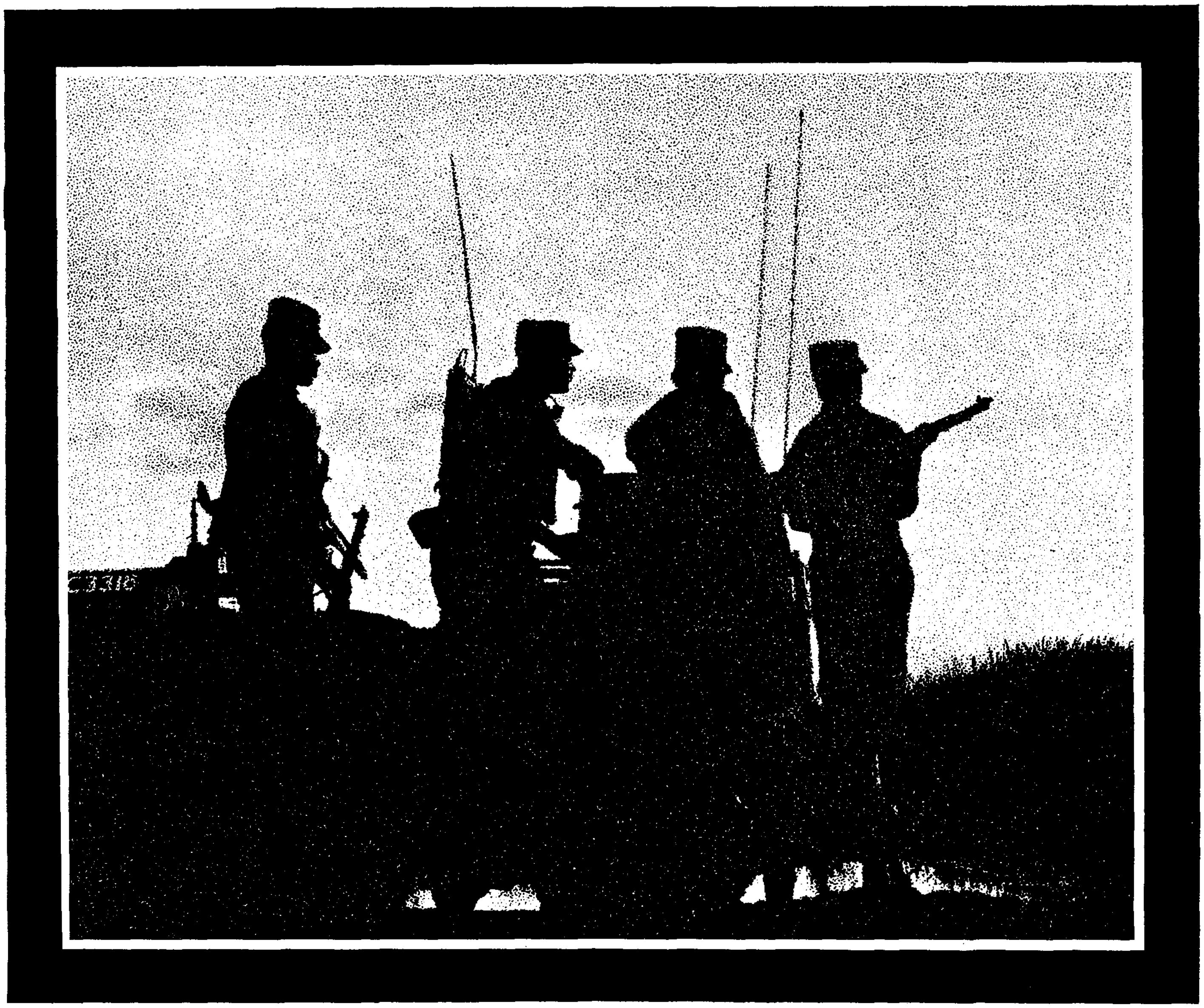
ONE hundred and twenty days at Aqueduct—and what a stretch *that* was!—came to an end last Saturday. So some of us who haven't missed an afternoon at the Big A since it opened on March 15th may be relaxing, but may I remind everybody that idleness has ruined more horseplayers than odds-on favorites? The main event on closing day was the Tidal Handicap, at a mile and a furlong over the turf course, and not only was it exciting but it also managed to confirm the old saying that weight is a great leveller. Or et Argent (115 pounds), who came through the pack in the last furlong like all possessed, won in a photo finish from Purser (112 pounds), with Turbo Jet II (130 pounds) third.

TRAVELLERS returning from the yearling sales at Lexington, Kentucky, last week say they had never in their born days heard such high bidding. And during the four sessions at Keeneland last week two hundred and eighty-two colts and fillies were auctioned off for the unparalleled total of $5,068,300. John M. Olin, the industrialist, paid the top price of the vendue—$140,000 for a bay filly by Turn-to out of Cosmah, and thus a half sister to Tosmah, who was voted the best of her age and sex last year and the year before. Mr. Olin also paid $125,000 for a bay colt by Ridan out of Airmans Guide, a yearling that horsemen say was just about the likeliest prospect in the sale. The trainer Ray Metcalf, acting as an agent, started the bidding on him at $80,000, went to $115,000, and then dropped out. This isn't the first time that Mr. Olin has taken the rubber band off his bankroll at Keeneland. In 1961, he gave $130,000 for a colt by Swaps out of Obedient whom he named Swapson and who has won only a few races, none of any importance. As I remember Swapson, he was a handsome individual. Perhaps his name weighed him down. (Last summer, Mr. Olin gave $75,000 for a colt by Swaps out of Cosmah and named him Father's Image; he hasn't done anything to speak of, either.) Or maybe the hex that seems to hound high-priced yearlings is on him. Speaking of which, the last time I looked over the records, One Bold Bid, the colt by Bold Ruler that Mrs. H. W. Morrison paid $170,000 for at Keeneland a year ago, hadn't so much as faced the starter. —AUDAX MINOR

●

Pleasant surprise too was the presence of pretty pilgrim, Nancy Oakes—now the wife of Britisher Patrick Tritton ("spell it will two t's, not like Neptune's fork!") —*Joseph X. Dever in the World-Telegram & Sun.*

Or old Trident's wreathed horn.



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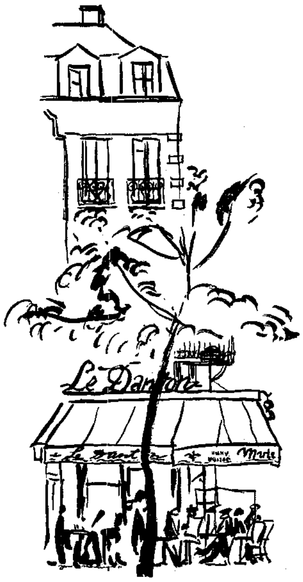
LETTER FROM PARIS

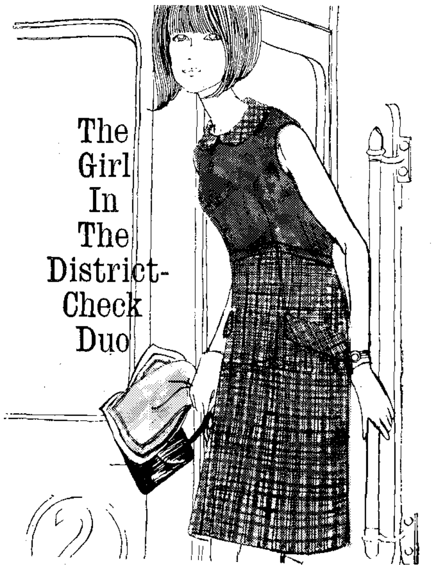
JULY 28

ADLAI STEVENSON was highly appreciated by the French as a phenomenon, as something very special, made in America and not mass-produced but unique—a pure United States mentality that was also sensitive and idealistic, a Midwestern apostle of unreconstructed liberalism, although the latter is a political philosophy that the English are more familiar with than the French, especially right now. As a candidate in the 1956 election, he was France's favorite by a wide margin over General Eisenhower. *Le Monde's* obituary spoke of him as "a man who played a great role in the history of the American political imagination without ever having been able to find his just place on the political scene." It added, "The tragedy of Dallas assured to John F. Kennedy a posthumous radiance that memories of Stevenson will doubtless never know. Yet Stevenson during his lifetime was no less an influence than the assassinated President—at least before his assassination. He was, indeed, even more—a sort of indestructible image of liberalism. Without doubt, Stevenson's integrity and intelligence were loftier than those of even the élite of American political personalities. American liberalism, which today enjoys popularity, lacking neither advocates nor spectacular converts, now no longer has a leading figure or even a mentor. To its last breath, it will be devoted to two representatives of the older generation—Mme. Eleanor Roosevelt and Adlai Stevenson himself. The first has been absent for some years, and the second had his hands tied by his post at the United Nations. Yet even while defending in Manhattan the most indefensible American interventions, he continued to incarnate a certain progressive conscience, a certain ideal, which developed, as it were, in his shadow, and even in his silences, before rewarding him with the funeral of a national hero."

It is strange that Paris, with its ever-fresh pride in its master political caricaturist Daumier, should today have no cartoonist with anything at all of Daumier's cruel critical art. It was the weekly *Express's* Polish-born caricaturist Tim who supplied Paris with its only graphic interpretation of Stevenson's death. In an almost exaggerated refinement of his hallucinatory linear style, he showed Stevenson as if at the moment of dying on one of London's sidewalks, his body tilting backward in pain, his hands clasped in supplication over his heart, his mouth agape in horror at the public menace just over his head—two falling bombs, one labelled "Vietnam," the other "Santo Domingo."



THE semi-official rumor that de Gaulle will at present neither affirm nor deny his December candidacy (deduced from the cancellation of his expected summer press conference, now put off until September, when surely he will have to say "Yes, I will run" or "No, I won't") has given his political enemies, which means all the parties of France except his own, a welcome respite—or so you might think—in which to catch their breath and pull their wits together to discover what candidates, if any, they can devise to run against the General. They have done nothing of the sort. They still seem to have no idea at all who their certain-to-lose martyr candidates are going to be. The only possible candidate of national dimensions who could also interest the intellectual young voters—very touchy and important here—would be the ill-starred, brilliant Mendès-France. Unfortunately, he is personally opposed to the principle of the Presidential-election system that de Gaulle has set up. As one commentator here has just remarked, "It would be highly illogical of him to say, 'Vote for me, so that if I am elected I can suppress the type of election that has put me in power.' " The total collapse last month of Gaston Defferre's impossibly intelligent pragmatic federation plan, which involved the three left-of-center parties—Socialists, Radicals, and the Mouvement Républicain Populaire—temporarily swept their cupboards bare of any surviving electoral material. At the last minute, the federation's surface quarrel was about sheer nomenclature—about whether it was to be called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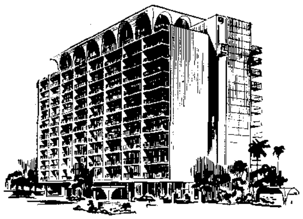

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La Fédération Démocrate Socialiste or La Fédération Socialiste des Démocrates, a bitter semantic squabble such as French leftist politicians are theoretically ready to die for, by killing their parties' chances of a unified success. But what actually wrecked the federation was the late-nineteenth-century reef of *la laïcité*—the lay conviction against permitting the modern French state to furnish any public-education funds to Catholic schools. This is a vital, permanent part of the bitter quarrel that accompanied the separation of Church and State at the turn of the century. As political Catholics, the M.R.P. refused to disavow its belief in such school help; as anticlericals, the Radicals backed the Socialists, who deliberately brought up *la question de la laïcité* in order to wreck the federation—or so Defferre himself said—since the trio had agreed on all other national political problems. The collapse of Defferre as a nationally known new leader and of his federating idea is regarded now in Paris as the inevitable catastrophe that awaited French leftist bigots, who, in their vociferous planned electoral fight against President de Gaulle, could not afford to risk losing one iota of their manpower or their political drive and now have lost it all.

These disputants have been invaluable, though, in demonstrating once more to themselves and to the world how de Gaulle came to power over France in the first place, and looks as though he would remain in it in the second, to the end of his strength. For he will win, hot or cold, in December—hot if he has the health to run, cold if his heir apparent, Premier Pompidou, runs in his place, or if, after de Gaulle's election to the seven-year Presidential term, Pompidou, by a referendum, becomes Vice-President, which will set up the machinery for the de Gaulle succession and dynasty for surely the last time, to end in 1972. (De Gaulle, if he runs this December, will probably lose the 7th, 16th, and 17th Paris *arrondissements*, the strongholds of the rich, the remnants of the aristocracy, and the big French industrialists, who will vote en bloc against him and for the extreme right—for Jean-Louis Tixier-Vignancour, an intelligent, theatrical lawyer with wiliness, brains, and a deep bass voice.) However, the only aid being given to de Gaulle's dauphin at present is that of Arthème Fayard, the publisher, insofar as he has just brought out a book that is very easy to read during the vacation sloth, or even to skip through, and is surely bound to

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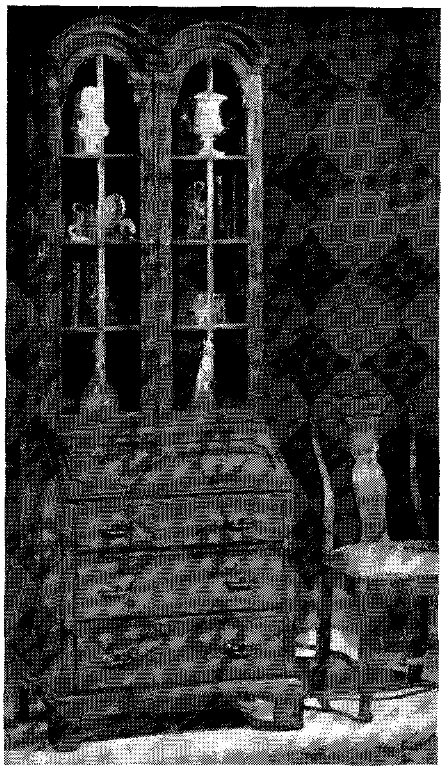

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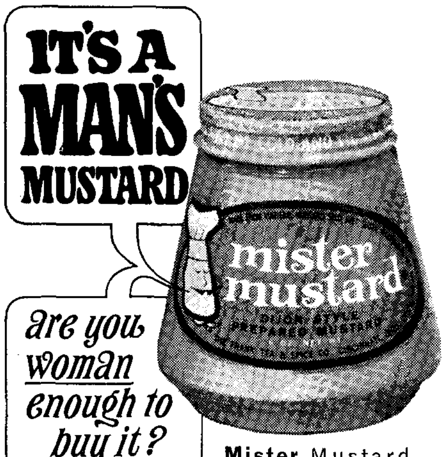

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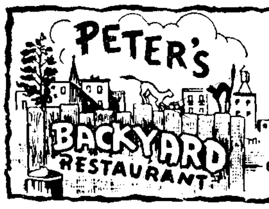

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be some kind of best-seller. Titled "Le Destin Secret de Georges Pompidou," it is by the popular political writer Merry Bromberger and is the first Pompidou biography to be printed; its outside back cover disarmingly and shrewdly states that at first glance the Pompidou career resembles "*un conte de fées*"—a fairy story. It goes on, "Head of his class on leaving the Normale Supérieure, he did not tarry long in the teaching ranks, and after the Liberation he entered de Gaulle's Cabinet. He next became a Conseiller d'État without ever having been a jurist. Later, he became a bank director [for the Rothschilds] without having had any special banking training. In today's technological epoch, this man of cultivated tastes, as interested in art as a Florentine, cuts a superior figure, despite his peasant ancestry. His life was made up of surprises until the day in 1962 when he became a Premier without ever having even been a Deputy. Whatever he has already accomplished, his future will contain more than his past." His future could contain only one important thing more, though this thing would surprise no one, except that, for once, he is being carefully trained for it—his eventual residence in the Palais de l'Élysée.

THE summer art season, always full of last-minute competitions and harebrained publicity schemes to float artists and sales, has ended in a more than minor scandal, exceptional even in Paris painting annals. The old semi-official art-trade weekly *Arts*, lately more and more directed toward art lovers and art readers as well, recently brought out its thousand-and-eleventh number as a special midsummer fortnightly featuring what it announced as a "List of the Ten Greatest Artists Discovered Over the Last Twenty Years," chosen for it in a poll by "one hundred personalities of the Paris art world." Though it sounded a little like a three-legged race, many of us took the trouble to read the list of laureates, all specified to be under the age of fifty, who were presumably rated according to the number of votes the art personalities had allotted them. The winner turned out to be the American Pop artist Robert Rauschenberg, who was followed by Tinguely, Soulages, Mathieu, the late Yves Klein, Hundertwasser, Buffet, Guiramand, Arnal, and the scrap-metal sculptor César. It was a list that with three or four exceptions might have been a more or less accurate—or, at any rate, informative—summary of the important discoveries, granted that the hundred personalities had really

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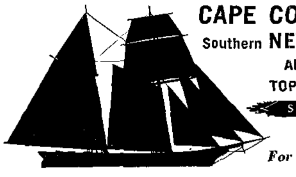

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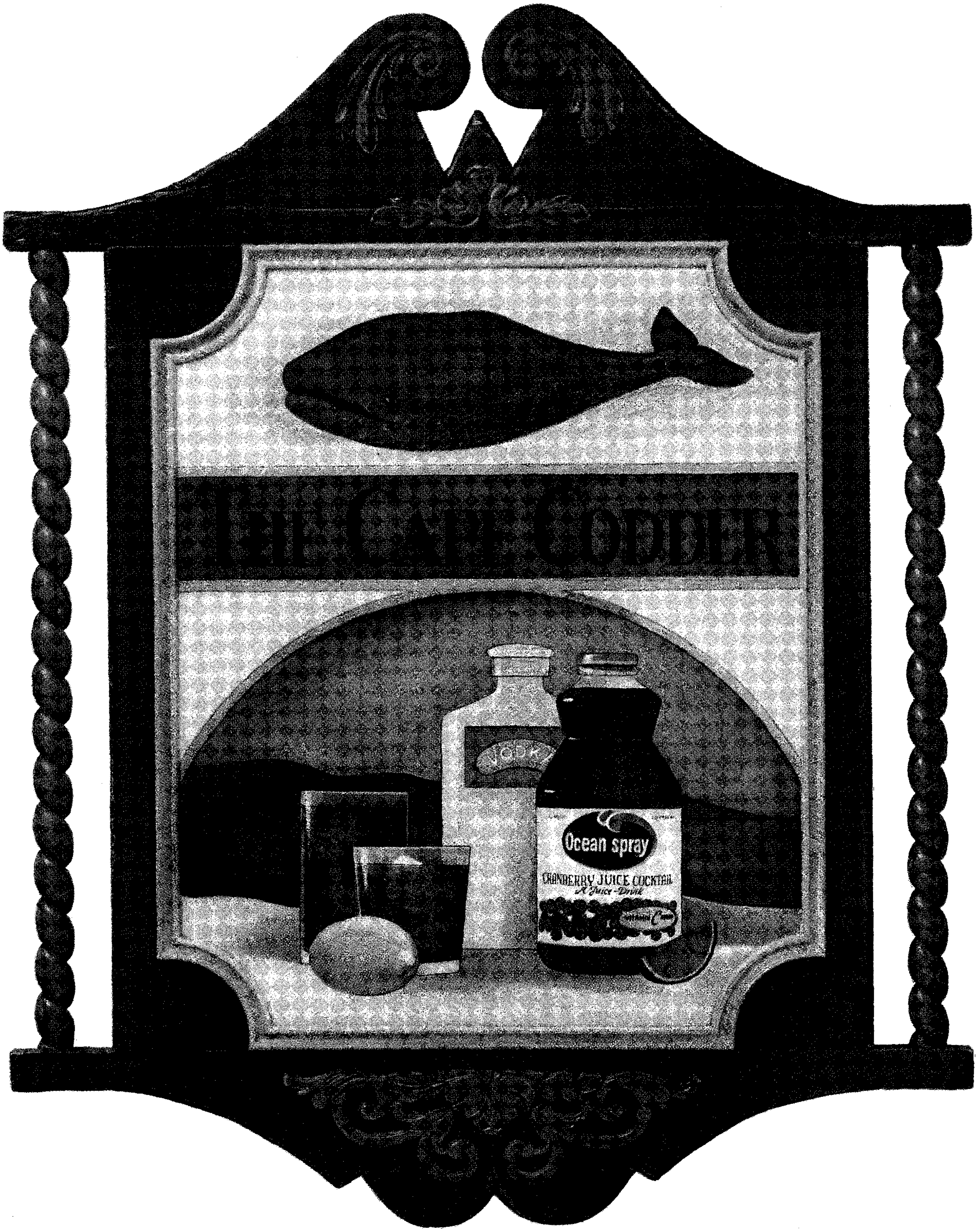
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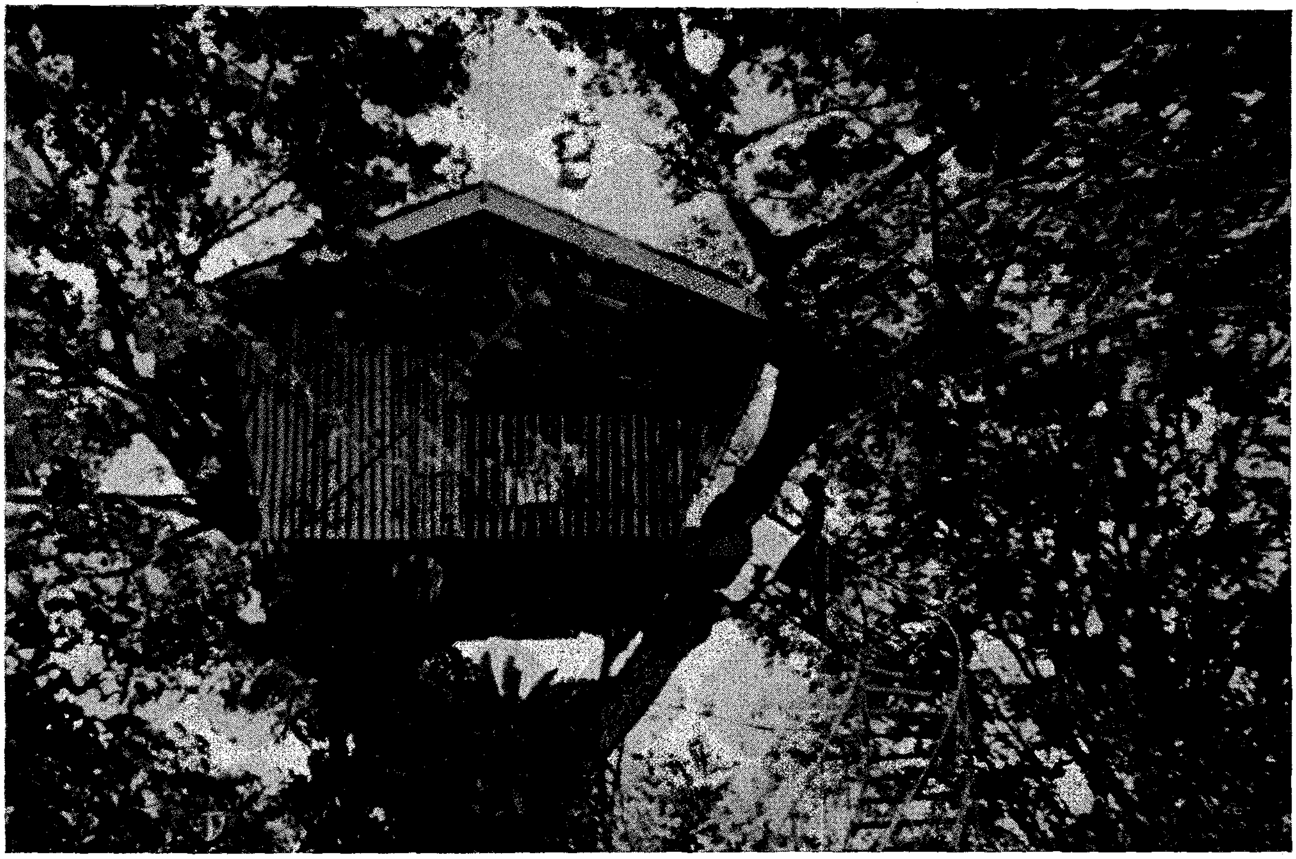

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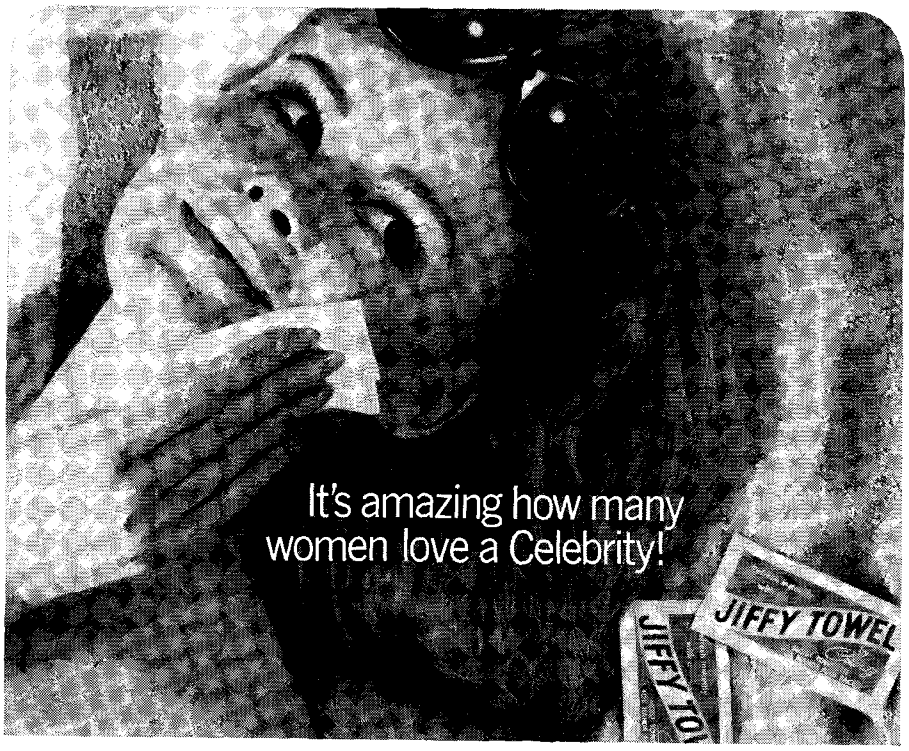
done the choosing. The personalities who were listed by *Arts* along with the winners in this special summer number included national authorities like Germain Bazin, director of painting in the Louvre; Georges Salles, honorary director of Les Musées de France; Maître Maurice Rheims, master art auctioneer of Paris; such collectors as Baronne Alix de Rothschild, Baron Élie de Rothschild, Mme. Marie Cuttoli, Peggy Guggenheim, and Georges Besson; art critics like Georges Duthuit (Matisse's son-in-law), veteran Christian Zervos, of the *Cahiers d'Art*, and young Pierre Schneider, of *Arts'* own staff; and intellectuals and writers like Claude Roy, François Nourissier, Philippe Jullian, and the musician Henri Sauguet—in all, a wonderful, glimmering roster. With *Arts'* publication of the list of notable names, the fat was immediately in the fire. Twenty of them, including both de Rothschilds, old Besson, critic Schneider, and that long-experienced woman art expert, Mme. Marie Cuttoli, signed a round robin of protest, which, in the ticklish circumstances, *Arts* felt forced to print. This protest declared that the undersigned desired *Arts'* readers to know that they had indeed received a mimeographed invitation to take part in "this operation," to which they had returned no answer at all, and that for *Arts* to have "implicated" them in the "supposed jury" constituted "a deliberate attack on the elementary principles governing accurate information." One collector's widow privately protested to *Arts* that even though her husband was already in his grave when the poll was organized, his name appeared on the list as a voter. Mme. Cuttoli, whom *Arts* had cited with a special personal choice of ten painters, published over her name, promptly started a lawsuit. Peggy Guggenheim is yet to be heard from; the list of painters credited to her by *Arts* consisted of Alan Davie, Sam Fran-



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cis, Pol Bury, Tinguely, Bomodoro, Francis Bacon, Sobrino, Alberto Burri, Riopelle, and Claire Falkenstein. André Breton was credited with an exotic, very personal list of ten, whom, with one exception, the rest of us had hardly heard of. It began with Alechinsky, then included Baj, Jean Benoit, Camacho, Degottex, Gironella, Klapeck, Rauschenberg, Swanberg, and Télémaque.

The daftest contribution to the whole affair was *Arts*' addled answer to the round-robin protest, which its editor preceded by stating, as if righteously, "It seemed of interest to us to publish the list of art notables we had chosen to take part in the poll," and adding, "The reaction of some who explicitly wrote refusals to us"—and prudently sent them by a *huissier*, or bailiff, to show they would stand for no nonsense—"surprised us all the more, since abstentionists [which in France simply means citizens who fail to vote in elections], who are part of the electoral body, have so far never called on the law to protect their indifference or guarantee their refusal to take part."

A French law to protect the right to be indifferent to many phases of contemporary art and the extremes used to mask it may be just what Paris art circles now need.

THE summer weather here so far has been villainous—chill, wet, and freakish, with one rare day in July headlined as the coldest known since the year 1893. —GENÊT

•

The action is rapid to the point of becoming farcial on occasion, but the wit level of question-and-answer has a two-day freshness that prevents confusion while avoiding degeneration into sour milk.—*Archer Winsten in the Post.*

So there's nothing to lose.

•

The Assembly-approved Unruh-Burns resolution calling for an 18-inch $150,000 joint legislative probe of higher education is in trouble with the Senate.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Well, it isn't much for that kind of money.

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DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Toronto Globe & Mail*]

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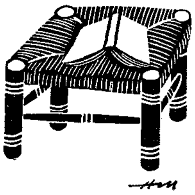
BOOKS

Hasty Puddings



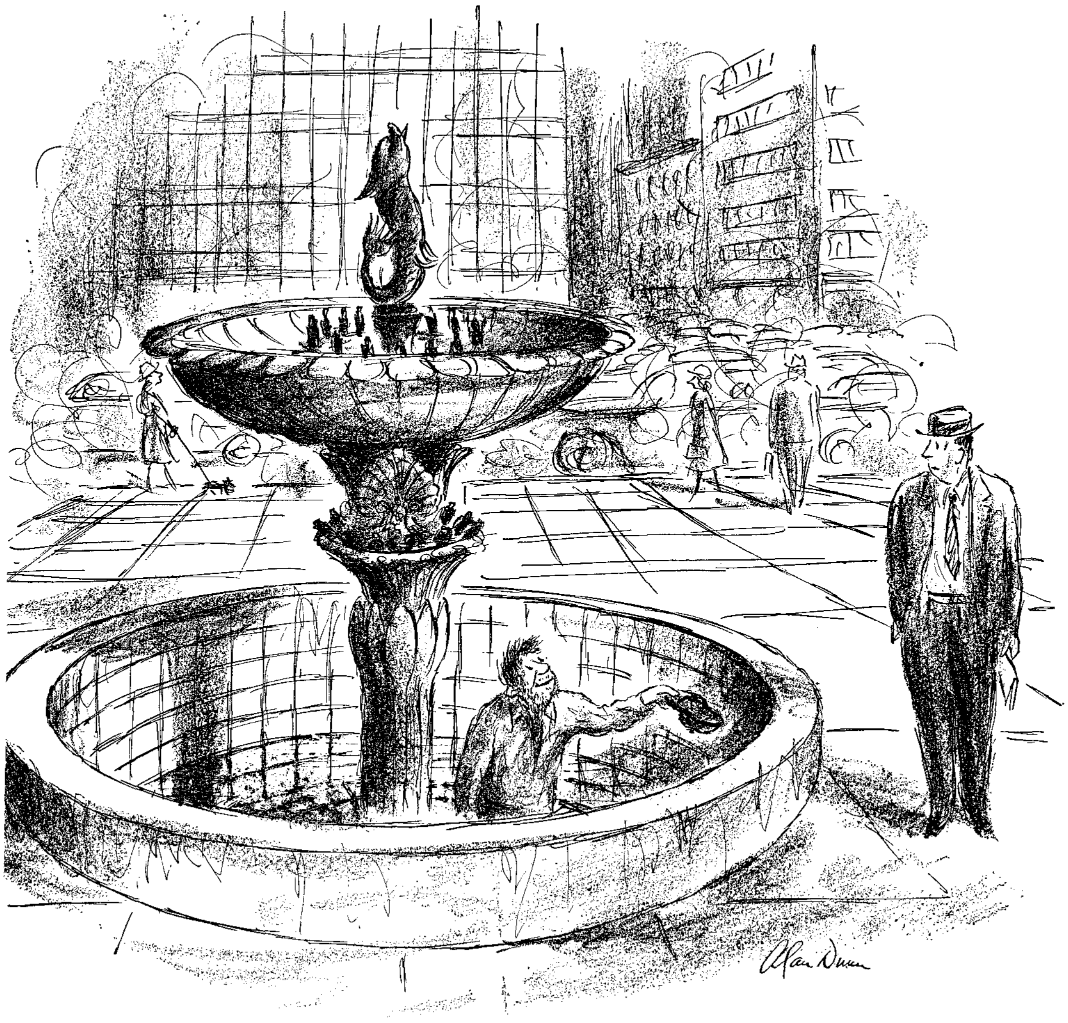
FOUR recent novels deal, as seriously as the authors are able, with international events, present or possible, and they agree—though they arrive at their unanimity by different routes—that the outlook for the United States and for the world is murky.

Peter George, in "Commander-1" (Delacorte), begins by imagining that a dastardly Red Chinese scheme to bomb Russia and the United States gets out of hand and causes a worldwide nuclear-and-germ war that kills most human beings and renders most of the earth uninhabitable. Then he imagines an ensuing counter-Utopia—a few chemically brainwashed survivors accept the autocratic rule of one of the United States Navy's least able submarine commanders, who happens to control the devices that will insure survival. Mr. George's main Chinese plotter reminds one of Sax Rohmer's Fu Manchu, his naval officer recalls Herman Wouk's Captain Queeg, and his brave new post-nuclear world owes something to Aldous Huxley. And he is in debt to every old-fashioned melodrama for the idea of killing a child before your eyes to show how sad things can get. This novel is a collage of other men's bad dreams, plus morbid connective matter supplied by the arranger.

Anthony Gray, the pseudonymous author of "The Penetrators" (Putnam), imagines that an expertly piloted force of heavy bombers could get through all the United States' warning and air-defense systems. His novel is really a tract in favor of the manned bomber. It raises a few interesting notions—oh, that fighting men are more valuable than military technicians—but then drops them in favor of the plot, which requires a fighting man to behave like an idiot. Gray is not anywhere nearly as dire as George, who has his readers dead by next Christmas. Gray's bombers are British, and they do not drop any bombs; they are merely an effort to show the United States that it is vulnerable. (The results are a confusing mess.) But should the United States replace men with missiles, the Soviet Union, Gray's fantasy tells us, will win the Third World War.

Clifford Irving, the author of "The Thirty-eighth Floor" (McGraw-Hill), imagines that someone who fears the outbreak of world peace could outmaneuver the United Nations' security setup and assassinate an important figure—the Prime Minister of the Soviet Union or the Secretary-General of the United Nations. Mr. Irving's bad man is also a fanatical Chinese Red; among his good guys is the head of the New York City Mafia (a notion I rather like and that I regret Irving has not done more with), who tries to thwart the bad man.

David Kraslow and Robert Boyd, the authors of "A Certain Evil" (Little, Brown), do not rely on imagination so heavily; their literary cuisine is reconstituted news of the day (*cf.* reconstituted lemon juice) thickened with moralizing. They describe a rebellion, secretly supported by the United States government, that overthrows a Caribbean dictator who is a composite of Trujillo and Duvalier, in a country, Navidad, that is a composite of the Dominican Republic and Haiti. The authors also sacrifice to the Muse, not a baby but the next-best thing—an innocent American girl, a candy-box blonde with a college diploma.



These four books, I suppose, are designed to alarm us, or at least alert us to the dreadful realities of the world. But they neither alarm nor alert, because nothing their authors tell us seems real. Each novel offers an intrigue of exhausting complexity, the sort of thing that killed off the old-fashioned detective story—the murderer is the mild-mannered curate, unveiled as a member of a secret society of motorcyclists dedicated to the murder of car dealers in ways that cast suspicion on horsemen. It is true that governments, groups, and individuals do

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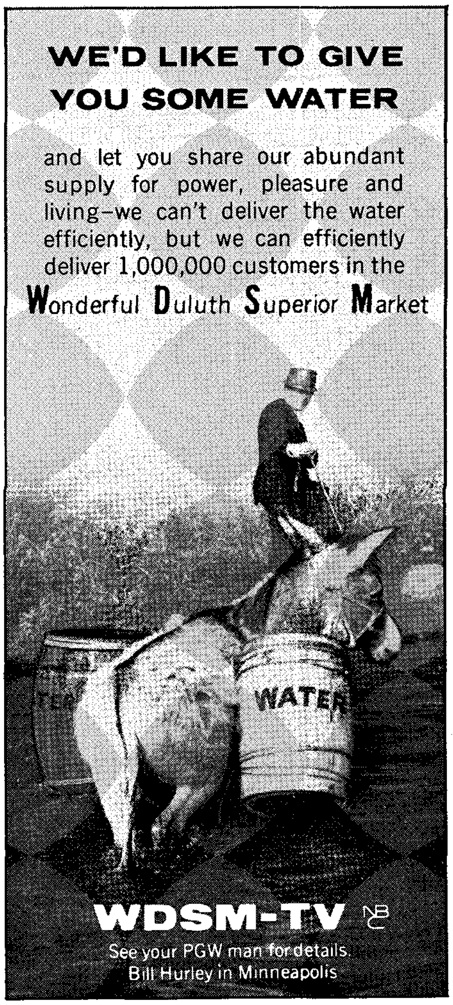
scheme, but I would guess that popular credulity about international plots outstrips the scheming. And it is true that many elaborate plots miscarry and that some that do succeed do not matter; the Germans did rescue Mussolini in 1943, but what of it? Perhaps one reason that covert activities, both ours and theirs, attract novelists and readers is that they look like opportunities for inexpensive victories—a little blood, maybe, but no sweat, toil, or tears. Well, now, even people who go on buying used cars do not expect bargains like these. So it is irritating to find novelists pretending that their inadequate devices could alter power balances or bring about war. Despite Mr. George, no trick has ever started a war; despite Mr. Gray, no trick has ever won one. An assassination (Mr. Irving) might radically change the course of world history, yet we need only recall that the conspirators who killed Caesar lest he subvert the Roman Republic merely gave Augustus room to make himself Emperor. The United States may (the Messrs. Kraslow and Boyd) be readjusting Latin-American governments by force and guile, but since most of these governments have frequently, without any outside help at all, been overthrown by force and guile during the past hundred and fifty years, it is possible that the authors are overrating the importance of North American interference. And Kraslow and Boyd are too obviously worried, for novelists, about ethics: "Ought the State Department and the C.I.A. to kid around inside Latin America? Ought the American press to lend itself to government-inspired leaks? Ought the President to threaten to expose the questionable business interests of a senator who is obstructing his foreign policy?" These moral questions disturb them, and they want us agonizingly to reappraise. Yet their novel doesn't compel any more decisive answer than "sometimes"—an ethically disappointing word.

Speaking of ethics, Kraslow and Boyd share with George, Gray, and Irving a number of ethical assumptions that are as dubious as their political ones. They all equate the ability to enjoy heterosexual relations—preferably within marriage, but at least within the bond of love—with goodness. Their heroes have achieved marriage-manual sexual adjustment, their villains (George's Commander Geraghty) or weaklings (Irving's Ambassador Collingwood) haven't. And yet a lot of the world's evil has been caused by happily married people, beginning with Adam and Eve—who, to be sure,



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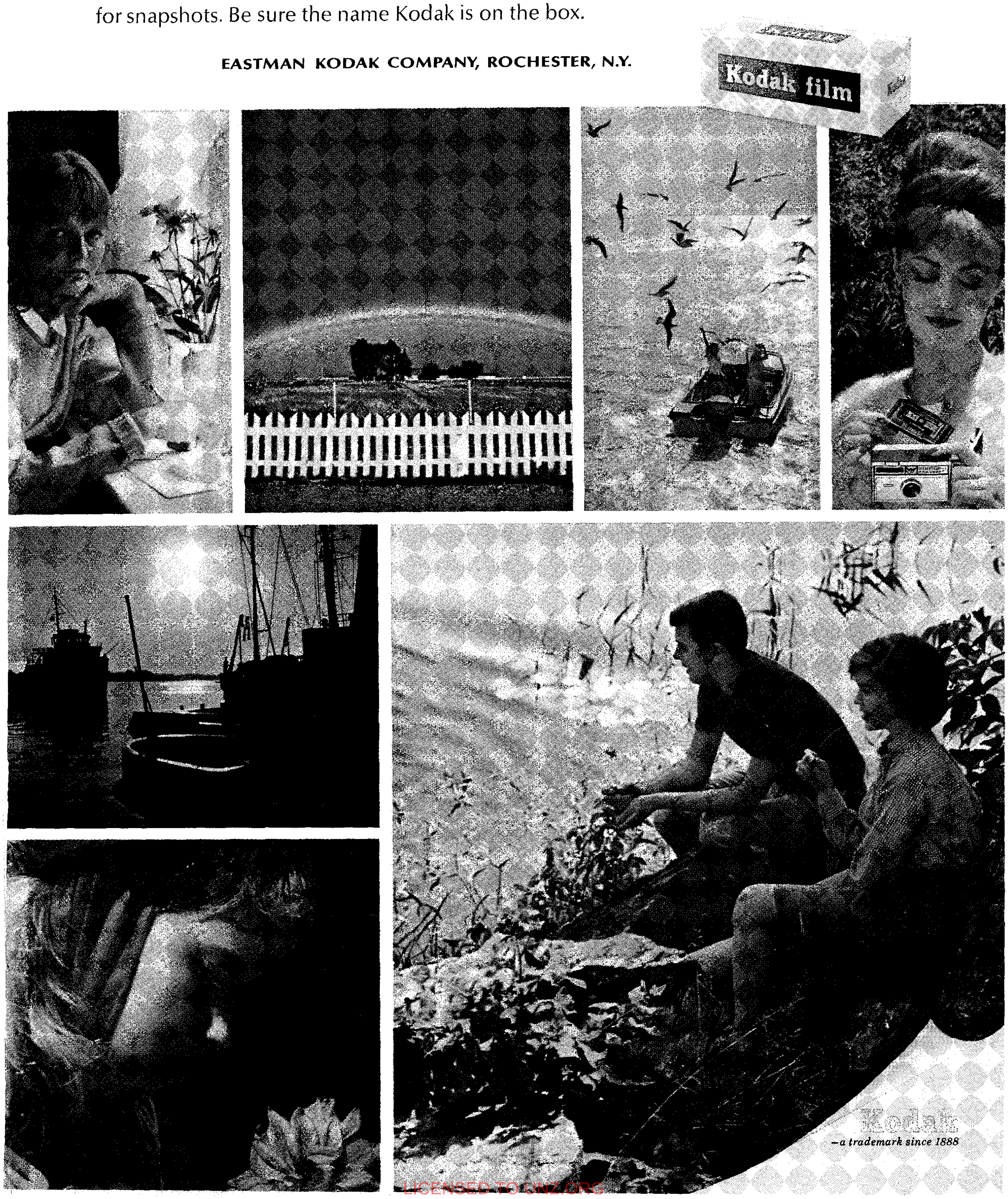

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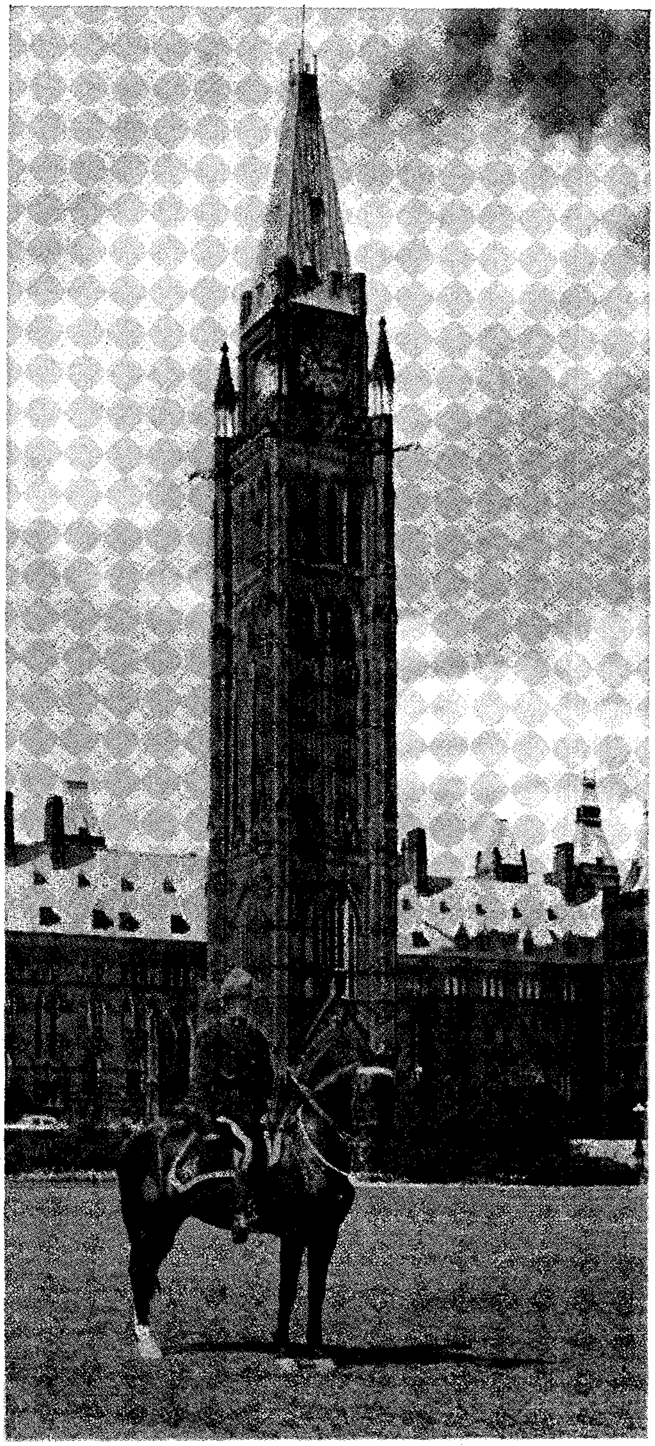

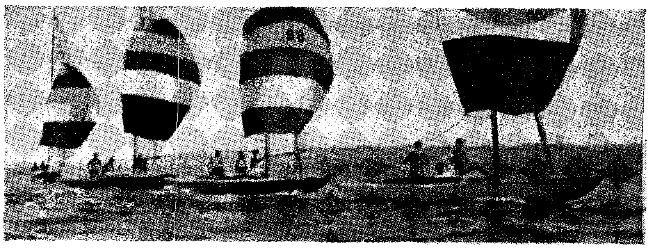

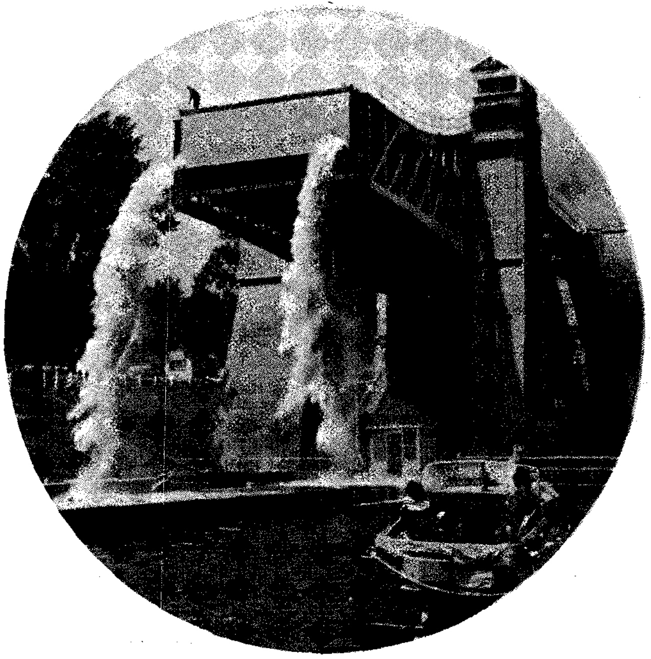

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would not have qualified in these authors' eyes as happy in Eden. The President of the United States is always good, too. He appears in all these novels except Mr. George's, executing policies that the authors consider unwise or risky—phasing out the manned bomber (Gray), opposing the admission of Communist China to the United Nations (Irving), fomenting rebellion in a despotic but technically friendly state (Kraslow and Boyd). Nonetheless, the novelists make the President intelligent and concerned only with the welfare of mankind. (If he is sexually maladjusted, they don't say so.) Parson Weems could do no better—or worse. And all the Negroes and Jews in these books are good. The goodness of minority-group members is a convention I am happy to accept, yet if Irving's hero, a Negro Secretary-General of the United Nations, were a Caucasian, I would think him too good to be true. The villains are too bad to be true: a Chinese Red will destroy the world; a Chinese Red will wreck the possibility of good will between his country and the rest of the world; when we have no manned bombers, the Russians will fill our sky with theirs; a reactionary dolt in the State Department not only lives beyond his means but hates Jews and blabs state secrets. The phrase for this excess is "emotional overkill." Human beings do find it hard to love their enemies, but it is not impossible to try to appraise them intelligently.

What is most dismaying about these novels (apart from their prose) is that each has approached but not quite reached a theme of considerable promise that could have been developed, for our enlightenment, by a hard-working, loving, disinterested imagination. Mr. George might have tried harder to imagine what a decaying remnant of a technological civilization would be like. And Mr. Gray, by better characterization and a more plausible plot, might have made us appreciate the personality of a warrior. Mr. Irving might have spent less effort on plots and more on imagining a few less obvious ways in which an eminent Negro is affected by being Negro. And surely what is most interesting about what happens in Latin America is what happens to Latin Americans. The dictator in Kraslow's and Boyd's book, a university liberal turned tyrant, is their most interesting invention, but we learn far more about the American characters than we do about him.

Inasmuch as I cannot praise the authors for writing the books they have written, I ought not to blame them for

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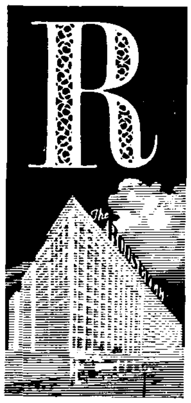

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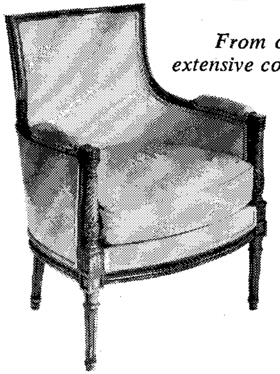

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not writing other ones, least of all those I've suggested. But I wouldn't mind if *some*body wrote them.

—Naomi Bliven

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

The Making of the President 1964, by Theodore H. White (Atheneum). Mr. White, an energetic writer who reported last year's Presidential elections, here reminds us how the story unfolded, from Kennedy's assassination to Johnson's victory. He does quite a good job of it, especially in telling of Goldwater's capture of the Republican nomination. (He calls it, with some license, a *coup d'état*.) If a number of these recent events seem slightly unfamiliar, that is part of Mr. White's technique. His method is a compound of diary-keeping, daily journalism, weekly journalism, editorial writing, and extrasensory perception. It is an entertaining mixture, and some of the microscopic details are priceless, but on the whole it is more White than history. There was really little grandeur about the campaign, and the intellectual confrontation between the middle and the right was something of a fizzle. Nevertheless, American politics needs a reporter with Mr. White's passion and enthusiasm, just as baseball needs concerned baseball writers. A Literary Guild selection.

War Within a War: The Confederacy Against Itself, by Carleton Beals (Chilton). Another withering look at the legend of Confederate gallantry, patriotism, and unity. Secession, the author tells us, was largely accomplished through hysteria whooped up by a slave-owning oligarchy, and among the eighty per cent or more of the people who owned no slaves this fateful excitement was very short-lived. He then goes on to document the evidence of disenchantment. Its first, and biggest, consequence was, of course, the secession of West Virginia from Virginia, but some of the others, taken together, loomed even larger. The secession of Texas was followed by the resignation of Governor Sam Houston. Eight Arkansas regiments went over to the Union Army, and even in the Deep South conscription could hardly keep pace with desertion: eleven thousand of seventy-eight thousand Mississippians in the Confederate Army deserted; General J. H. Clayton's command in

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southern Alabama and western Florida was so unreliable that it had to be broken up and the men distributed among other forces; and "Carl Schurz, who had a Federal command at Mission Rock, reported that in the morning before the battle the spaces between the headquarters tents were so jammed with deserters he could hardly get through." Desertion and subversion (by way of pro-Union secret societies such as the Peace Society, the Heroes of America, and the Royal Rangers) prompted President Davis to suspend *habeas corpus*, an act of tyranny that alienated the intellectual élite and created a climate in which, in 1863, Alabama elected six pro-Unionists to the Confederate Congress. A useful antidote to the mesmerizing effect of the battle-stained Stars and Bars and the opening chords of "Dixie."

THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE, 1453, by Steven Runciman (Cambridge). A short and exquisite depiction of the epochal moment in history that the contemporary Sienese humanist Piccolomini (later Pope Pius II) called "the second death of Homer and of Plato." Sir Steven is largely in agreement with this pronouncement. "The Byzantine Empire was already doomed," he points out. "Diminished, underpopulated and impoverished, it was bound to perish whenever the Turks chose to move in to make the kill." But, he adds, it was not dead: "The dwindling population of Constantinople on the eve of its fall contained many of the finest intellects of the time, belonging to men reared in a high cultured tradition that stretched back to ancient Greece and Rome." The Turkish victory ended the eminence of Greek civilization. "That Hellenism did not utterly perish is a tribute to the unquenchable vitality and courage of the Greek spirit." Sir Steven's account of the siege that toppled the great city is lucid, detailed, and fully documented; it is blessedly free of "It is possible"s and "It may be supposed"s and other such evasions. Illustrated with contemporary paintings and maps.

CHARLES DARWIN AND HIS WORLD, by Julian Huxley and H. B. D. Kettlewell (Viking). A picture-and-text appreciation, and, as might be expected of its authors—an eminent biologist whose grandfather was Darwin's first and most important champion, on the one hand, and a distinguished geneticist, on the other—a highly sophisticated one. The form

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is roughly chronological: boyhood (when Darwin formed his lifelong passion for collecting), school and university (where his "enlarged curiosity" was fortuitously directed toward science), the five years on the Beagle (during which he was inspired to sense that species are not immutable), the evolution of "The Origin of Species," its publication and eventual triumph, and the many succeeding works and seminal notions. The authors are careful to evaluate Darwin's ideas in the light of modern evolutionary thought. They are also interested in the puzzle of his transformation after the Beagle voyage from a man of vigorous health into a chronic invalid, and they offer a persuasive solution: a psychoneurosis of long standing, complicated by Chagas' disease, a chronic protozoal infection acquired in South America. The pictures—illustrative sketches by Darwin and others, photographs, cartoons, portraits, facsimile pages, diagrams, and maps—are nicely chosen and superbly pertinent.

THE LONELY EMPRESS: A BIOGRAPHY OF ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA, by Joan Haslip (World). The wife of the Austro-Hungarian Emperor Francis Joseph was probably the most beautiful woman of the nineteenth century. (She was considered, Miss Haslip tells us, more beautiful than the French Empress Eugénie.) When in control of her nerves, she could also deploy a charm that is scarcely to be described, except by noting its effects. These included winning the adoration of the entire Hungarian people, whom she helped reconcile to Hapsburg rule after their assorted rebellions had been put down by force, and retaining the love of her husband long after she had abandoned him and her imperial responsibilities to go hunting in the British Isles, cruising around the Mediterranean, and mooning through assorted European spas. Elizabeth eluded everyone who needed her, not excepting her children (her son Rudolf was the famous suicide of Mayerling), and hurt everyone who loved her. Miss Haslip is aware that her biography is something of a case history, but even more aware that the life of a fascinating woman is fascinating.

REMEMBER THE WIND: A PRAIRIE MEMOIR, by William McK. Chapman (Lippincott). Because the illness of a child required altitude and better air, Mr. Chapman, up to then an international journalist with cosmopolitan tastes, spent three years as director of a lonely school for Indians on a Sioux reservation in Wakpala, South Dakota. His charges, including youngsters named Joe Good Thunder and Lyman Bad Yellow Hair, were at first somewhat hostile (Custer had left his mark on the area), but little by little he won their confidence and made some enduring friendships. This book is the story of his sojourn, and, among other things, it throws a great deal of light on the plight of the present-day Sioux, which is a tragic one, and on what might conceivably be done to relieve it. The memoir is written with charm, informality, and obvious affection for the subject.

PART OF THE TRUTH: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Granville Hicks (Harcourt, Brace & World). The part of the truth that Mr. Hicks tells is the facts—dates, names, and addresses. The schools he attended and those at which he taught are here, along with all his publications and memberships (in and out of the Unitarian faith, in and out of the Communist Party). The part of the truth he omits—perhaps because he is a reserved Yankee—seems to be feelings. Love, fun, hate, rage, anxiety, fear, and hilarity are represented by their discreet shadows.

EXPERIENCE OF WAR: THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD WAR II, by Kenneth Davis (Doubleday). Well, children, it was a long, hard war, and this is a big, dull book. The author's first mistake was to invent a couple of American soldiers and their experiences in combat, because there is plenty of historical material, easily available, along just those lines, and this is supposed to be history, not the Boy Allies. When Mr. Davis writes that Winston Churchill's mother was a Langhorne of Virginia, he casts doubt on those of his facts and figures that are unfamiliar.

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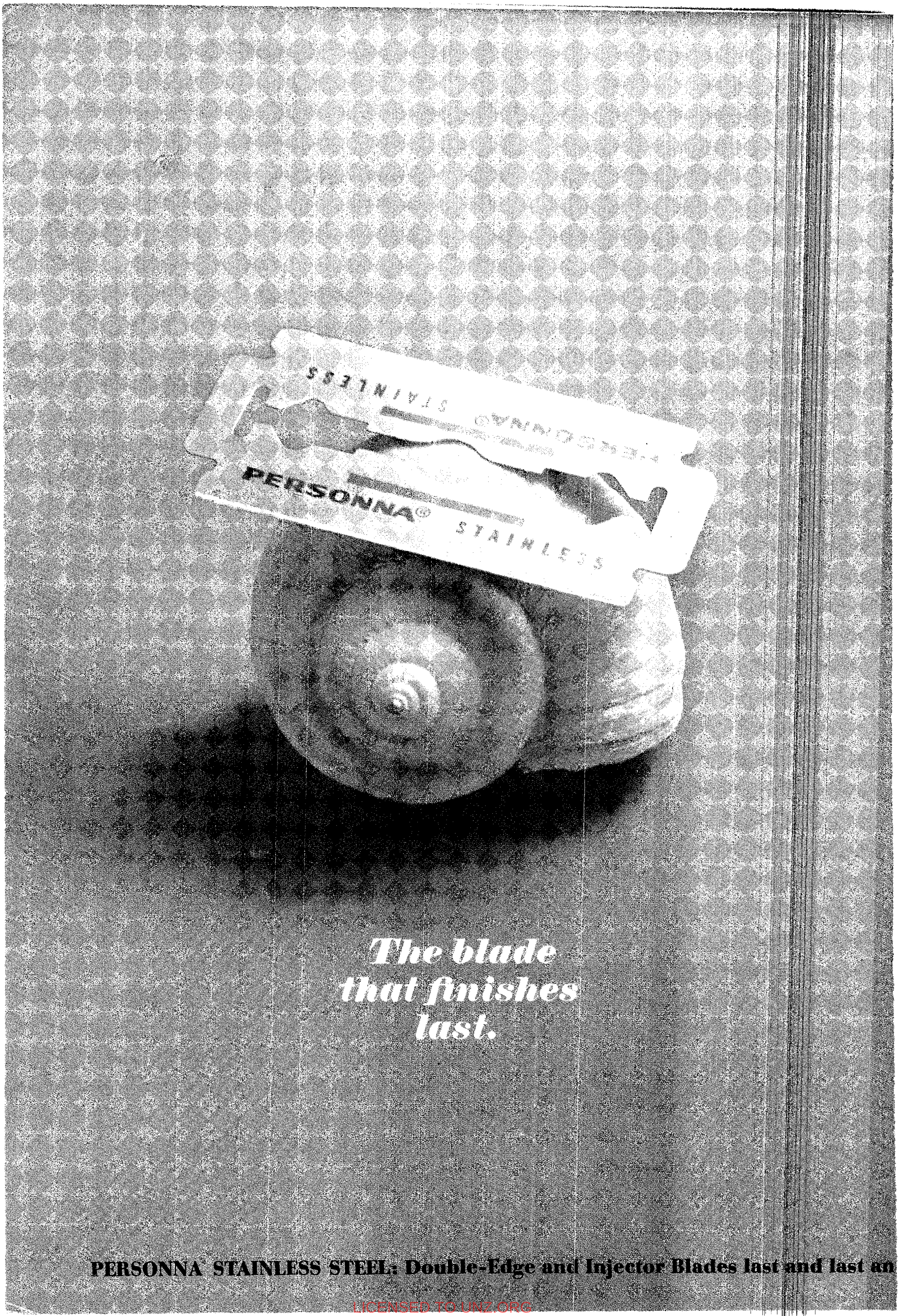
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